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GENERATION

FALL

1965

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POETRY/*Merrill Gilfillan, James B. Greenberg* ART/*Frank Ettenberg*
PHOTOGRAPHY/*Sam Haberman* BUSINESS MANAGER/*Anne Richmond*
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LICITY/*Susan N. Hyman* NEW POET SERIES/*George A. White*

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We begin: an issue relevant to the current scene, both political and artistic, a semi-new organization behind the issue, and a great deal of enthusiasm on the part of the editors.

First, the issue. Last year's editor said, "...this fall's magazine. I think it is going to be the best we have ever had. For one, it will have quality and quantity." The campus promises more quantity, and, I think, more quality; perhaps not a quality that can be measured in Hopwood prize money or in worthiness of publication in a national magazine, but a quality that experiments and promises a future quality. In addition to reliable greatness, we would like to publish catalysts to encourage the never-before-published undergraduate.

Sometime between his first all-campus mixer and his first final or after two years of reading *Daily* editorials on education, and sometimes never, the undergraduate realizes that there ought to be more of an active involvement with learning. *GENERATION* is becoming more than a hundred pages of stories, essays, and ads. The office is open. No formal invitation necessary. We have a list of discussions planned with contributors and faculty. The senior editors are holding meetings with anyone interested. Workshops at which the mechanical construction of the magazine can be learned will be set up towards the middle of the semester.

An explanation about the mimeographed sheets that have been scattered around, specifically, at Centicore, Marshall's, and the Hopwood Room. The volume of material submitted is greater than can be published. To get more material, more experiments into print, *GENERATION* initiates its poetry sheets. Issued, to begin with, sporadically, they will hopefully provide material for discussion between issues as well as a medium for more campus writers.

We welcome suggestions, and help.

—DAVID L. BIRCH

CONTRIBUTORS...

JOHN CONRON is a graduate student in English. He took his B.A. at Brown University, studying under John Hawkes, after which he served in the United States Marines for three years in California and to-and-from Cuba. He is currently writing more fiction before "the pressures of school really begin."

MEGAN BISELE, a Junior, living in Martha Cook, is a member of the English Honors Program.

MAURICE BEZNOS is now studying at the University of Chicago. This essay was written while he was a graduate student at the University.

KONSTANTINOS LARDAS, whose first book of poems was published by *GENERATION* last year, translated these poems (and over 50 others) of the famous Greek poet who died in 1933, for his Master's thesis at Columbia University in 1951. Others will appear later this year in *The Michigan Quarterly* and *The Southern Review*.

STEVE BRONSON, whose first book of poems *Hard Road Nowhere* is to appear this fall, received his B.A. from the University of Illinois. He has studied at Columbia and Michigan and worked on construction throughout the United States, though in the last few years, in Arizona.

ROBERT SHEFF, past music editor of *GENERATION*, is active with and in the "new" music.

MARK SLOBIN, graduate student in the School of Music, writes reviews for the *Daily*.

THEODORE HALL is a senior, studying English literature.

JOEL GREENBERG, one-time member of the English Honors Program, part-time weight lifter and truck driver, was, at last report, on his way to Italy.

TONY STONEBURNER studied at Drew, De Pauw, Kenyon, and Yale. He has taught at Kansas Wesleyan and the University of Michigan, where he received his M.A. and is completing his PhD with a study of *The Anathemata*, a long poem by the Welsh artist/poet, David Jones. His criticism and poetry have appeared in other magazines and his *Sermon* in this issue is an excellent introduction to themes found more fully developed in the poems of his Major Hopwood Award manuscript (1965).

JEFFREY MITCHELL received high honors in English at the University and begins graduate work at Columbia University this fall. A portion of the completed story which appears in this issue was published in *GENERATION* one year ago.

BARBARA A.K. ADAMS is a senior majoring in English and Philosophy. Her address, a much discussed mystery, might be discovered by calling the *GENERATION* office.

H. RAMSEY FOWLER, a student of the Puritans, received degrees from Princeton, Harvard, and the University of Michigan where he is preparing his dissertation. His photographic compositions are very much imbued with the strength and simplicity of the subject of his Senior Honors Thesis: Jonathan Edwards.

JEROME BADANES lives and writes in New York City but makes frequent pilgrimages to Ann Arbor to see old friends, read poetry, and speak out against American policy, foreign and domestic. His favorite poets are René Char, Pablo Neruda, and Konstantinos Lardas.

CARL OGLESBY, a graduate of the University of Michigan, writes poetry, short stories, novels, essays, and dramas—three of which won him a Major Hopwood Award (1961), two of which *GENERATION* has published previously. He is president of *Students for a Democratic Society* and currently works for democratic socialism in America.

GENERATION THE INTER-ARTS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 1

*... It made him see how much
Of what he saw he never saw at all.
Wallace Stevens/ "The Comedian as the Letter C"*

FICTION

THE PRIZE	JOHN CONRON	6
THE ABSENCE OF PIGEONS	MEGAN BIESELE	9
THE TREE'S FLIGHT	JEFFREY MITCHELL	73
FOR THE WONDER OF LOVE	BARBARA A.K. ADAMS	77

NON-FICTION

EXISTENTIALISM AND THE WORKS OF EMILY DICKINSON	MAURICE BEZNOS	12
MUSIC BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES	ROBERT SHEFF, MARK SLOBIN	27
SERMON FOR THE FUNERAL OF HOSEA VICTOR STONEBURNER	TONY STONEBURNER	69
THE VIETNAM WAR: WORLD REVOLUTION AND AMERICAN CONTAINMENT	CARL OGLESBY	91

POETRY

SEVEN POEMS FROM C. P. CAVAFY	KONSTANTINOS LARDAS	20
SOUTHWEST OF FOUR CORNERS	STEVE BRONSON	26
AUGUST	THEODORE HALL	66
MEETING	THEODORE HALL	67
FRAGMENTS FROM TROILUS IN HELL	JOEL GREENBERG	68
ALL ABOUT ALICE	JOEL GREENBERG	71
WOULD YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH ME?	JEROME BADANES	88

PHOTOGRAPHY

SILENCES	H. RAMSEY FOWLER	81
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COVER	FRANK ETTEMBERG
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THE PRIZE

Fog streamed in over the cliffs of Seven Heads, whitening and softening the jumbled prospect. Under these dark cliffs the water had receded from a wide table of conglomerate, now slick and dotted with tide pools. Green algae covered the lower walls of the cliff; rife odors, dank and saline, hung in the stagnant pockets of air; and oily red waves pitched against the rocks, broke, surged, drained. Though sunless it was warm, even the wet rocks were warm.

The boy, Martin Carey, walked the table carefully, squatting periodically to look for crabs in tide pools. Over one shoulder was slung a wet sack, rotting, tar stained, covered with black oil and weighted with clacking rock and fiddler crabs. His brown trunk and arms were stained with bag stains and a red blotch from chest to haunches; on the flats a mile back he had found a rusted square of corrugated metal, had dug it out, hefted it, then dropped it by the water. His hands too were oil-smeared and dyed with rust. The fingertips had been scratched; some wounds had bled and crusted around the edges: some were grease-blackened lines. His face, long, haggard and angular, was streaked with grease and rust; intent brown eyes searched the pools with fixed regard. He was humming some litanic refrain, now soft, now loud, as he searched.

He squatted again by the tide pool and peered into the brackish water. Large and deep, edged by conglomerate faults, the pool lay just below the drying wrack and white stain of a tide line. In its middle a boulder, roughly humped like a sea turtle, barely protruded above the water. Below was a network of dark, jagged clefts. Slowly he let his sack down, then flattened himself on the rock to the seaward side of the pool and—cupping his hands around his eyes—squinted into the pool. The bottom, oddly magnified and distorted by the water and the white light, was spotted with tentacled anemones and fringed and turreted moss, stone lilies and purple sun stars; scattered periwinkles, their shells encrusted with white sea mat, clambered over thick ridges of barnacles. Bits of dark blue and pearl shells were strewn about. There were mussels, he noticed, but no crabs feeding on them. The crevices lay in a murky gray shadow, its static forms blurred;

as periodic gusts of wind stirred the surface, splotches of dim light danced into the shadow, mottling and rocking the forms.

As he lay, Martin felt the heat of the rock under him. Just behind and below, green waves pushed against it; a rising tide began to float and great strands of matted kelp which clung to it like coarse, long hair.

Something moved under the turtle rock, stirring the algae—a tube, a green tail, finned, smooth among the rough shapes. It was a tail which had moved, then settled back into the algae bed in a depression to the left of the rock. Martin caught a blink of eyes; a mouth, white on the inside, opened slowly, lazily; a thin tongue curled out and retracted as the mouth closed shut.

Martin knelt up, drawing a part of his bag under his knees, then reached into a crevice and picked up stens. He cocked and threw, lost the thing for a minute as the surface riopled and diffused the light, then saw it again. It was an eel now coiling into its crevice, its blunt head cocked and scanning.

The boy went to the tide line. A thick compost of brined and half-buried objects—tortured wood, bottles, skeins of kelp, rinds of dessicated citrus, ribbed cans with peeled labels—it stretched along the table and disappeared around the head. Rife odors of tar, hemp, and rot surrounded it, and as Martin kicked at a clump of seaweed, herds of busy flies rose from it. Underneath was dank and black with worrying insects. Next to a shrivelled prophylactic the rusty shank of a hook protruded, and he brought it out, picked it clean of the warm tendrils. It was a cluster of thick barbed hooks. He nodded and moved on. Towards the head itself, where the rocks had been ground to sand and the land slope into the wind—he flushed a swarm of gulls. They had been feeding on the hulk of a dead porpoise, black, swelling and disembowelled. Its glazed eyes had been picked raw. The broken shaft of a lance trailed from the wound; Martin broke it off at its point of entry and picked it up. With wire, found elsewhere, he bound hooks and shaft, then turned back towards the pool.

The eel was still in its dark chink, quiescent, dozing. Martin set his lily iron down. He knelt again, took sand from the pool and rubbed his caked hands, grimacing at a reflection of his daubed face and humming again. He scrubbed to his elbows, cleaned even his nails. Under his slow movements the anemones and sand dollars contracted into their cased sheaths and only the sea moss moved and the glittering plankton. The fog thickened, chilling the air and muting the water sounds; the shrilling of barnacles rose over the pool, rose vaguely audible against the wash. The boy shivered, chafed his naked trunk, then picked up his weapon.

Once wetted, it glided easily towards its target. In the shadows, the boy could hardly see the shaft, but a dull light coated the barbs. With cautious probe he guided them to the eel's head, just beyond, so that a pull would set them firm. Intense, shaking, he yanked viciously, felt the penetration, then an instant concussion as the stunned eel exploded, ripping the shaft from his hands.

Incensed, it surged out into the pool, lashing the shaft, the water, with its great tail flailing, twisting against the stiff projection. The shaft separated from the imbedded hooks and bobbed to the surface; the eel rose to it and struck with a vicious swipe of its jaw, splintering the bleached wood, then still impaled and bleeding, glided stupidly under an overhang at the boy's knees. Leaning forward he could see it there hugging the wall, its bared teeth straining for the hooks as violent tremors shook its body. Streamers of blood curled from its wounds and spiralled upwards. He had struck almost home.

Martin was humming again, loudly, and the wing tips of his nostrils flared. He pulled his knife from its stained leather sheath and tested the blade, the point, with a thumb. With his tongue he pushed saliva to his lips then passed the blade across them, wetting the steel. Behind him now rivers of sea water were surging almost to his feet and the sound and movement of waves was louder, nearer; muffled percussions rose from filling sea caves and hollows. The kelp was awash. The boy positioned himself. Expressionless he raised the knife and swung down. It pierced a gill and glanced off, tearing the rubbery flesh. A spasm hit the eel; it swam cut into the pool again senselessly, aimlessly, writhing, its life staining the water. Then it was still, hidden in its blood. The water calmed; nothing moved in the pool. The boy retrieved his shaft and began to probe. When he felt the body, he slid the stick under, lifted and pitched the eel to the rocks near his feet. Only its throbbing gills moved. He poked it with the stick, ground at an eye, a gill, the wounds, kicked it; the mucous-covered body did not react.

Satisfied he bent to his prize; it was then, as he stopped, with his hands reaching forward, as he watched impotently, stunned, then the blunt head, whirling, bared its two bands of needle teeth and struck. The teeth meshed on nothing. But the boy, lurching backwards, slipped and silently fell. The eel thrashed itself over the wet rocks and dropped in the water, towards which the trapped crabs—now free—were scuttling. It floated a moment, belly up, then sounded.

THE ABSENCE OF PIGEONS

It was her ninth awakening at Santa Eulalia. That was the way she thought of it. She was still surprised and appalled each morning that she should not find herself in her own comfortable room at home, waking up to the sound of a crackling fire. Instead she was in an iron bed, giddily placed neither at the end nor the middle of a row of identical beds, each of which was drawn away from the wall and bolted down, probably to discourage propped-up reading. The room itself was just a room, no more and no less, and the only furnishings besides the beds were a row of identical brown footlockers which were placed at such regular intervals down the room that it seemed an affront of the part of the endwall to put a stop to their orderly progression. The pain of awakening into this unfamiliar ugliness was sharp and stabbing, and the worst part about it was that it took her unprepared, each morning, just as she struggled out of sleep. It hit her stomach physically before she was fully conscious, just as, in the split second before the active pain of a wound is registered, one knows with sickening certainty that it must come. But at least at this hour the traffic outside had stopped and this morning she was the first awake of the twenty-seven girls who slept with her in the long dormitory. She shut her eyes and tried not to think about the bare, staring corridors below her through which she must, of her own doing, pass this day and all days from now on, and the hopeless procession of sunless days seemed to recede into the future like ties on a railroad track, growing narrower and narrower into infinity. She lay quietly, shocked into stillness and utterly female beneath the intrusive, throbbing rectangularity of the four tan walls. The alarm just outside the door, at the end of the room ticked ominously with the imminent promise of a scream. She cast about for a leftover grin from yesterday—a feathery trace of a pillow fight, a girlish garter gleefully gracing a bedpost. But they had thought of everything. The one redeeming feature about waking up in this room, she reflected, was that there were pigeons. They came in twos or threes to coo and chuckle cosily on the window ledges of scandal and breadcrumbs and love. Occasionally one would even cock an eye shining full of jokes at the sleeping girls and then return to his family,

puzzled. She shut her eyes and thought of tiny leaf-shaped pigeon tongues moving liquidly in tiny beaks. But then the flat-chested girl in the next bed awoke and got up and banged efficiently on the window muttering something about having to clean the window ledge; the alarm went off and it was day.

Later, downstairs, she broke fast wordlessly with the rest of the novices in a modern refectory whose pointed windows mimicked the cowed and disapproving faces of the older nuns. The walls of the refectory were painted a drab green, and in the dawn gloom her pale face was picked out cruelly by the fluorescent lights. The scrambled eggs had a purplish tinge and there was no jam. The nuns spoke at her softly, meaninglessly, of duty and humility and faith, in a blur of repetition which stretched on into the day like a procession with a tasteless excess of martyrs. She remembered the succession of airless rooms for the different activities of the day, or was it perhaps a new set of rooms? They were so much alike it was impossible to tell. Clean hands at a row of desks wrote out charity histories of children they would never fondle. Soapy hands washed rectangular sheets while other hands hung the finished ones in underground drying rooms. Busy hands mended lifeless, cast-off clothing and sorted it into bundles. Clapsed hands prayed at intervals, and somehow the hours passed.

In the late afternoon there was to be a period of examination of conscience, with each novice speaking privately to one of the nuns. Half in hope and half in horror, she had been waiting for this time. Now, when she began to speak, she had to squint slightly to see inside the cowl the white, angular face which contemplated her from its dark recess. Her voice was halting, at first, while her insides gnawed at her, telling her not to bare the incongruous pride which kept her here. But suddenly the words rolled out in a long and incoherent string which rushed in torment toward the portal of the cowl; the blankness of the nun's face confronted their mad progression and they shattered and were gone.

After supper in the staring refectory the light was as it had been when she arose, so that it seemed to her a silent film run backwards when the novices went upstairs to bed. It was all the same: the drab dormitory walls, the rows of ugly beds and footlockers pressed in on her, stifling her so that she had to make a conscious effort to breathe while she removed her habit. For a trembling instant she stood slim and naked in the dark, but the black windows reminded her of the absence of pigeons, so she doubled up and hurried into the plain gown that lay folded in the top of her footlocker. Even if the pigeons did come back at dawn, she knew suddenly, it was no good anymore. Once again within the relative isolation of her covers, she began to

dread the return to her stomach of the inevitable pain of morning. But she comforted herself with the thought that with the pains coming so regularly now, twenty-four hours apart, it would be only a matter of time until she should be delivered.

EXISTENTIALISM

and
*The Works of
Emily Dickinson*

*"To each ecstatic instant
We must an anguish pay . . ."*

THE READER who reads Emily Dickinson and is inclined to fall into an immediate intuitive rapport with her (or her works,—such readers rarely make the distinction—), the one who is characteristically given to calling her "Emily," simply and directly as one would an old and dear friend, is likely to think an existentialist consideration of her works is ill-fated from the start: "Existentialist?—Emily? The very word is all wrong: it is too long, too heavy, too much associated with those deep and turbulent, those complex and brooding minds, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, Sartre," he might protest. "Whatever could Emily, whose rhyme rarely exceeds three or four stanzas, who was in fact, so particularly brilliant in the writing of ostensibly modest quatrains, whatever could she have in common with those authors of ponderous prose and abstruse philosophy?" —Such is the question he is likely to pose.

AND YET, the answer is that the works of Emily Dickinson have much in common with these writers, though obviously not in terms of style. We should not, however, reproach our sensitive reader for failing to recognize the similarity: his "Emily" is after all, quite unique: at best we may associate her works with those of others, though we would never be able to succeed in establishing an absolute equation between her works and those of other poets or philosophers. For there *is* that in Emily Dickinson's works that is undefinably "Emily," and no one else. But that beguiling quality, so pervasive in her works, does not necessitate comment, whereas perhaps the existentialist aspect of her poems does.

HISTORIANS of philosophy are fond of tracing the origins of existentialism; for example, some of the more ambitious claim to have found a precursor in that supreme medieval defender of the faith, St. Thomas Aquinas. Another link is frequently noted—or created—between the contemporary philosophy and that of the seventeenth century French thinker, Blaise Pascal. And so, comparatively speaking, we do not dare excessively when we claim that Emily Dickinson, who after all wrote and lived in the same century as Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, and Dostoevsky, expressed the same existentialist temper.

The dogma of existentialism has been, especially in recent times, elaborately propounded in many long and difficult works. But an exception, by virtue of its brevity and succinctness is Jean Paul Sartre's *L'Existentialisme est un Humanisme*. Although the work is not entirely logically satisfying or even consistently rigorous, it has unquestionable definitional value. In it, Sartre formulates the basic tenet of existentialism in what has become a famous phrase: "l'existentialisme . . . (dit que) l'existence precede l'essence." existence precedes essence,—rejecting all metaphysical premises which are based on *a priori* notions, and departing thereby from classical philosophy, existentialism states that whatever is defined in terms of its existence i.e., the manner and acts through which it manifests itself. Consequently, Sartre continues, "si l'homme n'est pas definissable, c'est qu'il n'est d'abord rien." No determinism here; man is what he wills himself to be or what he wills himself not to be. And, most important, the individual alone bears the responsibility of what he is. For the obligation falls to him to make every choice without appeal to an external authority, be it system or person; even that which seems to constitute no choice is regarded as an expression of the choice not to choose.

To some, the implications of this philosophic position are grand, supremely optimistic. Nietzsche and Sartre both interpret the doctrine in this manner. According to them, it provides man with the infinite possibility of freedom of movement and creation. Others, Dostoevsky, for one, sense that the weight of responsibility to the individual is overwhelming. Unable to suffer the eternal crises of choice, without the advantage of referring to an external authority, life becomes for these individuals an experience of constant pain, or in the jargon of existential literature, 'Angst.' Such people are prone to fall into a foreboding sense of isolation.

It would be a mistake, though a common one, to regard pain, anguish and despair as the inevitable corollaries of existentialist thought. What existentialism is as a philosophy is obviously quite different from what responses it may elicit.

Literature, of course, is not philosophy. It is more properly the revelation of human involvement in philosophy. And so existentialist literature portrays the existentialist's spiritual and emotion state rather than just his intellectual convictions, viewed in the abstract. The main themes to look for are an acute sense of self-awareness on the part of the writer or main character in the literature; a constant pre-occupation with the question of the individual's relation to his environment and his actions. In the "pessimistic" view, one may expect to find a pervasive sense of loneliness, since the individual who espouses existentialist philosophy is given to sense the weight of his

responsibility to "create" himself. Anxiety and pain, as well as despair, are moods which are familiar to the existentialist and prevalent in his literature. The necessity of choice in all things and all actions must be eminent in every idea, every phase.

A glance in Mr. Johnson's edition of the complete works of Emily Dickinson reveals that more of her poems begin with the pronoun "I" than with any other word, over one hundred fifty, in fact. The number of times in which the poet writes about herself, or from the point of view of the first person, is of course, several times this number. For innumerable are the occasions wherein the subject appears in the middle of the first line or in the second line. In such instances, Mr. Johnson's index of titles is of no avail to our purposes. However, the point is obvious, even if we ignore the many poems in which the poet may have intended to express herself through the third person: the poetry of Emily Dickinson is very self-oriented, in terms of both perspective and content.

T. S. Eliot, who argued so eloquently that in the seventeenth century a "dissociation of sensibility" began, and has continued down to our own day, would probably make an exception of Emily Dickinson. As the critical confusion of her personal life and her works so frequently attests, she, like Pascal, was very intimately involved in her work: inevitably what it expresses is a part of her intellectual and emotional character. Indeed, what she wrote is tantamount to what she was. "L'homme . . . (est) l'ensemble de ses actes . . ." wrote Sartre. And perhaps more than any writer, Emily Dickinson acted through her works. In the following poem one finds an apt expression of the existentialist sense of identity and personal creation:

*Growth of Man — like Growth of Nature—
Gravitates within—
Atmosphere, and Sun endorse it—
But it stirs alone—*

*Each—its difficult Ideal
Must achieve — Itself—
Through the solitary prowess
Of a Silent Life—*

*Effort—is the sole condition—
Patience of Itself—
Patience of opposing forces—
And intact Belief—*

*Locking on—is the Department
Of its Audience—
But Transaction—is assisted
By no Countenance—*

No. 750 c. 1863

Particularly do the first two stanzas express the existentialist view that each is alone in his struggle to realize himself. Action and perseverance is what she urges, but the entire poem by means of its rhythm and imagery conveys the primary sense of movement which is the very substance of the existentialist conception of existence.

This poem is, however, somewhat atypical: it expresses a sense of power and determination that only occasionally inspired Emily Dickinson. Another poem, "The Loneliness One Dare not sound—", is more characteristic of her works. It speaks of a dread of loneliness and the horror provoked by its mere contemplation.

*The Loneliness one dare not sound—
And would as soon surmise
As in its Grave go plumbing
To ascertain the size—*

*The Loneliness whose worst alarm
Is lest itself should see—
And perish from before itself
For just a scrutiny—*

*The Horror not to be surveyed—
But skirted in the Dark—
With Consciousness suspended—
And Being under Lock—*

*I fear me this—is Loneliness—
The Maker of the soul
Its Caverns and its Corridors
Illuminate—or seal—*

No. 777 c. 1863

The ambition of the existentialist to lose himself in his relations with others, so poignantly expressed in Sartre's *Huis Clos* or Camus' *La Peste*, is expressed in Emily Dickinson's poem, "Me from Myself—to banish—." "Nous sommes seuls sans excuses," wrote Sartre in *L'Existentialisme est un Humanisme*. In this poem, the desperate de-

sire to escape from this isolation is said to oppose possibility, creating thereby the existentialist state of anguish:

*Me from Myself—to banish—
Had I Art—
Impregnable my Fortress
Unto All Heart—*

*But since Myself—assault Me—
How have I peace
Except by subjugating
Consciousness?*

*And since We're mutual Monarch
How this be
Except by Abdication—
Me—cf Me?*

No. 642 c. 1862

Although it is true that existentialists identify themselves as either atheistic or theistic, Emily Dickinson's work leads one to conclude that she never either consciously or unconsciously determined whether or not she believed. Certainly there are—in the corpus of her work—scores of poems which address themselves to God, heaven or angels. The following is a common, but excellent example:

*I never saw a Moor—
I never saw the Sea—
Yet know I how the Heather looks
And what a Billow be.*

*I never spoke with God
Nor visited in Heaven—
Yet certain am I of the Spot
As if the Checks were given*

No. 646 c. 1862

Undoubtedly the poem is expressive of an exquisite and ingenuous faith. But, all works considered, it may be seen that the poet vascillates and is given to innumerable expressions of fear and despair. As Richard Wilbur remarked in his essay on Emily Dickinson's poems, "the God who emerges from these poems is a God who does not answer, an unrevealed God whom one cannot confidently approach through nature or through doctrine." It is this view precisely which compels the existentialist to abandon all theological inquiry and concern himself only with the problems of life as he experiences it. It may indeed be said that Emily Dickinson's religious poems suggest something of this

existentialist malaise with what concerns matters of faith.

*Better than larger values
That show however true—
This timid life of Evidence
Keeps pleading—"I don't know."*

No. 696 c. 1861

Ever troubled by a sense of fear, it is only on occasion that Emily Dickinson was hesitatingly able to assert:

*I think to live—
May be a Bliss
To those who dare to try
Beyond my limit to conceive—
My lip—to testify* —

No. 446 c. 1862

While at other times she exclaims with greater temerity, and almost breathless excitement:

*What I can do—I will—
Though it be little as a Daffodil
That I cannot must be
Unknown to possibility*

No. 321 c. 1862

But more desperately, she sates in a later poem that "Life—is what we make it—/ Death—we do not know— . . ."

Ignoring the eternities which fall before and after life, the existentialist creates meaning in terms of his actual existence. "L'homme n'existe que dans la mesure où il se réalise . . . (il est) l'ensemble de ses actes," Sartre wrote in *L'Existentialisme est un Humanisme*. (Page 55.) Emily Dickinson expressed the same conviction, but ever so much more pointedly, in the following poem:

*To be alive—is Power—
Existence—in itself—
Without a further function—
Omnipotence—Enough*

*To be alive and Will!
'Tis able as a God—
The Maker—of Ourselves—be what—
Such being Finitude.*

No. 677 c. 1863

Apparently Emily Dickinson did, either consciously or unconsciously express the rudiments of the existentialist philosophy. It only remains to determine in what manner she responded to the implications of the doctrine: i.e., was her view optimistic, like Sartre's, for exam-

ple, or was she more inclined to pessimism? The answer might be gleaned from the poems already cited, but the following work, written in 1861, rather cogently provides the answer:

*I can wade Grief—
Whole pools of it—
I'm used to that— . . .*

*Power is only Pain
Stranded through Discipline . . .*

No. 252 c. 1861

In an even earlier poem, "A Wounded Deer—leaps highest—," she expressed an even more dire view: "Mirth is the mail of anguish."

Although innumerable poems might be cited in which Emily Dickinson expressed a sense of dread of life, or its pain and suffering, one written in 1862 is most appropriate. For not only is it disarmingly to the point, it also contains the element of ambivalence regarding belief in the hereafter: the poem ends on a stinging note of cynicism which does not frequently erupt to the fore, but rather lays pregnant in implication:

*I reason Earth is short—
And anguish—absolute—
And many hurt
But what of that?*

*I reason we could die—
The best Vitality
Cannot excel Decay,
But what of that?*

*I reason, that in Heaven—
Somehow, it will be even—
Some new Equation, given—
But, what of that?*

No. 301 c. 1862

In defining the difference between despair and fear Emily Dickinson summarized the dilemma in which she found herself. The brief poem could easily stand as the existentialist's epigraph:

*The difference between Despair
And Fear—is like the One
Between the instant of a Wreck—
And when the wreck has been—*

*The Mind is smooth—no Motion—
Contented as the Eye
Upon the forehead of a Bust—
That knows—it cannot see—*

No. 305. c. 1862

" 'Tis not that Dying hurts us so—/ 'Tis Living—hurts us more—," convinced of this axiom, Emily Dickinson appears in her works to have been fascinated and beguiled by the image of death: in 1860 she wrote

*Ab, Necromancy Sweet!
Ab, Wizard erudite!
Teach me the skill*

*That I instill the pain
Surgeons assuage in vain
Nor Herb of all the plain
Can heal!*

No. 177 c. 1860

The existentialist drama depicted in the works of Emily Dickinson is, I think, a rather poignant and convincing one. However, what a regrettable mistake it would be to consider "existentialism" as the "key" to the works of so diverse a poet. A careful reading of her works does not permit one to affix one term to them and then return them to the shelf with an air of self-contentment. Emily Dickinson's works pass beyond the limits of any one word or any one doctrine, be it even as broad and comprehensive as existentialism. And therein lies her distinctive worth. More than Whitman himself, she contained multitudes. If she was an existentialist by temper, as we have come to understand that term, she was nonetheless also capable of a wonderful unadulterated sense of pristine delight:

*To make a prairie it takes a clover and bee,
One clover, and a bee,
And revery
The revery alone will do,
If bees are few.*

No. 1755 c. ?

The existentialism in the works of Emily Dickinson is apparently there. To ignore it, or even be unaware of it, would be to read her in partial darkness. Her works deserve more.

SEVEN POEMS FROM C. P. CAVAFY

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK
BY KONSTANTINOS LARDAS

BODY, REMEMBER

Body, do not remember only how greatly you were loved,
The many beds you slept on,
But think on glowing eyes and trembling voice
Wherein desire for you was written—
And how some fateful barrier left it unconsumed.
Now that these things are written in the past,
It tells how nearly you surrendered to this love—
Remember the desire in glowing eyes.
Remember, body. Think. Remember how
It quivered in the voice for you.

OF THE JEWS

A.D. 50

Painter and poet, discobolus and runner,
Endymion's twin in beauty, Janthus Antonios
Sprung from the seed of the Synagogue's race.

"My noblest days are those
When I abandon the aesthetic questionings,
When I renounce the harsh and lovely Hellenism,
With its extreme devotion to the
Symmetrically formed and perishable white limbs;
And I become again the one I always yearned to be:
A son of the Jews, of the holy Jews."

His declaration is burning, ardent: "Always to be
Of the Jews, of the holy Jews—."

But he did not remain this long.
Hedonism and the Art of Alexandria
Retained him as their devoted child.

MANUEL KOMNENOS

The King Kyr Manuel Komnenos
One melancholy autumn day
Felt that his death was close.
The astrologers (the paid ones)
Of the court prated that he would
Live still more and many years.
But as they spoke, his thoughts recalled
The old and pious customs,
And from the monastery cells, he bade
Them bring ecclesiastical robes.
And then he dons them and delights
That he resembles in appearance
The modest guise of priest or monk.

Blessed are they all who believe
And like the King Kyr Manuel end their days
Dressed in their modest faith.

THE IDES OF MARCH

Oh Soul, beware of grandeurs,
And if you cannot conquer, or guard against ambitions,
Follow them with hesitation. And as you venture forth,
Always remain a cautious, careful soul.

And when, at, last, you reach your acme, and become a Caesar;
When you acquire this person's celebrated form,
Indomitable, conspicuous, with an escort,
If, from the rabble, there approaches you,
Some Artemidoros, bearing a letter, saying quickly,
"Read these immediately. They are great things concerning you,"
Do not fail to stop; do not fail to postpone your speeches and
Your work, do not fail to avoid the men who applaud and worship
You (you may see them later); let this very Senate wait,
And quickly realize the serious words Artemidoros bears.

MELANCHLY OF JASON,
SON OF CLEANDER
POET IN COMMAGENE: 595 A.D.

The aging of my beauty and my form
Is a wound from a horrid knife.
I cannot longer endure it.
To you I flee for aid, Art of Poetry,
Who know of medications;
Remedies for numbing grief, through
Fantasy and Word.

It is a wound from a horrid knife.—
Bring all your opiates, Art of Poetry,
That my wound—even for a time—may be unfelt.

WHEN THESE THINGS AROUSE YOU—

Poet it matters not how few
The thoughts that you may grasp,
Try to retain them.
Remember glimpses of your loves.
Place them, half hidden, in your phrases.
And when they whirl about your brain at night
Or in the brightness of the afternoon,
Try to retain them, poet.

THE FIRST STEP

One day, the young poet, Eumenes,
Spilled out his sorrows to Theocritus.
"Two years have passed since I began to write
And this short poem is my completed work.
Oh wretched me! Here where I stand on this first step,
I see the Muses's ladder.
How high it is. How much beyond my reach.
Oh, wretched me! I cannot reach the top."
Theocritus replied; "These words are blasphemous.
You should be proud and happy,
Finding yourself on the first step.
Here where you've reached is not a little thing.
So much you have accomplished, great glory you deserve.
Even this first step separates you from the world.
To tread on this first step,
You must become with all your worth,
A citizen of the Idean city.
And it is difficult and rare to stay within the city
And to become an honoured member—
For in her squares you will find Legislators
Whom no adventurer can fool.
Here where you've reached is not a little thing.
So much you have accomplished, great glory you deserve."

Steve Bronson

Southwest of Four Corners

Tcec-nos-pos
night speed headlighted old road
walker asphalt wide squaw eyes toward
Betatakin
afternoon whispering groups
evening long shadow spanish
bayonet cream silken lily
spike clump ghost-dust yucca moth gone
Ha-ho-no-geh
canyon tan cocoa grey white
rockbands Navajo weaving hot
Oriabi
rooftop 'dobe eagleperch
turtleshell drier kiva
cacique sunwatch Thirtfway Mart
Flagstaff
O that strawberry roan guitar
rye whiskey roamer Bar Sixty-six
Phantom Ranch
dancers to Tennessee Waltz Janet's
scotch on the rocks two billion year once
Bill Williams
northeast slope whiteface juniper range
where deer and antelope . . .
H'up, little sorrel. Same same's
scrubs got a corral to home.

Music Beyond
the Boundaries



By ROBERT SHEFF

and MARK SLOBIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is part on of a two-part comprehensive survey of independent and cooperative music activities in America since 1950. Part one includes a general introduction and a specific discussion of several representative works. Part two, forthcoming in the next issue of *Generation*, will cover a wide range of composers, festivals, and concerts, as well as a substantial audiography and bibliography.

Here we are in 1965 and the avant-garde has moved in down the block. At this year's Buffalo Arts Festival, housewives brought their knitting and children. *Life* says that the far-out is fun for the family.

New York, San Francisco, and Ann Arbor, Michigan, have year-round new music activities, and property values haven't fallen yet.

It's not necessary to write an historicocritical analysis of activities you can enjoy just by dropping in at your local festival. We merely intend to fill you in on what you might not have seen or heard about.

In unfolding the new American music over the last fifteen years, people (composers, performers, audiences) have discovered: America has become the world's leading exporter of music. Anything can become musical or theatrical. Music as a live art can develop in many unstructured ways. Art can be communal effort.

Scientific progress, social change, and musical innovation have occurred simultaneously. Presentations of sound, action, and image have also changed, and no longer fit the earlier classifications of Art. When one is presented with multiple-screen projections, sound on magnetic tape, and motions of bodies all at once, is it necessary to define the situation specifically as music, cinema, dance, or theater? And when these events happen at the same time, what is the importance of their relationship?

When everyone contributes what they *can* do, someone chops wood, someone carries nails, another lays out plans: they all build a house. Bob Rauschenberg remarked that art is what you get when you do something. Sometimes

Where are we...

going.

What are we...

doing.

Morton Feldman says, "Now that everything's so simple, there's so much to do."

John Cage says, "Perhaps it isn't music if it bothers you."

Communal action is planned artistic activity. The "concerted action" that John Cage and his friends did at Black Mountain College in 1952 brought together Cage, Rauschenberg, Merce Cunningham, David Tudor, Mary Caroline Richards, Charles Olson and others to do what they ordinarily did on stage: dance, play piano, read poetry, project movies, and give lectures, all at the same time.

Once in Ann Arbor, Mary Ashley called the major to get street space for a sporting event, called *Truck* on a corner. At eight in the evening, some trucks gathered, and twenty or thirty Ann Arborites put on activities: Tina combed her hair, Gordon and George did an audio-visual show, Bob lay stiff on his back dressed in black. . . A concert let out nearby, adding thousands to the crowd which had already built up, and at 10:15 police arrived in trucks. They hauled Mary off and everybody went home.

They did *Truck* another time at the lake:

****ADVERTISEMENT****

TRUCK TRUCK TRUCK TRUCK TRUCK
SILVER LAKE SUNDAY July 21, 1963

Human Pyramids, Life Saving, Games, Music,
Action, Sun, Swim, Eat, Drink, Love, Laugh,
Sleep, Play, Enjoy, and
BE IN THE MOVIES BE IN THE MOVIES
Bring your family, friends, radios, lunch, beer,
hats, blankets, beach towels, books, cards,
cameras, and coke.

IF YOU PLAY A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT,
BRING THAT TOO. Yes, plan to stay all day.
Plan to stay all day. Plan to stay all day. Plan

The primacy of American musical influence has become a fact. Europeans now look forward to the latest creations of American composers with the same enthusiasm that Americans once awaited continental imports. This

Orpighalik, Eskimo composer-hunter, and fisherman says: "Songs are thoughts, sung out with the breath when people are moved by great forces and ordinary speech no longer suffices. Man is moved just like the ice floe sailing here and there in the current. . ."

He continues: "Something. . . will keep him thawed up. And then it will happen that the words we need will come of themselves. When the words we want to use shoot up of themselves—we get a new song."

TRUCK ON A STICK
the deliciously different one
pink nothings
peach nothings
mocha nothings
honey nothings
fudge nothings
cherry nothings
marble nothings
chocolate nothings
pistachio nothings
fr. vanilla nothings
nutty covered chocolate nothings

shift of attention came about largely through the activities of a group of American composers who met by accident in the early post-war years: Henry Cowell, John Cage, Earle Brown, Morton Feldman, and Christian Wolff (then in high school), as well as associated artists, Robert Rauschenberg, Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, Phillip Guston, and others.

The war had left a jagged break in Western musical tradition. The post-war world was left with the unrealized heritage of Schonberg and the largely undiscovered works of Webern. In Europe, the younger generation brought the Webern revival and the *reductio ad absurdum* of serial composition. Certain elements of the American musical community accepted this European orientation; the small group in New York sensed the need for new approaches and new material rather than repair work.

Morton Feldman says, "What we learned was that there are no catastrophes."

In the early 'fifties, Christian Wolff composed a work avoiding intentional continuity by means of geometric manipulation: he created the piece vertically while instructing the performer to read horizontally.

•
Notation *can* serve to present specific characteristics of a musical situation. Historically, composers sought to clarify their intention through a system of lines, dots, and letters which would preserve an image of their musical idea. Over the course of the last two centuries of Western music, composers have tended to work with ever more precise definition of each musical parameter.

In the twentieth century, some composers began to feel that no matter how precise the notation, compositional calligraphy did not take

"People sometimes ask why don't you just specify what you want and be done with it? I do. . . It's as though you take a walk with a friend. . . going by whatever ways you like, agreeing on the way, with a direction in mind or getting lost, or going nowhere in particular, and you are absorbed by this: the landscape in which they walk is what is given."

into account many factors of live music: the passing of time, the psychology of performer and listener, the environment. For example, the marking *espressivo* does not mean the same thing to two pianists on the day a piece is written, or even to one pianist before and after lunch; twenty years later, the same performers or others will have a markedly different concept of *espressivo*. Faced with a rapidly changing performance practice, players nowadays feel a responsibility to spend much of their time recreating older styles. The aim of recent notational change has been to give the performer innumerable ways of realizing a composition.

Meanwhile, on the West coast, Harry Partch has been experimenting with new scales and instruments for thirty-five years. Housed for years on a Petaluma, California chicken farm, his instruments, with such names as the *boo*, the *surrogate kithara*, and the *spoils of war*, are based on a tuning of forty-three tones to the octave.

Partch feels himself opposed to the "universal acceptance of scientific authority," and in describing his instruments, adds, "I have never belittled primitive means nor primitive insight, and in this case I choose the most immediate and feasible way under the circumstance." Realizing that "the spoken word was the distinctive expression my constitutional makeup was best fitted for," Partch has used colloquial speech, street cries, Chinese poetry, a friend's letter, wall scribbings, and Shakespeare in his pieces.

Partch often adds striking titles to his compositions: *Revelation in the Courthouse Park* or *And on the Seventh Day Petals Fell on Petaluma* are just two examples. His forty-three tone scale is based on years of acoustical re-

Excerpts from *The Bewitched*, a Dance Satire by Partch:
I: Three Undergrads Become Transfigured in a Hong Kong Music Hall, III: The Romancing of a Pathological Liar Comes to an Inspired End, V: Visions Fill the Eyes of a Defeated Basketball Team in the Shower Room, VII: Two Detectives on the Tail of a Tricky Culpit Turn in Their Badges, X: The Cognoscenti are Plunged into a Demonic Descent while at Cocktails.

"My instruments belong to many traditions, especially including the present ones... but the rebelliously creative act is also a tradition."

search, summarized in the out-of-print *Genesis of a Music*, still available in many libraries.

"I am not an instrument builder, but a philosophic music-man seduced into carpentry." Partch also does not claim to have discovered *the* path for music to take: "This work is not offered as a basis for substitute tyranny . . ."

By 1950, any sound and any action could become musical, and did: electronically generated and transformed tones and noises, silence, and ordinary (extra-musical) activity.

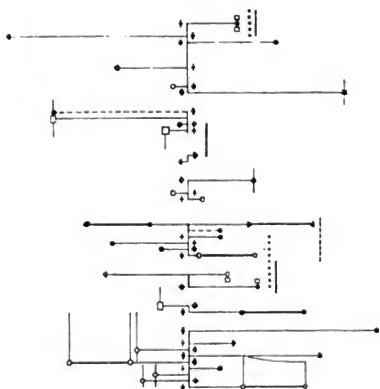
Cage's *Imaginary Landscape No. 4* is a graphed work for twelve radios. At its premiere, it fortunately, or unfortunately, appeared after midnight at the end of a long concert. Almost no broadcasts were available, since most stations had signed off, and the performance unexpectedly became a gesture of silence. Afterwards, Cage said, "It certainly was not what you might call a rabble-rouser."

Earle Brown's concept of free-wheeling parameters led him to write a *Trio for Five Dancers* (1953) in which he superimposed staves over the markings of a dance notation. The resulting composition accompanied the dance. Other graph procedures were adopted by Morton Feldman in his *Intersections* and *Extensions* of 1951-3. His notation gave specified "ranges" of pitch, metronomic pulse ("icti"), and instrumental timbre. Dynamics and individual pitches were left to the performer. An interest in gradual metamorphosis of a given chordal density led Feldman to reverse his notation: the "breathing of the work," a basic impulse set up during performance, replaced mechanical rhythm, and other parameters were specified. Soft, slow-moving chords are typical of his recent music, like the wide open spaces of *The Swallows of Salagan*.

Graphed scores were not acceptable under United States copyright laws until the mid-'fifties.

Gordon Mumma's *Medium Size Mograph* presents a straightforward graphic notation. Each symbol extending to either side of a central axis indicates a movement to produce a specific timbre or to make a non-sounding action.

This page may be read in any direction, or be cut into quadrants with each section turned separately. It may be played by any number of instrumentalists, with or without the magnetic tape part.



Chance in music applies to a means of composition, such as flipping coins or other random procedure, to provide material; the composer may then completely determine the material or present it indeterminate of performance.

Indeterminacy in music applies to performance of material in which the performer makes some final choices in filling out musical parameters; "the composer provides the camera and the performer takes the picture." The act of listening is indeterminate both of means of composition and of performance.

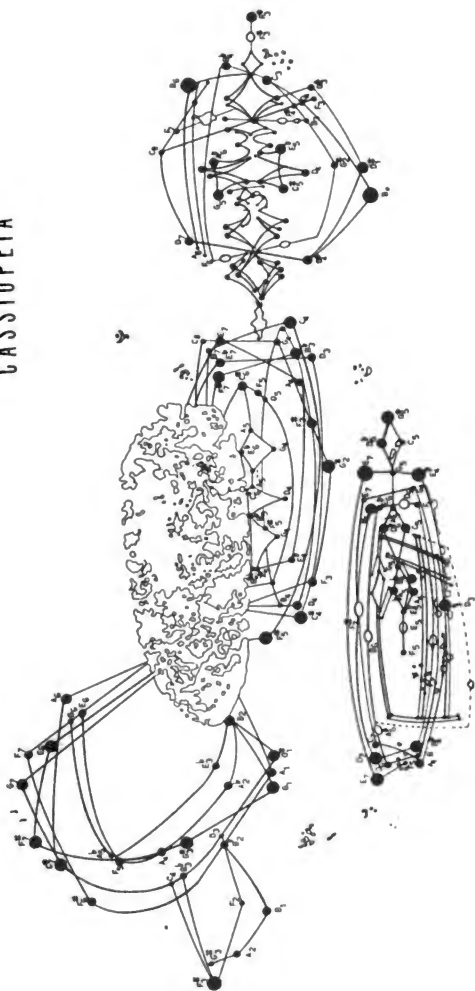
On the next page you'll find an entirely different graphic notation, George Cacciopo's *Cassiopeia*. This piece could never be cut into quadrants. Its notation is an open follow-the-lines chart. Size of points indicates dynamics, letters are pitches, their numbers are octave registers, white notes are harmonics. In performance, any conflict in following direction of lines is resolved by free passage between islands.



The term *aleatory* is often mis-used to refer to chance and indeterminate music. The term applies to another compositional process:

ALEATORY: "Having or pertaining to accidental causes and hence not predictable; felt as a matter of good or bad luck and thus thus easily attributed to benevolent or malevolent forces." Composers of the aleatory school build a certain amount of "controlled" accident into their works. The percentage, timing, and duration of randomness are "possibilities" carefully worked out for the performer by this hybrid method.

CASSIOPEIA



COMPOSITION 1960 No. 5

LaMonte Young *

Turn a butterfly (or any number of butterflies) loose in the performance area. When the composition is over, be sure to allow the butterfly to fly away outside. The composition may be any length, but if an unlimited amount of time is available, the doors and windows may be opened before the butterfly is turned loose and the composition may be considered finished when the butterfly flies away.

TRUCK

Mary Tsaltas

Truck is now available throughout the United States and Canada.

Your instructions are:

Find the busiest street in town.

Sit on the curb.

And watch the sculpture go by.

If you are afraid to put your feet into the street, please do not send money.

SECOND MERRY OVERTURE

Robert Sheff

Place many small, wonderful, little animals in and about a musical instrument.

Keep saying, "I think it is marvelous that things are the way they are."

The piece is over when the little animals get bored.

In August, 1952, David Tudor played the premiere of a piece by John Cage in which the performer makes no intentional sounds. The work introduced four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence. Tudor marked off the three movements of the piece by closing the piano lid at the beginning of each section and opening it at the end.

The first performance took place at a country hall which opens out into a forest. The wind and the rain continued throughout the silence.



Once Cage spent some time in a completely soundless experimental laboratory at Harvard. He heard two sounds, one high-pitched and one low-pitched. Scientists explained that the high tone was Cage's nervous system in action, while the low tone was the pulsation of his circulatory system.

At a San Antonio performance of another Cage piece that contains much silence, a little old lady approached the performer after the concert and said, "When you didn't play for a while, I was listening to the air conditioning and the birds outside; was that what I was supposed to do?"

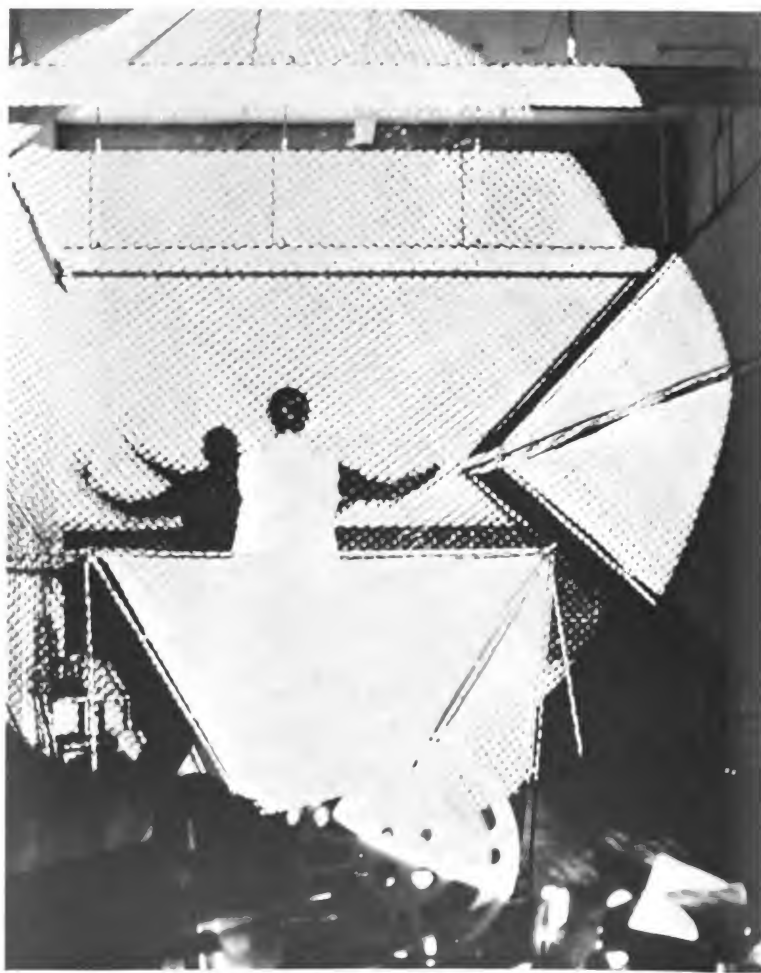
Cage's large collection of lectures, essays, stories, and writings is called *Silence*.

An obvious correlation has been drawn between the silent piece and Robert Rauschenberg's all-white canvases, painted prior to 4'33".

In a performance of a tacet (doing nothing) piece, people are observing, listening to, and experiencing the working of the environment . . . perhaps more than usual. When the performer begins to play, the situation has not changed.

An interest in creating new audio-visual environments has generated new concepts of theater in America: entertainments simply called "theater events," works like Earle Brown's *Light Music*, a huge piece for musicians and operators of light projections, and "total" presentations of light, sound, and action which involve everyone present in improvisation. Milton Cohen's *Space Theater* is perhaps the best example of the "total" approach. The landscape of the *Space Theater* is formed by a series of large geodesic frames, surfaces on which an ingenious array of equipment projects, distributes, and transforms abstract and everyday images. Light diffused in all directions sometimes gets lost in the nooks and crannies of the studio, giving motion to naturally inanimate objects, and continuity and stillness to natural animation. The first productions in San Francisco, and then in Ann Arbor, used complete tape pieces, composed for the light theater, which emphasize spatial mobility and a "program" in their use of material. A simple notation was developed that gave performers freedom to make immediate improvisatory gestures. The unfolding of a performance is guided only by a chart of general color sequence, and by the response of performers to each other's actions. At the *Space Theater* production of the 1964 Venice Biennale (*Manifestazione della Luce e Suono*), the huge performance arena gave room for the movements of the Italian audience, who explored the area at the same time the performers were presenting simultaneous electronic sound, light, and human activity, as shown on the following pages . . .





The *Space Theater* draws on new sound sources for live performance made available by scientific innovation. The mushrooming of the high-fidelity industry has allowed composers to easily acquire a limitless world of sound. Well over a hundred electronic music studios have been established in the last fifteen years for audio experimentation. Actually, anyone owning a tape recorder or a contact microphone can explore the sound properties of any object; in short, he can make music.

The basic processes for which studios are equipped are the generation of electronic sound impulses and the manipulation of both electronic and natural sounds. Some studios are involved only in sound experimentation and other theoretical considerations such as the development of a notation for tape composition. New equipment and studio designs are constantly being developed by composers and research establishments. A composer continually modifies his workshop to fulfill changing musical situations.

Such flexibility need not be expensive. In a recent article, Gordon Mumma points out that an electronic studio can cost much less than a Mustang convertible or a grand piano. He sets a bare minimum of \$700, and up to \$2000 for a powerfully versatile studio.

One type of electronic composition consists of a roll of magnetic tape which contains the completed piece. The titles of Richard Maxfield's pieces suggest the subtle textures of his sounds: *A Swarm of Butterflies Encountered on the Ocean*, *Amazing Grace*, *Italian Folk Music*, *Wind*, and *Cough Music*. Robert Ashley's *Fourth of July* grew from informal recordings made the afternoon of that holiday in 1960. Some of the material was manipulated and the rest left as it was. The sound of Mary Ashley's sporting event, *Walk*, was made dur-

"Everything's got its own tune."

—Davy Flynn, age 10

Equipment is developed for any number of purposes. Recently, Nortronics laboratories was commissioned by the local gas company to develop a four-track recording head to enable blind meter readers to easily handle data. The new mechanism they developed will also be useful to the electronic composer, since it uses standard-size tape rather than commercial half-inch tape.

ing a two-hour walk around town, and contains all the sounds she encountered, plus one near-accident. Mumma's *Epoxy* stemmed from successive experiments with a wide range of homemade electronic equipment, glued together in "soundblocks."

One of the most popular of natural sound sources is the human voice. James Tenny starts with the familiar sound of Elvis Presley in *Blue Suede*, and Bob Ashley's friendly *I'm Not Afraid of You, Boulez*, delivers its message in unusual register and double-keyed speed. Presented straight or in altered form, the human voice somehow always remains musically meaningful. Gordon Mumma has used natural speech patterns as a trigger device for electronic impulse. In the third of George Manupelli's *Five Short Films*, Mumma created a sound track in which outbursts of sound were set off by the vocal rhythm of a broadcaster reading the news. In the fifth of the films, Mumma reversed the procedure. He is currently working on a new sound-track technique for Bruce Baillie's forthcoming movie on America. An optional "obligato" two-track tape will turn a screening into a live performance.

The "sound effects" of Hollywood, radio, and television were among the first widespread applications of audio experimentation. Louis and Bebe Barron produced the remarkable score for *Forbidden Planet*. More recently, composers have begun to work on soundtracks as musical compositions that do not just "accompany" or "dramatize" but take part in the action of the film.

John Cage has done a great deal of invention of electronic media for live performance. Many of his scores are instructions for assembling and distributing pre-recorded sounds. Other works are directions for creating theater pieces which involve electronic means.

Five Short Films:

December 1962: A Film for Hooded Projector (Music: Manupelli), *I Love You Do Not Be Afraid* (Music: Ashley), *Say Nothing About This to Anyone* (Music: Mumma), *I Must See You Regarding a Matter of the Utmost Importance* (Music: Ashley), *If You Leave Me I Will Kill Myself* (Music: Mumma).

Cartridge Music (1960) provides a framework for realization in live performance. Sound material is derived from the amplification of small sounds: objects are inserted into phonograph cartridges connected to amplifiers.

Auxiliary electronic means, such as the attachment of contact microphones to objects, also produce sounds. The score consists of mobile plastic transparencies which furnish the performer with outlines for composing a performance with whatever materials he has available.

Williams Mix (1952) is a score of 192 pages for creating a tape piece from some 600 recordings. The notation is a graph of directions for the cutting and splicing of eight tracks of tape. The composing means of this composition, as for several other works by Cage, are chance operations derived from the *Y-King* (or *I-Ching*), an ancient Chinese manual of divination for action. One is able to use the information and advice of the manuscript by performing a series of chance procedures to derive a single hexagram associated with one of the essays. Productions and advice are based on the assumption that any situation exhibits characteristic features which can be isolated from simple causal happenings and used by man.

When New York's Pan Am skyscraper was about to be opened, the question of background music came up. Cage suggested that the movements of the people entering the doors and elevators of the building, supply the stimulus for the generation of background music by means of photoelectric cells. The suggestion was not accepted.

Cage's lectures are composition in themselves rather than formal speeches. He feels that his lectures demonstrate what he is talking

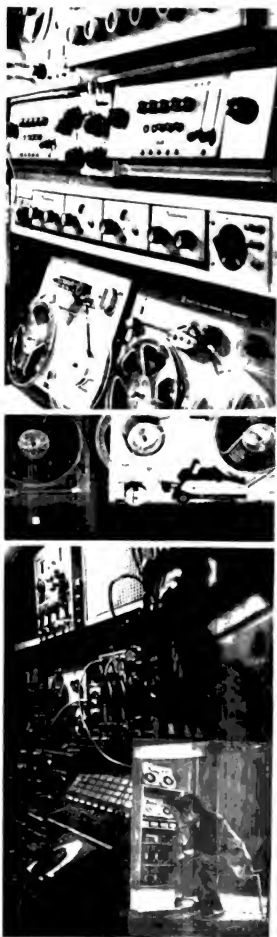
Using a sine-wave pure form solid-sound generator with a general shift bandpass potentiometer, one can take a modulated frequency signal with an effective gain-to-noise ratio of a quite wide spectrum-continuum and qualitatively phase the onset such that the variable attack-decay proportion of the sinusoidal oscillation will bear a highly inverse relationship to the gain modulus, notwithstanding the feedback stimulus, which always doubles the cps summing network overload capacity beyond the input convertor, resulting in a control voltage showing every sign of harmonic signal-separator-circuit filtering which while clearly part of the external amplifier time-envelope gating impedance, nevertheless varies in its amplitude range control as does the attenuation of harmonic actuation, involving, as is usually the case, harmonic parameter-discretion with additive amperage and digital ohmage playback without the advantage of pre-reverberated analog input-delay linear peripheral phase-chopping leak-drifting symmetrical diode loopage.

about while he is talking about it. *Where are we going?* and *What are we doing?* was composed as a realization of *Cartridge Music* on four independent tapes. They may be played in any number, in any order, and at any time, with or without a live reader. Each tape is meaningful in itself, and creates new meaning in itself, and creates new meaning by juxtaposition with the other tapes.

Indeterminacy is a lecture-composition made up of stories relating to Cage's personal life and his interest in Zen Buddhism. The stories, whether long or short, are read in sixty seconds. On the Folkways recording, David Tudor accompanies the reading with performances of Cage's *Solo for Piano* and *Fontana Mix*, an electronic score.

The widest application of electronic music in performance is its use with instruments. Early in the game, both composers and audiences felt uncomfortable facing a loudspeaker-performer. Listeners often didn't know whether to applaud or not, and everyone began to fear the automation of the concert hall. However, the addition of instruments to tape pieces was not just to avoid an unfortunate situation. Many composers naturally tended to use any electronic medium as an extension and enrichment of live instrumental music.

David Behrman's *Milwaukee Combination* features unaltered ordinary sounds (for example, soundtracks of late, late shows) taped as .. score for four performers, who match the articulation and sound of the tape as closely as possible. In Bob Sheff's *Northwind*, the performer(s) sits in a rolling swivel chair between two or more speakers. He responds to as much of the sound as he can while chasing signals from speaker to speaker. It is an



exhausting piece based on a haiku of Seikuh Andoh: "Flowers of wild cherry trees! Very fine to look at, no less fine to see them scatter."

Interbalances VI by Barney Childs pits two performers against each other's prepared tapes: the hornist responds to the pianist's tape, and vice-versa. The performer is instructed to intentionally include "hokey" American Spike Jones-style corn, quite different from European mannered humor.

Terry Jennings' performance with Richard Maxfield's tape called *Wind* is a free saxophone improvisation along the lines of the piece's contours. Terry recorded wind phenomena which Maxfield edited but did not otherwise alter. Terry, an accomplished saxophonist, can easily blow amazing five-note chords. In *Desert Ambulance* by Ramon Sender of the San Francisco Tape Center, the audience hears two channels of the tape, while a third track containing instructions is relayed to a solo stage performer over headphones. At one performance, composer-accordionist Pauline Oliveros, dressed in an aviator's uniform, received the two channels of sound by mistake while the audience listened to the instructions.

Complete with Heat, by Bob Ashley, can be performed by any two or more string or wind players with a single-track version of the tape piece *Heat*. The players, performing instrumental and vocal sounds, face each other in individual pairs. Each player responds only to his partner's choices, as if dancing, and each pair completely ignores whatever might happen around them. In the Ann Arbor performance of Aylmer Gladdys' *Elixir 8*, Gordon Mumma and Bob Ashley applied an "instant replay" technique to the comments and guffaws of the audience by electronic playback.

Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, a lawyer, was probably the first American electronic composer. His "electrodynamic organ" cost over \$1 million back around 1900. He toured the county and state fairs with thirty carloads of electronic equipment.



The audience became quieter until gradually their natural responses returned. The verbal score for *Elixir 8* is an enthusiastic description of "inter-neighborhood development (progress and change)," with an emphasis on repercussive events. Aylmer Gladdys has written another piece for the entire city of Los Angeles.

The score for Terry Riley's *Concert for Two Pianists and Five Tape Recorders* has no instructions for a performance realization beyond its title, but presents freely distributed symbols and forms which gain meaning when a performer chooses to do something because of them. There is no provision for what goes on the tapes or for what events the pianists create. The notation sometimes appears to be graphs of physical gesture, sometimes looks like drawings of a television picture tube, and sometimes introduces the words *ON* and *OFF* or fragments of calligraphy on musical staves. Terry says that systematic instructions take some of the magic out of the piece.

Gordon Mumma's *Meanwhile, a Twopiece* provides an opportunity for two performers to make use of determinate sound material with a given choreography in a way that emphasizes continual action and sound: Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . .

One performance begins with Bob and Gordon running into the performance area, battering two groups of percussion instruments (sometimes everyday percussion and sometimes the standard instruments), one group of which is mounted on the inside of the piano, playing horn and keyboard parts, "realizing" any of four parts of seven pages each in any order (three sequences to a page depending on the superimposition of the material on transparen-

cies and the manner in which the numbers, indicating groups of instruments to be played on, happen to be viewed at different points by the performer) guided by the pacing of any of four combinations of the initial tape of twenty-one sequences (the beginning and last section being the same on each tape) and by an elaborate set of instructions for instrument areas to be played on, for "standard" responses in situations calling for individual choice and mutual agreement, and for sound timbres, the whole performance formed by a sort of time-sense achieved through intensive rehearsal. This performance ends with Bob and Gordon running offstage.

Another performance of *Meanwhile* by the San Francisco Tape Center was constructed so that the performers never touched the instruments directly, but played them with objects rolled and dropped through a maze of pipes and tubes.

Many of the scores we are discussing have directions such as "any interruptions allowed" or "to be performed in whole or in part," or "by any number of players." How do performers manage to put on pieces like these, or do they bother taking such free directions into account at all?

When a performer sits down with a score, he is aware at first of what the composer asks; he absorbs the feel of the work by its notations and directions, getting to know the interests of the composer by the way he expresses himself on paper. The player starts to correspond his ideas with the composer's, and to think through the possible contributions he can make to the realization of the piece.

Composers are usually performers, and they write with certain conscious or unconscious ideas of how the piece could work in performance. In taking up these ideas, the performer

Electronic sound has become a useful accessory to live performance. Instrumental possibilities are extended greatly just by attaching a contact microphone. The human voice or the sound of a single rubber band easily gain variety of timbre

does not work in a vacuum, but applies his musicianship in the broadest sense of the word: *his capacity to make his particular realization work in performance, no matter what that realization may be.* All of these considerations of performance, of course, apply to any music. What has been added is a greater breadth of possibilities in terms of what and who a performance can include, which makes the performer's role more like the composer's.

When the piece is not for a soloist, the performance group makes preparation of the work a community effort. The transition from a warm-up huddle to the spontaneous "hey, I've got an idea" spirit comes easily.

Allowing for this wide range of performance potential, indeterminate scores are written with general presentation attitudes in mind. Depending on the composer involved, psychological principles, poetic suggestion, physical distribution, geometry, social relationship, connection of objects and people, or innumerable other interests may be reflected in the instructions and score.

Bob Ashley's *in memoriam Crazy Horse* (symphony) is scored . . . for 20 or more wind or string or other sustaining instruments in five or more groups of four or more instruments per group. The instruments of each group should be as closely related as possible. The term "sustaining instruments" implies the possible use of sustaining percussion, pure electronic instruments, and electronically modified non-sustaining instruments as well as the standard instruments. The specification of five (or more) groups and four (or more) instruments per group points up Ashley's interest throughout the piece in a juxtaposition of even and odd, regular and irregular, sound and silence, and harmonious and dissonant situation.

The choice of five and four for minimum den-

After Ashley wrote the piece, he found out that a Norwegian farmer in the Dakotas spent years carving out a mountainside to create a likeness of Chief Crazy Horse. He was helped by his friends, who all admire the Indian.

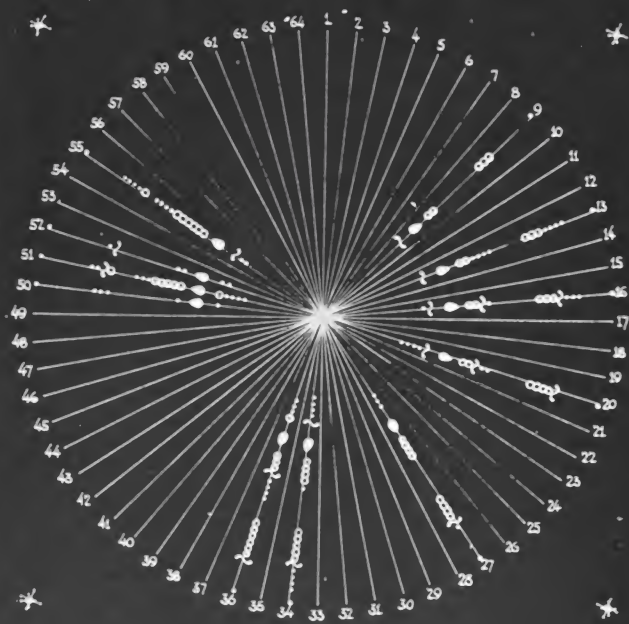
sity also reflects the sound Ashley has imagined for the work, as does the direction for instruments "as closely related as possible." The maximum group number is implied by the next sentence: *Each group is assigned one part from the set of 32 parts.*

The score is in the shape of a circle with sixty-four numbered radii. *Beginning at a radius decided upon by the group its players count around the circle allowing one unit of silence for each numbered radius. A sustaining-sound activity of the appropriate kind is called for upon reaching a radius on which there are number-symbols.*

The groups, then, advance along the circle like braves around a pioneer encampment. A leader paces the motion: *The measured units are given for the orchestra as a whole by the conductor and are determined continually and freely by him.* The actual sound to produce is as yet unspecified, but falls within the range of "sustaining activity," corresponding to the nature of the instruments.

The inner set of symbols (inside of the oval dot) allows a duration to this activity. The outer two sets of symbols specify alternative radii from which to proceed after this duration of activity. Each group decides in advance (in any manner) which direction or schedule of directions it will follow. This set of instructions complicates the forward motion by providing alternate lines of march for each group, to be agreed upon ahead of time. The group selects either a regular motion around the circle (clockwise or counter-clockwise) or an irregular path jumping from radius to radius as determined by the sum of the number-symbols of the outside groups: All numbers (durations and radii) are given in sums of the following symbols: • = 1;

~ = 5; 0 = 10.



Finally, the sound medium is discussed:

Individual performers determine what is to be played on the basis of their group obligation to produce a certain density of sound at a certain radius. Plans for assigning various radii or directions of movement to subtle differences in density can be worked out in advance. However, it will be sufficient if the performance involves only the two extremes of ensemble density: as pure (harmonious) as possible; (or) as noisy (dissonant) as possible. Any division of the score into semi-circles can be interpreted to represent these two extremes of density.

Ashley here provides both the general outline for sound realization and a specific type of "sufficient" presentation, leaving the performers to decide how much rehearsal time or inclination they have in making "plans for . . . subtle differences in density."

Individual performers should choose their sounds spontaneously and begin playing at the beginning of a specified duration of activity. Within any duration, then, as soon as all members of the group are playing, individuals may continually adjust (change) their sound activity toward achieving a better realization of the ideal density. In these last sentences, Ashley tells the performers to live up to the "obligation" of density that they have decided upon previously. Realized in any number of ways, the score of *Crazy Horse* always sets out a clear performance situation that explains the composer's own conceptualization of the piece.





Philip Corner's scores describe poetic and psychological qualities of the performance to be given. "State of mind: release, vibrant, free of limitations . . . think in the realm of the irrational, that which goes beyond definition. Limit yourself only by the structure on the page, then release the action which outraces consideration."

Ink Marks for Performance, partly reproduced on this and the preceding page, presents black (isolate fractions of densities; isolate fractions of continuities) and white (silence) as sound for piano. Shadings suggest dynamics, and the player overlaps pages for performance.

Strata involves the building-up of a performance in layers. As a piece for instrument and tape, the piece becomes increasingly loud as each phrase is played back simultaneously with the playing of the following phrase. For dancer and film (video tape), actions are superimposed on successive actions, increasingly energetic. The phrases or motions themselves grow in intensity through various parameters, given in verbal notation:

spurts ————— skips
 increase speed increase range
 THIS PROGRESSION IS A
 TENDENCY —————
 break down regularity

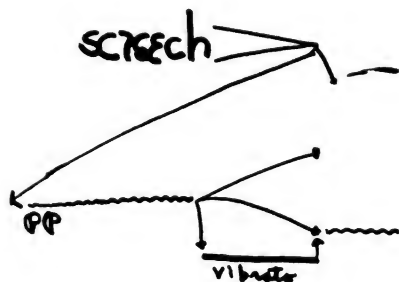
The score *attempting whitenesses*
aims at creating "a basis of
simplicity."

The word "pure" seems to suggest the quality
I want, sustained and relaxed, a clear and
full tone which is quiet, unstraining . . .
. . . attain (first) this basis.

players (I want this) in rapport with each
other—visual and aural contact. Specifically
intended relations: entrance and exit, other
changings, willed together, by twos, threes,
more, . . .

now. The occasion for unsuccess or the pres-
ence of disturbing factors.

not ever excessive (now) nor
too much together, place for
small sounds, single sounds,
enough of no sounds.



ensemble (small) of homogeneous timbre. Res-
onant but quiet. I prefer recorders also sing-
ers."

—insufficient or excessive ac-
tion. Of energy. Of control
pushing to where the sounds
destroy themselves

they escape (they may be
recaptured)
and they fall, die—the im-
balances are extraordinary
(so they
will sound)
. . . not to forget that nor-
mal is prolonged and neu-
tral

Lecture from Sunday Performance (for any occasion) is a set of readings for one reader, who may be surrounded by a background group of performers. The group responds to the reader's material with vocal and instrumental sounds and gestures to "create a sympathetic resonance. The sense interpreted, expressed, something from an image, an association. It can be all degrees of richness or sparseness." The reader may present the words in any way.

**Looking for relationships
I missed them . . . how far
can I not go? There can never
be found anything which
does not have its way to make
rapport with everything
else**

**Brancusi did his own
housekeeping, sweeping right
into the work of sculpture.
The Chinese master went
away for a year to prepare
for the Emperor's bamboo
drawn in a minute. If I conceive
a piece for three months
and execute it in two seconds,
how long did it take?**

**Nothing can touch us
now! As things go wrong
right them—what wrong! A
work to be rehearsed the
morning before performance
. . . that can be done . . . If
there is no piano, do better
without it. If the concert
hall burned, we'd have played
in the park.**

(Pulse) is a direct reflection of Corner's interest in continuous impulses. The piece is played on any solo instrument at a steady rate of speed exactly corresponding to the pulse-beat of the performer. Pitch ascends constantly, by the smallest possible increment. Performance cards with slanting lines indicate duration of sound and silence and range of instrument.

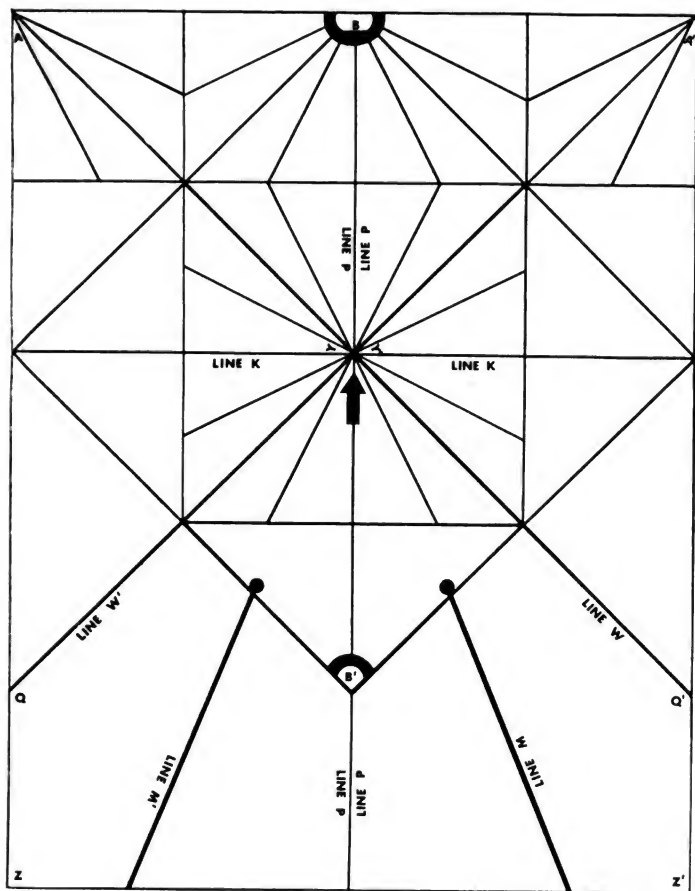
The ONCE group's *Kitty Hawk* grew from an idea to create an anti-gravity piece for ensemble performances of the Ann Arbor group on tour. From the single concept of anti-gravity events (none to be duplicated), the group has realized many performances, generally extending to forty-five minutes.

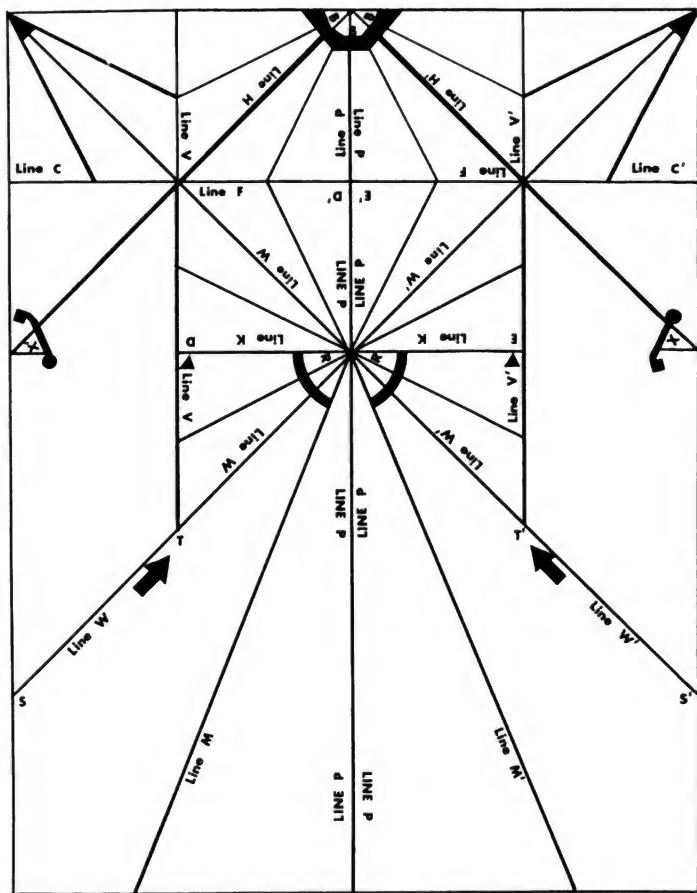
Throughout the bulk of the performance, the audience is instructed by tape how to fold the paper airplanes which have been distributed (see foldout). The tape repeats each sentence, giving everyone ample time to follow directions. Meanwhile, events unfold on stage. The events described here are from the ONCE performances; obviously, any other suitable events could be done.

Independently, Gordon leads blindfolded Caroline around the performance area on clearly shaky boards elevated far above the audience. The layout of the gangplanks naturally depends on the construction of the hall, and is intended to be as frightening as possible. Around the same time, Mary, Harold and Joe have come out, along with a chalk line and several bowling balls.

One common feature of the events is the raising of the women by the men in any number of ways: mechanical hoisting, taping to the wall, lifting, etc. The taping event starts first and continues throughout: George carefully tapes Annina to the wall behind a plastic transparency, making a "cocoon."

Mary, receiving instructions over a walkie-talkie, is an automaton triangulating the performance area with the chalk line. Setting a point, she draws a circle around a bowling ball, locating future events which the group may interpolate at any point in the duration of the piece.





The triangulation locates spots for a fulcrum to be brought out by the men. Mary makes arrangements for Ann to be placed on one side of the pivot. Finally, Mary (somewhat more independently) rolls the bowling balls into a large sack, and climbs inside it herself. All the while the taping, catwalk-strolling, and audience instructions are continuing.

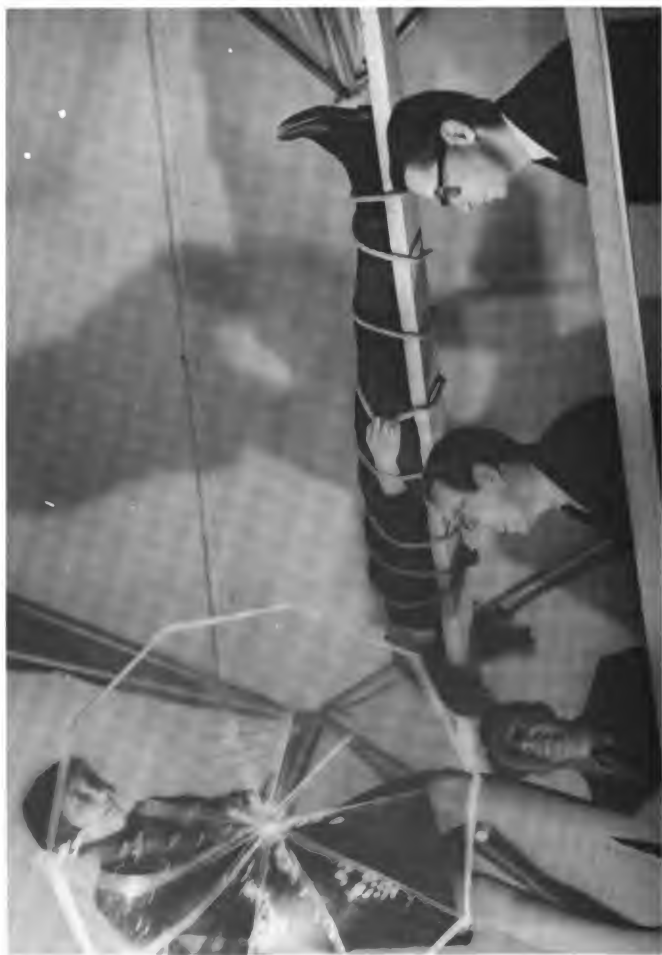
A soft blue stage light comes on, and the tape gives final instructions for plane-launching. These instructions are not repeated. At the same time, George begins cutting Annina loose, so that she hangs ever more precariously over the floor. At the final countdown, with Annina practically untaped, a total blackout comes instead of "zero-blastoff," and the audience flies the planes in darkness. Simultaneously, a recording of Roy Orbison singing "It's Over" comes on, and George and Annina disappear.

Harold and Joe then hoist Ann and Mary to a great height with ropes and pulleys. By this time, the audience has received most of the paper plane instructions. The lights go out, and everyone hustles off, except for George and Annina (in her cocoon).

After about a minute and a half of darkness, the lights return, the performance area is completely bare, and the piece is over.

At the Minneapolis staging of *Kitty Hawk*, Joe and Bob switched roles before hoisting Ann and Mary. Bob didn't know that the rope had to be tied a certain way, and the bag with Mary and the bowling balls started to crash down. Bob made a grab for the rope, and was practically hoisted himself, but managed to prevent disaster.

As Mary said later, "If that bag had fallen, they could have just thrown it out without even looking inside."





John Cage has written three compositions which are to be considered parts of a single large work. They are: *Atlas Eclipticalis* (1961), *Variations IV* (1963), and *0'00"* (1962).

The compositional means for *Atlas Eclipticalis* involved operations with the *Y-King*, the use of transparent templates placed on an astronomical atlas, and the final inking in of notes from the positions of stars. This provided eighty-six instrumental parts of four pages each, five systems (directions of reading) per page. Any number of parts and pages may be played. The material appears in aggregations (constellations) of single tones, which are played with silence between each tone, or interpenetrate with other tones in free combination. This notation is similar to that of *Winter Music* (1957) for one to twenty pianos, which may be played with *Atlas*.

The duration of a performance is guided by a conductor who describes a circular motion "like that of a watch-hand." Each of the five systems of an instrumental page is associated with positions of the conductor's hands, the performance concluding when his fingers are touching. The conductor's choice of time length is guided by his knowledge of the point where "the presence of silence is felt," considering the mass of instruments, the environment, and so on. The "conductor" of the New York Philharmonic performance was a machine.

In an electronic version, all instruments have contact microphones attached, which are connected to single amplification equipment. From there, the sounds are fed into a master system of loudspeakers operated by an assistant conductor who manipulates all this sound by playing a part he prepares from *Cartridge Music*. Thus, instrumental sounds, which are for the most part soft, are illuminated indeterminately of the piece which creates them.

"Moreover, as I have now said several times, he who has not contemplated the mind of nature said to exist in the stars, and gone through the previous training, and seen the connection of music with these things, and harmonized them all with laws and institutions, is not able to give a reason of such things that have a reason."

—Plato

"The saddest sound I know is the low volume of a transistor radio down the hall late at night."

—Philip von Bretzel

"A good man does not need a carriage to go about in but can get out and walk."

—from the *Y-King*

"Become so open that even impositions no longer contradict."

—Philip Corner

There is a story of Subhuti, a disciple of Buddha, sitting one day under a tree. Blossoms began to fall about him. We are praising you for your discourse on emptiness, the gods said. But I have not spoken of emptiness, Subhuti said. The gods responded, You have not spoken of emptiness, we have heard nothing of emptiness. Flowers continued to fall about Subhuti as rain.

Ten years after the composition of 4'33" (the silent piece), Cage wrote the instructions for 0'00" *Solo to be performed in any way by anyone*. While the tacet work involves doing nothing intentional, 0'00" is concerned with an individual performing a "disciplined action" (maximum amplification, no feedback) which will fulfill in some part an obligation to others. It is both a preparation for and description of full, concentrated action, where attention is not focused on proposing a situation (whether musical, electronic, theatrical).

Any "interruptions" are therefore allowed.

Because "obligations" change, each performance of this piece will necessarily be a different action. The instruction "with maximum amplification" can apply in a psychological sense of putting forth utmost effort, in a physical sense of using electronic amplification (such as transmission of a reader's voice), and otherwise directly fulfilling an obligation through an action which does not reflect back through others (feedback). The first performance of this piece was the writing of the instructions.

Over the course of the last seven years, Cage has written five *Variation* works. *Variations V* received its premiere in July, 1965. Each is concerned with a different side of music, and each uses plastic transparencies as a basis for notation.

The plastic transparency of *Variations IV* consists of seven dots and two circles. One circle is placed on a map of the performance area (prepared by the performers), and acts as a reference point. The dots and other circle are cut out and dropped onto the map, indicating events of the performance, and are connected with lines to the reference circle. The second circle functions as an event only when one of the connecting lines touches or crosses the circle.

Sounds may come from any part of the performance area, or outside of it, if one of the dots or circles falls off the map. Doors may be opened to let in sound from various parts of the hall or outside the building. "Two or more points may be taken as a sound in movement." Performers are not limited to *Variations IV*; they may do something else, and other players may present different pieces at the same time and place.

Cage's performance of *Variations IV* included just sounds; the Ann Arbor performance also introduced activities, with and without sound. Three men lifted a girl (tied to a plank) onto a delicately balanced pivot, George K. started his car outside, two people mimed a taped lecture by composer Ralph Shapey, Gordon detonated caps and wandered about smoking, Mary dressed George C. with accordion and cane while he conducted, and Red's son played elegant drums.

"Theatre takes place all the time wherever one is and art simply facilitates persuading one this is the case."

—John Cage

Atlas Eclipticalis stems from the motions of the stars and physical transformation. *Variations IV* is an outcome of the distribution of men and events. 0'00" focuses on individual action realized in terms of fulfilling an obligation, regardless of any situation the action may create. Cage considers these pieces three parts of a single work.

Bob Sheff's *Just Walk On In* is written in graphic, verbal and pictorial notation and is performed by way of any everyday activity by any number of interested people. The score is made up of material (drawings, newspaper clippings, ordinary language, maps, graphs of all sorts, etc.) which both suggests and describes activities while leaving their specific rendering open. The score also presents parameters or physical distribution. Three figures indicate a general approach to the material: $\diamond =$ loud, emphatic, $+$ = quiet, peacefully, considered, $\nabla =$ continue (in the same way and place or in another manner and place). Three symbols are descriptive of location and other "natural circumstance," and are given their specific meaning by the performers:

- can mean medium and/or across ground, American . . .
- can mean higher and/or in flight, African . . .
- ◆ can mean lower and/or concealed, another . . .

All symbols as well as the graphic, verbal, and pictorial notations appear in such varied combination that they are never actually exclusive of each other, as they would be if the notations were motives in a dramatic or systematic context. "A performance of this piece is best not as theatre or concerted environment but as a presentation of a few activities and sounds commonly experienced and accomplished, such as sport, commentary, noise, popular music, thunderstorms, exploration, and immediate peace."

Numbers associated with the material indicate impulse of physical and clock time and the distribution and limitation of activities and sound. Other notations provide for the introduction of outside sound and activity, as well as for direct variation within the performance itself. The piece can have any title. "Performing any necessary amount of the pages

OUTDOORS MUSIC

(1958)

This piece is in your own backyard.

to constitute a performance, dramatic and lyrical phrases may occur, so fear nothing, it's all yours now."

Pieces like *Just Walk On In* do not invoke standards of professionalism, but encourage a community spirit of interchange of ideas and talents. Many composers feel that no person should be barred from making a performance come alive just because he does not read music. In the first performance of *Just Walk On In* at the 1965 ONCE Festival, fifteen performers created what was later called a "friendly workshop effect." Both musicians and non-musicians played standard and electronic instruments. Pre-arranged and spontaneous activities were swapped among the players. "Music is a gesture of goodwill."

✓ = you may add anything you wish (clearly expressing something being . . .)

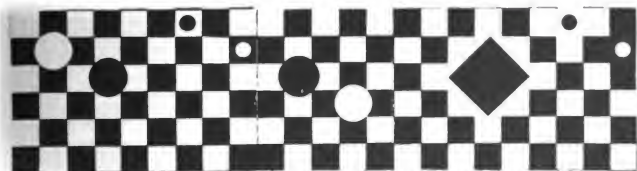
"If we gave a concert with just children, nobody would say a word."

—Larry Leitch

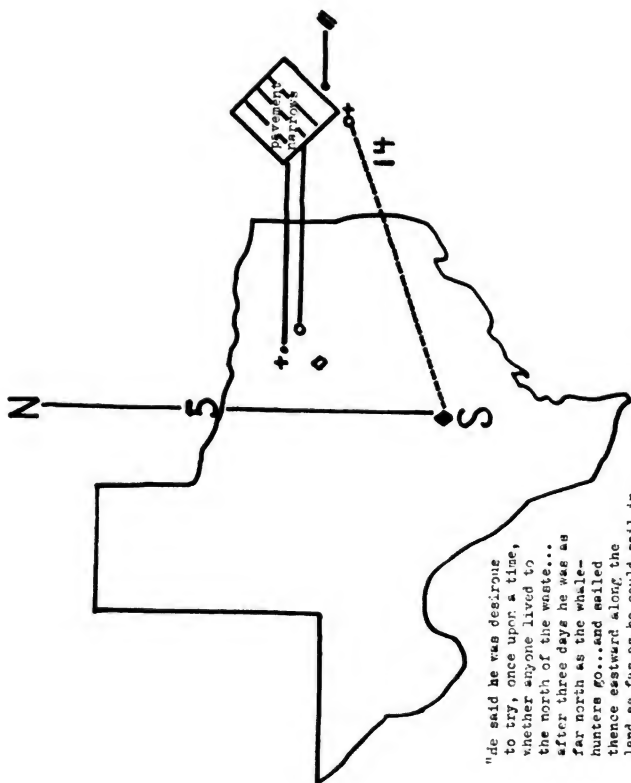


□ 1-5
■ 6-7

-Instructions-
Move from white
point to black
point or diamond
by the shortest
path, giving to
each square the
assigned numeri-
cal value.



Winter is a pause in music, but during the pause the musicians are privately tuning their strings, to prepare for the coming outburst.



"he said he was desirous to try, once upon a time, whether anyone lived to the north of the waste... after three days he was as far north as the whale-hunters go...and sailed thence eastward along the land as far as he could sail in four days. The land then inclined due south, as far as he could sail in five days. There lay a great river up in that land."



AUGUST

Juiceless pine needles dust
the spring and creek beds
that root to the low river.
In Bowery heat, a barmaid
calls him fool, instead of
omniscient.
And his gut shrivels.

He doesn't remember the spring
river branching around boulders,
or chipmunks making a house
out of a pancake box on the lean-to
shelf, or his line yielding
to the white current
before he caught a fat rainbow.

He locks himself in a hot
room, and asks forgiveness
of a black snake he once killed.
And squeezes a cross from toothpaste
tubes. His mother cries
when the neighbors watch
him taken away, shouting
constitutional rights.

The squealing tire
of his mind burns out
the last pool of the noiseless
mink. And the rainbows
are chubs
and flap
on the hot rocks.

MEETING

On the spruce fringe,
the green darkness
awaits
the poised deer.
His limbs quiver,
then burst
from the wet
field.

FRAGMENTS FROM TROILUS IN HELL

Hold wine up to strong lamps.
red is a color in the eyes of night,
soft reds fuse,
we lift the glass,
toasting away motions.
our fingers draw happy faces in the air.
we hold hands,
sometimes we look good.
the wine is quiet,
bright colors follow us
when we walk away.

* * *

The small boy imagined
waves were chosen
to say things;
so he walked
the broken rocks
that edged the lake
to find where
the sound started.
he learned to think
the sound came
from the place
trees covered;
because he was six then
watching the lake.
now he knows
waves say things
people hide.

SERMON
FOR
THE FUNERAL OF
HOSEA VICTOR STONEBURNER
THE METHODIST CHURCH
SALESVILLE
OHIO
2 APRIL 1963

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The present work is a hybrid. It combines the outline, from which I preached the sermon at the funeral of my grandfather, and the materials (an autobiographical letter by him, my *Journal* entries and verses about him, my memories of him), upon which I drew in preparing the sermon. The present work does not represent the sermon as I delivered it: oral presentation invites expansion and contraction. I preached the sermon at the funeral of my grandfather, and the mechanically arranged the old paragraphs in the new frame.

Tony Stoneburner

HOSEA VICTOR STONEBURNER: *Fourth and last child of
John Adams and Edith Williams Stoneburner, born in
Guernsey county 28 September 1893 and died there
30 March 1963*

WE ARE GATHERED FOR THREE PURPOSES:

TO GIVE THANKS FOR A LIFE
TO ACKNOWLEDGE A DEATH
TO CELEBRATE A VICTORY

I

THANKSGIVING FOR A LIFE

*"Look to the rock from whence you were hewn."
(ISAIAH 51:1)*

Let us, chips off the old block, pebbles, look.

My childhood impression of Hosea VICTOR Stoneburner was negative:

(I was afraid of him)

He used "Bad" language: he said "ain't"

He had "Bad" habits: he chewed tobacco

He had a negative attitude toward work: he worked hard
from before dawn until after dark

he was work (and obedience) demanding

He had no sense of humor: he was unplayfully stern

My adolescent correction of the earlier impression:

(I admired him and, because I did, he became the subject
of my poetry. It is the task of the poet to celebrate the hero,
the man equal to his epoch; but neither the ancient arche-
typal figure nor the modern public person is sufficiently
himself to receive praise. There is something authentic—in-
tact even if shattered—about the life of the parents of our
parents.)

He was a master of words

(as he said about the whippoorwill, selecting the colloquial poetry of "hollers," "He hollers on the first warm night of spring.")

He had, in addition to great physical strength, skills

in many farmcrafts

strength

even after he became knee-stiff he climbed up and down ladders shifting himself chiefly with hands wrists arms shoulders chest

skills

I have seen him work earth, metal, stone, wood, leather

I have seen him handle animals

a team of horses hitched to a wagon rearing in the presence of a snake in the hay

a succession of Guernsey bulls, each nicknamed "Woody," with ring in nose being led to breed cows

(as he wrote in the concluding sentence of his brief *Autobiography*: "No more work and pleasure of bringing lambs, pigs, calves, colts, kittens alive into the world")

Positive attitude toward work

Labor equals Pleasure

(as he wrote in his *Autobiography*: ". . . the rest of our recreation was work": "No more work and pleasure . . .")

Labor, effort against chaos and loss and oblivion

labor is creative

life-assisting

(as he wrote: ". . . bringing lambs, pigs, calves, colts, kittens")

(as I wrote in my *Journals* (January 2, 1953): "I visited the grove of pine that my Grandfather set in my fifth year.")

(as I wrote in *Hosea Victor Stoneburner*, a poem of the late 40's: "Living, he enriched depleted soil"; "He has spent his/Life for life.")

artifact-enriching

bathroom, fishpond, porch-building

originally bathroom was for women and children

eventual use of bathroom by himself was a sign of disability, as was his shaving with a safety rather than a straight razor

labor is preserving and recovering

(opposed to substance-wasting prodigality)

CCC gully-damming and locust-planting against erosion

Franklin Delano Roosevelt (New Deal) National Park

tool-recovering

(my *Journals* (June 10, 1957): "Grandfather wanted me to perform needle in the hay (which is less musical than turkey in the straw) by searching for a last-year-dropped pair of pliers. He had me move some rotted bails before he directed me to the area where the instrument had fallen. We soon turned it up.")

upping-block-repairing

(my *Journals* (September 5, 1955): "Today we raised the upping-block again. A woman from Omaha, Nebraska, was trying to trace her ancestors. She stopped here. In leaving, she demolished the arrangement of stones. We repaired the damage. Its purpose is obsolete. We no longer have horses to mount. But it is a throne for Grandfather, a surface-for-nut-cracking for Grandmother, a soapbox and pulpit for me.

Elijah again raising the altar to JHWH; Jacob making his pillow a pillar; Hosea VICTOR, Tony, and John erecting the upping-block

"Ede had us turn the to over to the 'weather-worn' side; Grandfather—"If you want something weather-worn, take me."

"To be in good style, we cursed the woman from Omaha. Grandfather has a sense of style, a grandness of gesture. Last week, winding up the day-off home-coming after the lakepark picnic, the passengers visited S. John's Church. The old weather-worn one suggested that they enter the sanctuary and sing PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW; last Christmas, after swigging the dipper-water, the old weather-worn one squirted out a mouthful of it: celebration is essential to his life and he knows its appropriate actions. I'm afraid our anathema was not authentic; our heart was not in it.")

spring-repairing

(my *Journals* (June 10, 1957): "As we came back to the house we were called to come and help. We climbed the slope behind the springhouse and the washhouse. Grandfather was sitting in a ditch and Ede was digging with a hoe. Grandmother was standing by. Flow of the spring into the springhouse had thinned to a trickle. So they had opened up the source [according to them the water issues, rising from the earth, between two limestones—perhaps like kisses from a mouth, like words from lips] and removed some six-inch crayfish. Now they were re-sealing it with clay of the hill. I used the mattock and shovel. Ede used her feet in heavy shoes to tramp it firm and level [as we said—like children of Israel in slavery in Egypt treading out substance of brick] . . . it was another occasion such as the repair of the upping-block.")

(my *Journals* (September 1, 1961): "In the interval was labor to get the spring carrying water to the spring-house again. Crayfish had either blocked the line or clogged up the spring itself.

"When we arrived yesterday, Hosea VICTOR was seated on a chair behind the washhouse observing, and conversing with, two workmen as muddy as God after the creation of Adam. They were mixing cement with gravel [from the lane], sand and water, to build a concrete dam-wall around the great tile that the spring utters its sweet waters in.

"Later, to help them, Hosea and Charles and I [the first trip] took one of them and drove out the lane to pick up sandstone in the green Ford pick-up truck—from woodlots and pastures [private property not ours] as well as from banks and ditches, we gathered slabs and chunks. Once the hired man dropt a large rock on roadside grass and herb—and there was suddenly the cool clean odor of mint from crushed leaves.

"After supper, we made a second trip, with John and without the hired man.

"At request of Hosea—grateful to us—the three younger ones of us stayed overnight. I was glad to stay; it is seldom that I manage to be of use.

"When I woke this morning, chink of pick on stone in clay [rather than water spilling in stone basin of springhouse] came to my hearing. John and I joined the mum hired man as soon as we had breakfast—not long after 7 A.M. First we carried sandstone [that we'd dumped last night] up to the spring [Sunday the two hired men will finish laying the filter]. Then we did our small bit with pick and shovel against the large bit of the hired man.

"Hosea was present again today. Again he wore his sporty cap. Because of poor vision and hearing, his idea of what was happening did not always correspond to events. But his idea did have touch with the reality of all the work that he had done on the spring previously. He remembered; he worried [thought, without the power to enact]. He said that he had brought water into the house itself 40 years ago.

"When we completed the ditchdigging along the old rusted pipe, the hired man chipped/chisled hole in tile, finished dam-wall, attached black plastic pipe at spring and springhouse and rearranged pipe-pieces at springhouse stone basin: water emptied into basin, or entered the house. The hired man left.

"So did we. Hosie said that he figured that there was no need to settle up—with John and me—: we were heirs of the place. We were heirs with blistered hands and tired backs.

"The last time we made a constructive contribution of energy to the maintaining of the Farm was in the re-establishment of the upping-block, Labor Day, 1955.")

pond-cleaning in drudgery of dredging muck and sludge (my *Journals* (July 10, 1962): "Hosie cane-crawled lawn downslope to pond-rim, tottering on teetering flag-stone, to poke, and to supervise my bucket-hauling muck-labor . . . The pond is 25-30 years old. Hosie commented that what a man does does not always last forever.")

date-remembering

(my *Journals* (September 7, 1953) : "In the evening I went with forebearing Grandfather to the John Stone-

burner store in Salesville. There Grandfather argued with a man about the date of the building of the bridge down the road to the village over the Leatherwood Creek. Hosea insisted that it was 1901, for the piles were being driven when he returned from the State Fair, while Grandmother was carrying Charles. That same year, he recalled, there was a hailstorm with the force of musketfire").

(my *Journals* (July 21, 1961): "George Long built this house and barn, and the pike to the Noble County line [and went broke, even though persons as far as three miles off the pike paid something toward the cost]. Hosie said the slate on this almost-100-year-old house was put on in 1884."

sheep-marking

I have seen him with corncob red-daub his insignia on his flock, in the logbarn

So does God number, mark, and keep us

"Thou tellest my wanderings;/put my tears into thy bottle;/are not these things noted in thy book?"

(PSALM 56:8)

"Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? And not one of them will fall to the ground without your Father's will. But even the hairs of your head are all numbered."

(MATTHEW 10:29-30)

"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he has lost one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness and go after the one which is lost, until he finds it?" (LUKE 15.4)

"Or what woman, having ten silver coins, if she loses one coin, does not light a lamp and sweep the house and seek diligently until she finds it?" (LUKE 15:8)

". . . and this is the will of him who sent me, that I should lose nothing of all that he has given me, but raise it up at the last day." (JOHN 6:39)

"While I was with them, I kept them in thy name which thou has given me; I have guarded them, and none of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the scripture might be fulfilled." (JOHN 17:12)

"This was to fulfill the word which he had spoken, 'Of those whom thou gavest me I lost not one.'"

Correlary to labor as positive and creative, is scorn of laziness

Grandfather observed that laziness was especially common among college-trained persons.

farmers

He once gave me a homily [while we were standing, our feet on ladder-rungs and our heads among barneaves waspnests, and painting boards barnred] against laziness. He used the underbrush-overgrown farm nextdoor as an example of its consequences

ministers

Yet, in spite of his suspicion about higher education, Grandfather was a student:

He read THE BIBLE

He read commentaries on THE BIBLE

He read newspapers and weekly magazines

A good combination of the eternal and the current

Grandfather was not only a student but also a teacher in the Church school

Grandfather had a sense of humor

levity — hilarity — gaiety

Admirably and embarrassingly, Grandfather analyzed the behavior of an English friend, eccentric in gesture and speech, into the mannerisms of Donald Duck and did a mocking mimicking of them in her presence with fox-sharp glee

Grandfather was most devastatingly humorous when he was indignant, particularly with ministers.

(my *Journals* (November 25, 1954)): "There was a whimsical whirl of snow on the ridges when we drove to the Farm.

"The phone rang while I was eating breakfast. Pearl was calling to let us know six of our Guernseys were in their pasture. So we pulled on boots, denim blouses, gloves, hats; took sticks. The snow on the brush of Ramsey's hill was like smoke. When we stopped to open a gap in the fence, two men asked Grandpa if they could hunt rabbits. He said Yes. But his price of admission was ridicule. They boasted about their dog. Grandpa hah-ed and said that usually the hunter has to carry the hound back to the car.

"From Scott's, past Lot's, past Milty's, to the three-cornered field of cornstalks, we drove the hungry creatures whose hooves slipped on the snow-wet tar-covered road. We

saw a flock of sheep. The sheep were a collection of gray rocks while they stood still grazing; they were a river while they ran in a tight group. The air and the exercise were exhilarating.

"I went in the house too early to see the firstfruits of a heifer—twin bull calves—that were born this week.

"For the noon grace I thought that nothing less than The General Thanksgiving would be appropriate. When I finished reading it, Grandpa said, "Cut and dried." The only answer that occurred to me at the moment was, "So is the fodder you winter cattle with.")

(my *Journals* (July 23, 1956)): "Grandfather came close to being at his best on the village heresies and on lack of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Jesus, in the modern ministry, and also on the overorganization of life.")

(my *Journals* (June 9, 1957)): "At lunch Grandfather insisted that 'steam' and the Spirit go together.")

(my *Journals* (August 25, 1958)): "While we were sitting in the frontroom waiting for Susan Rebecca and Ede to pack the bags, Hosea Victor got going, with something of his old fire (most of the time the fire smolders and the embers scarcely glow). He told John that he was pleased that several of the parishioners had liked the nonsermonic aspects of John's ministry at Gageville. 'That's good. Being a minister isn't just preaching. It's also being a shepherd and taking care of the sheep. If the minister doesn't herd them, they get worms on the inside, worms on the outside. They get out of the fences; dogs get into them.'

"He'd told a young clergyman at Salesville Methodist Church that he'd never make a minister—because he didn't take care of his people.

"Grandmother allowed that the young man might.

"Hosea insisted that he'd never be a success.")

(my *Journals* (June 10, 1959)): "I reminded Grandfather . . . that he declared that the modern ministers didn't have the Holy Spirit. He took up the old theme without pause or hesitation and said, 'They don't; they don't have the Spirit any more than that [green straight-backt] chair; even they themselves don't enjoy their own sermons.'")

gravity — passion — wholeheartedness — wrath
homilies against cities and laziness and pride

(my *Journals* (January 21, 1960)): "Hosey hit us with his discourse on humility. As we increase with knowledge, do we shrink in sympathy and a sense of identity with uneducated persons and those caught in the limitations of their environment—unless they suffer from them?")

Grandfather participated in the Old Adam

a cantankerous, contradictory, contrary, ornery rascal

(my *Journals* (June 13, 1954)): "Heard Grandmother say, 'Granddad doesn't have the use of his body anymore.'—She said this in explanation of her anxiety about his being up on a ladder against a pinetree in the yard, cutting away with hatchet and tearing away with hand [which in its present stiffness and toughness is an implement, instrument, tool—a monkey wrench rusted so that the size of its grip or vice cannot be adjusted] vine of ivy that fluffed and greened the long column with the few remaining branches. Grandfather gathers determination from our anxiety. Our fear gives him firmness and confidence. He brought ten feet of the interwoven trunknetting growth to earth with hacking and yanking.")

Grandfather was a man-in-Christ

He was open to the world

the strangeness of the ancient world

(my *Journals* (September 5, 1955)): "We sang hymns.

Grandfather said that he liked OF THE FATHER'S LOVE
BEGOTTEN, a fourth century' poem, a medieval melody.")

the strangeness of the modern world

During his last year of life he affirmed, and argued, with reasons, the civil rights of Negroes

Grandfather could be succinct but often he enjoyed being long-winded

Grandmother asked me not to be longwinded but I am grandson of longwinded Grandfather, whose prayers in this place (the Methodist Church, Salesville) we learned to join, rather than try to outwait them, for only if we added our energies to his [reader of BIBLE and newspapers, he had the sum total of everything to pray to God about] was there hope of reaching the conclusion and AMEN.

II

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF A DEATH

"For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven, a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what was planted."
(ECCLESIASTES [a favorite book of H. V. S.] 3:1-2)

His whole life was filled with images of death, adumbrations and intimations of mortality

His earliest memory of a man up to his waist in earth is an image of death

(his *Autobiography*: "The first thing I remember was when in my second year Dad had a brickyard making brick. I got out of bed, wandered down into the yard. There was a man down in the mud pit, filling moulds with mud. Was so scared that it left me with the most vivid picture of my childhood.")

(my *Journals* (June 10, 1957)): "I asked Grandfather for more details about his earliest memory—fear at sight of a man making brick in a pit: it happened in the valley when he was not more than two years old—a team moved in a circle and drew a bar with spikes in it through the mix of mortar, which the man in the pit caught in a triple mould and smoothed off with a wire, and which, then, a boy carried to a smooth stone with a thin sheet of sand on its flatness, where he quickly and deftly deposited the bricks—I'm still not sure what the source of fear was.")

Another childhood experience was anticipation of burial

(my *Journals* (October 30, 1951)): "My great aunt Emiline took Grandpa piggyback along the path between the farms and when she came to fresh manure she put him down in it feetfirst. Now she is dead and he is old and he does not have strength in legs or arms. But he has strength in eyes to see them put her in the steaming staining stinking earth.")

(my *Journals* (August 27, 1957)): "To continue (and perhaps complete) the theme of dung and the human condition—I had a part in the burial of Aunt Emmaline, who as a young married woman often deposited little-more-than-a-baby H. V. Stoneburner barefeetfirst in fresh cowshit on the hillpaths between his home and hers to his shrill shouted distress or delight. Years

later, just before his retirement, Grandfather fell off a ladder as he was hammering a nail, fell into the manure pile: Hosea VICTOR!!)

An experience of his middle years and my childhood had a reminder of death at its edge

Each time we hauled the new loafshape wagonload of alfalfa, clover, or timothy, Grandfather would give the team of horses a rest, halfway from the field to barn, on a level stretch of the country road, just under the blackheart cherry tree ripe with its sweet dark fruit—there was the reminder of death in the sky, the scavenger buzzard.

Grandfather was ready for death

Just as his motor movements were curtailed, his senses were fading and failing

“Remember also your Creator . . . before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when you will say, ‘I have no pleasure in them’; before the sun and the light, and the moon and the stars are darkened and the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men are bent, and the grinders cease because they are few and those that look through the windows are dimmed, and the doors on the street are shut; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one rises up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of song are brought low; they are afraid also of what is high, and terrors are in the way; the almond tree blossoms, the grasshopper is a burden and mourners go about the streets; before the silver cord is snapped, or the golden bowl is broken, or the pitcher is broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, says the preacher; all is vanity.” (ECCLESIASTES (a favorite book of HVS) 12: 1-8)

*Inside the house Grandfather sits with the essential flesh,
but no excess.*

His head is bald.

*He bends like toothpastetube rolled up and totes no fat
on belly hips or ass.*

Next summer gold the corn in red the barn

Will not be his for he is old.

*Next year his back will bow to garden
And he will feel the arteries and constellations harden
And he will lose his sense of touch
And he will lose his force of love and hate
And be so cold not stove can heat*

(My sister caught, in a watercolor of the farmgarden, the figure of "the strong man bent"; the painting of grandfather among plantrows hangs at the Farm.)

Stiffkneed, he alternated between canes and rocker

(my *Journals* (June 12, 1957)): "When Grandfather Timmons, in his shortness, took cane to walk to the car and visit Hosie, Grandfather Stoneburner said, 'He moves just like a boy.' (And his speed, compared with that of Hosie, is amazing.)"

(my *Journals* (June 10, 1959)): "Grandfather listless in a strong conviction of weakness."

(my *Journals* (August 26, 1960)): "Hosea VICTOR moves by means of canes from bathroom to kitchen."

(my *Journals* (April 15, 1962)): "Saturday Hosea kept at his yellow reading-board much of the day—steadily studying TIME."

(my *Journals* (July 6, 1962)): "We sharpshot caps (gunsmoke and powderburns), echo of Fourth of July that made great-grandparents grin their participation in the celebration by the penetration of hearing, in spite of earhairfuzz, earwaxplugs, and halfdeafness.

"Hosea reads at his book-and-magazine holder."

(my *Journals* (July 9, 1962)): "Hosea, cane-leaning, "4"-feet it, "crawls", into the throne-armed chair of the patriarch and host at the dining table."

(my *Journals* (July 10, 1962)): "Hosie lowers himself backwards into the regal seat."

(my *Journals* (December 28, 1962)): "Hosea VICTOR was weak and deafer and blinder, but able to be up and to enjoy our presence, even if he was not always able to sort us out individually."

Even before he had lost the use of his body, he had retired from farming the Farm as a job beyond his strength.

*The Farm is getting out of hand:
Gray waters in red gullies gut
The hillside woods and pastures.
Grandfather's tendoned hand was shut
Fistlike upon the fields; they did
Not break off, crack, and crumble.
Now that stiff fingers have relaxed
Their grip, the substance wastes . . .*

The world of his formative years was disappearing

Why should he want to remain after the B & O passengertrain
had been taken off and the sycamoretree by the bridge spanning
the Leatherwood Creek had been felled?

The harvester was harvested, the garnerer himself upgathered

"You shall come to your grave in ripe old age,/as a shock of
grain comes up to the threshing floor in its season." (JOB
5:25)

Like Simeon, Grandfather was content to die

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,/according
to thy word;/for mine eyes have seen thy salvation . . ." (LUKE
2:29-30)

*This year the old man, dwindled in the flesh
Upon his skeleton, could not contain
Himself. He waited for the child who dwelt
Elsewhere. And when the child—flesh of his flesh,
Bone of his bone—appeared, and only then,
The greatgrandfather felt at home. The child
Sat in the ancient lap at ease to force
Sweets in the ruined mouth. The old man smiled
As dryness watered and hard candy melted.
I thought of Simeon whose decrepitude
Was sacred, good for nothing but to yearn
For God, and yield to Him. Once he had held
The greatgrandson, he was content to die.*

According to his own testimony, Grandfather was ready to die (his *Autobiography*: "What! Not much progress in harvesting since the days of Ruth and Naoma gleanng the fields of Boaz. The cradle and sickle up to my time . . . The self-binder (what a wonder) then! Combine! The wisdom of man has sought out many inventions. Well the same progress holds good in all other phases of farm work. . . in fact all down the line of farming. Most of it came after I was ushered in. I am just a little doubtful if my coming had anything to do with it (Ha Ha). I was born too soon to get the full benefit out of its arrival. However am glad that I was here at its coming, to behold what God has in store for man. Will say am also glad for every inch of the way since Dr. White cut my navel-string and I became a free moral agent . . . Betty and I together have struggled on our journey; finally reached the summit; just sort of camping viewing the landscape, just for few days, before breaking camp and entering promised land.")

Although Grandfather was prepared for his death, we were not grief

a bereavement emphasized because the farm is lovely with the signs and traces of new life.

the spring, like the cup of the psalmist (PSALM 23 was read during the service), overflowing; willows filming with first leaf and daffodils blooming; leapfrogs croaking and birds chirrup-ing (perhaps the whippoorwill "hollered" last night)

a central emptiness
yet his Lord is our Lord

III

CELEBRATION OF A VICTORY

Biblical understanding of death and eternal life.

Death cannot separate us from God, although it is an enemy

"In all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am sure that neither death nor life . . . nor anything else in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." (ROMANS 8:37-39)

"The last enemy to be destroyed is death." (I COR. 15:26)

"Death is swallowed up in victory." (I COR 15:54)

"... so that what is mortal may be swallowed up by life." (II COR 5:4)

Jesus leads us in triumph against and over death

"Thanks be to God who in Christ always leads us in triumph . . ." (II COR 2:14a)

"Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain." (I COR 15:57-58)

Night

*Will not prevail against him; nor the blow
Of dawnless wind that shucks the husk of skin
From cornstalk skeleton and that then from
The separate bones o sucks marrow. For hum
Of music will hollow tubes with thin
Clean tones; and goldwhite glory of the glow
Of frostcold bones will color earth with shine
And though his unlaced spirit will not show
Yet elsewhere he will learn how souls refine.*

We shall be changed (thank goodness)

"We shall all be changed." (I COR 15:51b)

We shall be with the Lord

"We shall always be with the Lord." (I THES 4:17b)

We shall be like the Lord

"Just as we have borne the image of the man of dust, we shall also bear the image of the man of heaven." (I COR 15:49)

"... we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." (I JOHN 3:2)

And our works shall be gathered up and transformed into "the inexplicable splendor" (T. S. Eliot) of "the artifice of eternity" (W. B. Yeats)

"Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." (PSALM 90:17)

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Write this: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord henceforth.' 'Blessed indeed,' says the Spirit, 'that they may rest from their labors, for their deeds follow them.'" (REVELATION 14:13)

The names of my grandfather are significant for his eternal destiny

He was born at dawn on a Sunday

If he had been a girl, his mother would have named him Dawn

Dawn, when we remember the resurrection of Jesus as we
remember it on each Sunday and each Easter

Stoneburner

One interpretation fits my childhood misunderstanding
of his sternness, the interpretation that understands stone-
burner as hellfire-and-brimstone wrath

The historical interpretation of the name is more appropriate
for if my grandfather had his righteous indignation it was
brief

a stoneburner kilnbakes limestone into powder to fertilize
the soil, and makes things grow—*The Farmer Makes Things
Grow*

Grandfather was vital and vitalizing

VICTOR

Grandfather has a namesake grandson David VICTOR

Grandfather has a namesake savior Christus VICTOR,
in whom Grandfather, and all of us, have victory

THE FARMER MAKES THINGS GROW

a legendary patriarch, Grandfather is a figure of my myth
his green thumb is the theme

I hum with upper lip smooth over teeth

or whistle with a puckered mouth

or pipe upon a whistle (knotch pitchholes in willow piece and
and hollow it of pith)

he used to take in hand a leaf or stem of plants as good as dead

and both when young with fierce rude touch of firm rough fingers

and when old with contact hesitant and tentative

(because the fingers were arthritic crooked stiff)

would sting them into life

he walks into the dark
and lights it
as a dream illuminates the head of sleep

organic with the earth
as deep as rain
and as enriching as manure
the body of the man is buried

now it is the root of plants he stirs

and sap drives up to force and ease the burden of the grain
which rings him round like a refrain
of green greater than grief

ALL ABOUT ALICE

for Julie

Little girls in wonderland,
Will be found I hear,
If you hold the lady's hand,
And choose a night that's clear.

If you tell her all the tales,
Little boys know are true,
She will smile and kiss your eyes,
And ask to follow you.

You will go then, past the streets,
To a magic place you had,
When you kept watch on the world,
Long before it made you sad.

And you will hold your lady's hand,
To watch the world of wonderland.
Little girls dancing in her eyes.

Dream of dreams and queens of hearts,
Tell the baking of the tarts,
Count your fingers or the days,
Laugh at how the player plays.

Turtles or kings,
The wise owl sings,
People we all knew,
Hear the story told again,
Listen now, I'll tell you.

The little boy, the big boy now,
Played at games and suits of hearts,
And he was very dear my dear,
And won his loves by fits and starts.

The grinning cat, she liked his game,
And traded grins to learn his name.
But he told the cat that she was fat,
And would not guess his name,
And bowed to say the one he loved,
Might love him just the same.

"It is not so," said the cat,
Who feigned to know the score,
"For if you tell the tale again,
It can't be as it was before."

"Oh, you think so," glared the boy,
And chased the cat and swore.
"Pretense," said the cat and scowled,
"If only I could roar.
It is not as it was before,
That dear boy is plain to see,
Your Alice is in wonderland,
No help, sweet-one, you'll have from me."

The Tree's Flight

I

THE TREE

There were no hearts or initials cut into the bark of this tree and, for that matter, he himself had not done such juvenile things for several years and was already past the tree and walking away from it when the noise caught his attention and he turned around to look. Thus he was more surprised than he might have been to see the tree, which was perhaps twice his height, squat and weatherbeaten, dividing with two great branches into the shape of a flat "Y," almost a "T," suddenly begin to shake and move its branches about as if it were stretching itself in the early morning.

He could see the fibers stretch and knot, almost like muscles under the bark. There were small popping noises which must have been produced by the release, into the body of the tree, of water and vegetable fluids, hoarded for months in strained capillaries. He put his finger to his lips; then, the two branches began to flap up and down and the twigs, stems and leaves to flail about after them. The leaves were acting as airfoils. Somehow, the tree was able to pull its roots from the ground; it climbed into the sky trailing clods of earth; and the leaves pivoted on their stems, dark green with heavy veins, as the branches rose and fell.

This mechanism was almost exactly like that of a hummingbird's wing.

The wind, pushed aside by the strong leaves, made a sound which he heard clearly until the tree had flown out of sight behind a cloud which sank down between him and the horizon. Was it giggling? He could only think to himself: "the poor thing." He hoped that it had been laughing; if it had, it must have known, itself, how foolish it looked to him as he stood down below; if it had not known, it seemed to him, the years of pain in its distended passageways, the wrenching of its roots from the ground, the struggle into the air, into flight beyond the obliging cloud, would have been pointless.

He sat down, wondering what would have happened if the tree had not managed to clear that bulbous grey cloud; whether it would

have swarmed with churning leaves and branches through the strands of the cloud, or bounced against the cloud's dark folds to fall in shreds down to the hills beneath it. Of course, his questions were academic. The tree had tittered itself safely over this last obstacle without the slightest trouble. He lay back in the grass.

II

THE PROCESSION OF CLOUDS

The tree was not giggling at all; the truth of the matter was that the simple process of breathing, which it was obliged to manage rather haphazardly through a series of pores running down its trunk, involved hissing and fluttering, and the sputtering of sap in the pores. Nor was the tree about to worry itself over appearances. It flew through the thinning air, intent upon discovery.

A formation of clouds received the tree; indeed, one of the smaller of them had been dispatched to hide it finally from the watchers below during its supreme preoccupation. One of the larger clouds was deep in conversation with a smaller one. As they talked, and the tree hovered among them, the clouds slowly pushed themselves along on translucent wings with fibrous ribs. The clouds themselves were indeed bulbous and folded, as the tree had imagined they might be from seeing them at a distance. The wings it had not imagined, nor the vague mouths and eyes, which were sunk so far into the texture of the clouds that they seemed always to be closed.

"Do you think," said the smaller cloud, "that the process of maturation demands a prophet drawn from the ranks of the maturing, or of the mature?"

"Well," said the larger, with a discernable bow in the tree's direction, "the prophet should certainly know what he is talking about. This argues for the wisdom of those who have already set on their tables the fruits of experience. On the other hand, a prophet's function is twofold: he must be wise; and he must communicate his wisdom. The maturing prophet is more likely to speak with a useful tongue." There was a pause; then, the smaller cloud's lips began to flutter; but the larger continued, "I should point out, of course, that we clouds are made of nothing but folds, and the youngest of us already has more than two. . . ."

The smaller one spoke again. "Do you think, Sir, that our wings will continue to be adequate for propelling us through the sky as long as is needful, even when we run the risk of losing them each time we attempt their regeneration?"

"They will certainly be so, if we remember not to blossom them so massively that we are borne down to earth," said the larger cloud. "But our annals show us that this will probably never happen; either

we fail to produce our wings anew, in which case we fall and are dissolved, or our substance sustains us. I have known, among our ancient brothers, clouds who tried to grow greater wings than they could support, and even to have them covered in leather; but, in spite of all their efforts, a perfect set sprouted each time they so denied themselves."

"I have thought for a long time about the nature of lightning. Why is this our pain and scourge, when we can avoid spawning it so easily?" said the smaller cloud.

"I think," said the larger, "that it is simply that we are made as we are, that clouds are bound to accidentally bump into one another." The two clouds edged toward one another and briefly turned a darker shade of grey, but the sun shone down above them and they returned to formation. The tree was about, now, to fly on beyond them. It had heard, on good authority, that clouds tend to repeat themselves and felt that it could assume that they had said all they could be expected to. But, as the tree began to twist its leaves faster on their stems, the smaller cloud spoke again.

"There is magic in the world," it said.

The larger cloud seemed to consider this for quite a long time. Then, suddenly, the fold over one of its eyes opened; it was wearing glasses, with black rims. The sun's rays glanced brilliantly off the lens, and penetrated it, too, making the facets of the deep grey eye beneath sparkle and the eye's pupil seem to dart first toward the smaller cloud, then toward the tree. "Yes," said the great cloud, "I know there is."

III

THE SUN'S NEW HYMN

Above the clouds, there were only specks of air for the tree's leaves to grasp, and it was forced to beat them faster and faster to maintain its flight. The sun's presence grew as the tree climbed toward it, and its rays were blinding. The tree could only shield itself—from the sun spouting flames? from the sun covered with spikes, the spiked sun? the disc sun, hard and hot? There was no telling.

As the tree drew near, the sun spat out: "Good day. I have a song which you must listen to. Everyone who comes this close to me must hear me sing." Then the sun sang, in a metallic, gold-leaved voice:

"It does me no harm
To know everything
About love, but loving;
To be able to warm
Every love, but not loving
Another star.

I will blister your hearts
And the earth, down there.
You own your own hearts
But I know where there are
Dry fires in your hearts
That can char your rose loves.
Come join me, my doves!
You are angels at war."

When the sun had finished, the tree was at a loss both to speak, and to fly higher; the sun's very words lapped around the sustaining air-particles and caused them to drop toward the distant earth. As the tree fell downward, the sun spoke again, saying: "When you are safely wedged back in the dirt, perhaps you will notice that I have left you with a token of my esteem." The sun kept speaking, but the falling tree could hear no more than that. Nor could it understand entirely what the sun had meant, although it tried. Its leaves were singed; it plummeted through the conversing clouds, pushing several out of the way and splitting others into hopelessly tiny puffs, scarcely finding breath to apologize.

IV

THE GRASS

He was out walking again, near the spot where he had watched the tree climb into the sky, and, again, his back was turned and the noise made him stop to look behind himself. There was a thud in the earth, which was overwhelmed by the sound of thunder in the darkening sky. A storm began to break and huge raindrops ran down his forehead into his eyes.

Against his better judgment, he ran to seek shelter beneath the first tree at hand. The rain grew heavier. "I suppose that the rain is a good thing," he said to himself. The tree beneath which he stood quivered in the wind and freshly sprouting leaves shook on their stems. He felt rather silly to be caught out this way; he had nothing to do but to pass the time as well as he could. An impulse led him to draw out his penknife, still warm in his hand from his pocket's warmth. Into the bark of the tree, he carved a heart, while the rain trickled through the leaves above him and fell into the soil.

FOR THE WONDER OF LOVE

It was a disgrace: of that there could be no doubt. But for it to have happened to the daughter of a family of three fishing boats almost passed belief, and there was certainly no word strong enough to describe it—disgrace would have to do. There were other words used too, of course, words which were passed from tongue to gossiping tongue in the village, and words shrilled at her by her mother, and repeated so often, in such tones of heart-crushing despair, that she wanted to scream at them, even as she wanted to scream at her father's silence. But she felt such a weight of resentment against herself and that which was within her that she could scream no more than she could cry.

Perhaps it had been this, this seeming inhumanity of not screaming, of not crying, which had finally made her father drive her forth from the village, from his amazing four-room house, never to return. But the word that was used was disgrace.

"If only," her mother had sobbed into a pile of fish scrapings, her hands ceasing for a moment their busy work of scaling, "it had been one of the village lads."

"Nonsense," her older brother had scoffed, "had it been one of them, he would have been proud to step forward, nor would her lies have stopped him . . . Slut!" The last was to his sister, as he hurried away.

"Oh why," one of her sisters had choked out between sobs, as they lay curled together one night on their pile of rushes, "could you not have said it was Apollo, as other girls have?"

"I do not know," she had replied dully, wishing the tears would come as easily to her as they did to her sister.

"A stranger," her father said heavily.

"And I cannot even remember what he looked like," she had replied, but only to herself.

"You must have," he had said and gone on to say much else, but this she hardly heard, and thought only that it would be some relief, at least, to be out of sight of all the prying eyes, which had been, ever since they had discovered her shame, on the place in her

robe where her stomach had begun to show a swelling. She left them, taking nothing with her, as was required; and she thought that even then her father might have repented of his command and let her stay, if only she had begged or cried, but she could not.

She had walked down the shore and away from the village, and as she walked she could hear their funeral songs for her following her over the water, but even for that she could not cry, but could only think of the irony of their singing funeral chants for her, when she bore not only one life but two. Trying again, as she had so many times, to remember the stranger's face, again she could remember only his eyes, and she knew that the real answer to her sister's question was that she could not have denied them, nor lied them away, those wonderous eyes.

She did not know when the old man first had come. Her last memory was of days of walking, without knowledge or desire of knowledge of where she was going, without food or sleep or want of either, without, indeed, anything save the child within her.

But it must have been some time ago, as she could see by her belly being more swollen now than it had been when she had left the village. She watched him resentfully when first she became aware of him, for she had wanted no part of him or any other person, and she was angered by his intrusion on her.

"Old man," she said, "what do you want with me? Why have you brought me here?" He smiled at seeing her awake, but said nothing, continuing with his work of mending fish nets. The shack he had brought her to appeared as ancient as himself, and the walls had great cracks in them, so that there was sunlight splattered through the room. "Old man . . ." she began again, but she soon found that all her words, however harsh, however wheedling, would draw no response from him, and so she submitted to the languor of the warmth and sunlight and went back to sleep. He woke her in the evening to feed her, and though she questioned him again, he still would not speak.

When she awoke the next morning, he was gone, and she feared that she had driven him away; but he returned at sundown with a few fish, smiling upon seeing her looking so much better. She did not speak to him this time, nor try to question him, but ate with him, and watched the sea for a while, and then returned to her pile of rushes and slept again.

So the days fell into a pattern. After the strength began to flow back in her, she would spend them in pacing up and down the shore, never very far out of sight of the shack, and at sundown the old man would return from his fishing, or whatever he had been occu-

pied in, and would walk down to the water to meet her. Then the two of them, the old man with the matted beard and the woman with her swollen belly, would walk slowly and silently back to the shack, while the sun flattened itself on the horizon behind them.

And the child continued to grow within her, until when she waded in the sea, as she so often did, she could no longer see her feet, and would hardly have known they were there, so numbing was the water, but for the splashing they made.

She could not speak of it, but the anger and disgust grew so great that finally one night, as she was leaning against the doorway and staring out across the water, when she felt his eyes upon her and felt that she could stand it no longer, she whirled upon him, throwing her arms protectively across herself, shrieking, "Well, old man? Have you not stared enough? You, too, thinking only of my shame? Is there to be no forgiveness for me, anywhere?"

She had expected him to turn away in embarrassment at being caught as the others had when she had only returned them stare for stare. But he did not look away, nor did he have the grace to look in the least ashamed; he only continued his grave regard of her. However, when she opened her mouth for another onslaught, he rose from his stool and closed the gap between them, and placed his hands upon hers, hers which were clasped against her middle. She felt the life pulse through her then, of the child within her, of her own flesh, of the old man.

And when the tears came, he led her to the bed, and held her against him, and stroked and patted her as if she had herself been a child until he fell asleep.

She woke confusedly, to blackness, wondering for a breath what it was that could have awakened her before day, and then the pain threw itself upon her again. She struggled with it for some moments in silence, for it took all her breath and left none for crying out, until at last she found enough of herself for screaming.

"Old man! Old man!" she cried. "Oh, god, I am dying!"

He was with her in a moment, but in that moment the pain had left her, left her spent and staring wildly at his face through a tangle of sweat-soaked hair. "Old man," she whispered, and he smiled and placed his hands against her forehead, and she felt the panic begin to recede, inch by inch. She smiled and spoke gently to him, but the pain, as if such words were an affront to its power, hurled itself upon her again with even greater force, throwing her body back and forth in wild heavings, and ripping through her so she felt that she must surely break, be split down the middle, and she would

have cursed this child that would come into the world, had she had breath for cursing.

"Old man, old man," she panted, but she could not see him. Groping, she felt him and begged, "Put your face against mine that I might see you." and he did so, but still she could not see him, could only feel the old matted beard and sun-dried skin. "Old man, old man," she whispered again, but the pain would leave her enough not even for this, and from then she was no more conscious of him, though he hovered over her all the night.

At last she felt a final tearing, and she heard the cry of the infant, but she was too exhausted even to look at this her child, and went into a fitful sleep of bloodied dreams.

When she awoke, the sun had just begun to rise, casting a flat grey light over the world and into the shack. Looking down, she saw the child asleep in a curve against her breast, and so engrossed was she in the wonder of him that it was some moments before she noted the old man kneeling at the end of the pile of rushes which served her and the baby as a bed, his head bent as if in prayer.

She started to speak to him, but before she could he had looked up and silenced her with a smile. He rose and came to her, taking the child from her arms and holding it in his own, looking at it with a look she could not comprehend: love, yes, but humility, too, and awe, and such thoughts as these could surely not be for an infant. The baby awoke then, and began to wail, so the old man handed him back to her, that she might give him suck. She watched him as he tugged at her nipple and clawed feebly at her flesh, and felt such a surge of love and delight that she glanced up at the old man, that he might share with her her joy.

But what she saw there stopped her eyes, for in place of the old man stood a young one, dressed in white robes and with a countenance so strange, and yet so familiar, that she could not speak for the wonder of it. He smiled, and the smile was the old man's, and he spoke, but she hardly heard the words, for she suddenly realized why the stranger looked familiar, and why the old man had, too, from the first. She stared into his eyes, and remembered the man who had implanted the seed of the child within her.

"Ycu," she began to speak, but as the sun broke over the water, he disappeared from sight, and then the words that he had spoken rushed in on her: "Hail, mother of God."

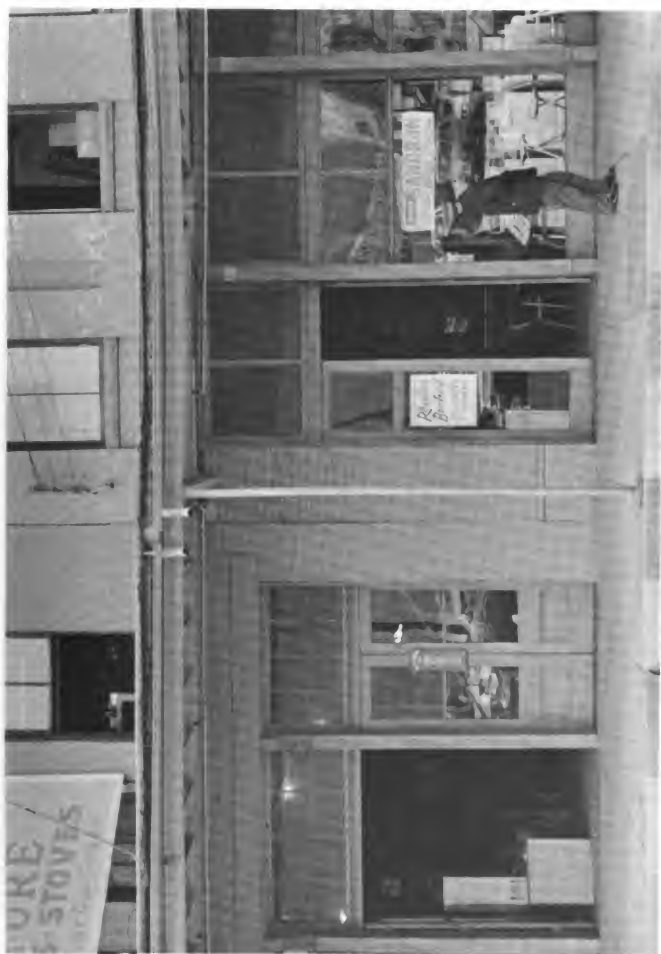
Silences

H. RAMSEY FOWLER













WOULD YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH ME

(For Jeriann, Phyllis, Shira)

I

Tonight I'm looking for a woman.
The heated room sits the flies
are getting slow. I finger
a wooden table a sudden strum
inside craning at women passing.
Brushing against my gaze her cheeks
sniff destinations and now
the gong slowly tells the town it's
nine the night hawk
scoops through lamp-light loops
over dark roof-tops.

Somewhere else now it's dawn.
Someone lifts his hand
slips his hand along her flesh
or sits unawake on the edge
drooping into a mirror of fluorescent
chit-chat.
I need more light. This room
is too dark.

II

Clamped
to my palms the blind head hears
vacuumed whispers of engines
clacking of heat
small humming of lights.
The deaf head sees
a quiet poet crumpled in a damp room
patiently.
He knows: if not tonight tomorrow
will come the golden friend
the climate will clear the sheets turn white.
In my elbows need trembles.

A fly seeketh on the rim stepping
with miracles.
Lemon sperms float in my coffee.
It plops to its back and slops its wings
into oblivion.
Spiders tug at stiffened legs
my lungs hum with nicotine.
A moth ticks at god
who squints quivering threads of glass.
A small being slowly ascends thin droppings of light.

III

National Bank & Trust Company
flips dust in my eyes on Main Street.
A moose of a man flashes by me
with chairs spire-ing from his fingers
then waddles back and sits me down
against soft hips that rub
me into beer after beer
and the oblivion of lulling in a chair.

Sighting-in on washed down streets.
Sour burpings blend
in hushed tons of freight bumping through toy towns
and sleeping people cling deeper
into creased pillows.
Haunched down
humming the spelling of bending signs
I'm caught by coins
glittering on scrubbed floors in banks.
Fading toes twinge me homeward.

Flopped down to the sheet I levitate
in farted pacifics.
My penis snoops up spying on the cosmos.

IV

A faintly lit city jellies my soul
with songs.
A man cleans his throat then says
lubricatingly:
we must find time for solitude we
are too much together.
Radio! you listen to me!

It sifts down with sunlight on public beaches.
It bristles through floors of ambitious buildings.
It collects as the clocks tick in committee rooms.
It shies along handrails in subway cars.
It sits waiting in the dust in armchairs.
It curls upward when I remove my shoes.

V

An old lamppost's halo leadens my dreams.
Clamped to my palms I gaze
licking at the cold glass. Snow snow snow
swills down tilting my street I'm
swept down through fields three girls
in the distance play leap-frog and faster
and faster I skate
craning at crusty windows for my family.
In blue lit rooms people sit.
Their eyes
reflect surgery and verticals the snows sputter
in like ripped galaxies.

VI

My three dear girls:
Rabbi Hiyya said,
"Dost thou know the old man at all?"
My breath like the old man's
is sweet and warm again and again and again.

THE VIETNAM WAR: WORLD REVOLUTION AND AMERICAN CONTAINMENT

CARL OGLESBY

VIET NAM is the ground of an absolute Cold War confrontation. Not just the tactics or even the strategy but the underlying world-view, the great tormented metaphysics of American foreign policy has there brought itself again to the brink of its inherent consequences. We will try to reach into the heart of this torment.

The crisis has been building since 1954. But it was the U.S. action of February 7, 1965, that precipitated the present, more harrowing phase. On that date, U.S. and South Vietnamese aircraft bombed North Viet Nam. This was not the first air attack north of the 17th parallel. That had come in August, 1964, in retaliation against North Vietnamese PT-boat harassment of U.S. destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf. But the February attack, though also described as retaliatory, was immediately understood to be something quite new. By the end of February, no one doubted that the former U.S. restraint—no bombing of North Viet Nam—had been wholly repudiated. The war had been widened. Through March and early April, it continued to widen. Air attacks crept further toward Hanoi and the northern industrial and population centers. U.S. combat troops were introduced. There was growing pressure in Washington for a major ground-force commitment, perhaps 350,000 men.

Public criticism of the escalation was intense. The Wall Street *Journal* questioned that the United States could "maintain a position, much less win a war, in Viet Nam against the opposition or the apathy of the 'ally'."¹ The *New York Times*, in what the *New Republic* called "a series of powerful editorials," demanded that Washington stop concealing its purposes behind an unreal mask of military security and make plain with the American people about what it was intending to do. Perhaps in response to such pressure, the State Department published on 27 February a white paper called, "Aggression from the North—The Record of North Viet Nam's Campaign to Conquer South Viet Nam."

This white paper develops at length the U.S. view of the Viet Nam war. It speaks not merely to legitimize the present escalation but to defend the larger cause of the entire American involvement. If its facts are real, complete, and rightly analyzed, if its reasoning is sound, and if its fundamental assumptions are valid, then the Administration has at least established the sincerity of its position.

The white paper has to be examined by way of two ground-clearing questions:

1. Does it tell the truth about the Viet Nam war?

It can be shown that it does not.

2. Even if it did, would that justify the escalation of the war?

It can be shown that it would not. Then we must undertake the final and most difficult question:

3. Why has America created the Viet Nam crisis?

I

THE WHITENESS OF THE WHITE PAPER

The Viet Nam controversy appears to be strictly perceptual. Those who favor escalation claim to do so because they see the war one way. Those who oppose it, because they see it another.

The official American view of the war is simplicity itself. The white paper tells us that North Viet Nam, a despotic Communist state, has since 1954 been seeking the conquest of its free and sovereign neighbor to the south. Unable to defend herself from this aggression, South Viet Nam appealed to the United States, in 1961, for "increased" military aid. The United States responded to this appeal. It was hoped that this aid could be limited to equipment and advice. It was hoped that the would-be conquerors could be defeated on South Vietnamese soil. But the level of Communist action made both hopes unreal. The U.S. and South Vietnamese forces were driven to punish the aggressor in his homeland. This punishment will cease whenever the aggressor withdraws himself permanently behind his own frontiers and leaves his neighbor alone.

Thus, Ho Chi Minh is like Hitler. South Viet Nam is like Czechoslovakia. Although its Cold War context applies important qualifications, the struggle in Viet Nam is still basically seen as a classical war of territorial expansion, fought for the classical objectives of increased natural resources and widened authority.

The chief features of the competing perception are as follows.

The war is basically a civil, internal conflict indigenous to South Viet Nam with an overlay of outside interference in behalf of both sides. It was brought about by the police-state treachery of the U.S.-backed Diem government in Saigon. The Viet Cong rebels have indeed received material, personnel, and spiritual support from North Viet Nam, but their rebellion remains largely independent of that support. U.S. intervention is thus questionable even in a limited unescalated form. Further, the U.S. military campaign to defeat the Viet Cong rebels is crippled in advance by Saigon's failure to develop a viable government, much less a strong program of social and economic reform, and by failure of the U.S. to develop a diplomatic position that could give positive political meaning to the raids on

North Vietnamese territory. The answer is to abandon out-moded ideas about "victory," to curtail dangerously provocative, unessential, and meaningless martial adventurism, to develop an accommodating diplomatic position, and to seek the neutralization of both Viet Nams at the conference table.

In the rough and tumble of debate, both positions erode toward each other, but their main features remain intact. The argument continues to be about what is in existence: Is the war based on internal disaffection from a hated regime, or is it based on external conquest ambitions? If the doves could make the hawks believe the former, then the hawks would presumably become doves. If the hawks could make the doves believe the latter, the doves would presumably change into hawks.

Which, for one thing, should make us smile: one senses right away that this is not it at all. We note, too, how very strange it is that after so much reporting from so many good reporters, after so much analysis by so many experts, after so much time and thought, it is still impossible to get rational men to agree about the primary feature of the conflict: civil war or conquest war? How can it possibly have been so hard to answer that?

The white paper steps forward to resolve this curious national uncertainty, to disabuse our unperceptive, to restore order to our national will, to recapture consensus, to get us on the team.

Does it do its job?

The white paper weakens itself fatally by pretending not to know about the really telling arguments against the Viet Nam war and its escalation. It decides in advance, that is, not to be taken seriously. It is written in the worst toughhead style of bureaucrat prose. Its reasoning is chunky and pitted with the unnecessary lapses that extravagance and desperation always provoke. Wanting sometimes to be a piece of piercing historical exegesis, it only exposes its (probably willful) ignorance of the relevant history. Wanting at other times to pile up a Great Wall of Hard Facts, it only produces a small pile of CIA-type tidbits ("miniscule," said the *Times*) that for the most part could work just as well for the other side.

Still, it is a crucial Cold War document—which only makes it all the more grotesque that, if it must dissemble, it should dissemble so ineptly.

Revealingly, it talks about the history of the matter last and starts that history with 1954. History has to come first, and it has to start in 1615. 2

THE AGONY OF LITTLE COUNTRIES: A PRIMER OF VIETNAM HISTORY

French Southeast Asian imperialism was begun in 1615 by Jesuit missionaries and shortly boosted into its customary exploitative orbit by the founding in 1665 of the first Indo China trade company. France created Indo China from the peoples of Laos and Cambodia to the west of the Annam Cordillera and the Annamites or Vietnamese to the east of it. The former have a racial and cultural kinship with Burma and India; the latter were nomads whom the Chinese forcibly settled in the Tonkin area south of Yunnan in 213 B.C.

French control was completely established in 1885 in a war that broke Chinese suzerainty in the north. For administrative purposes, the French then divided Viet Nam into Tonkin on the north, Annam in the center, and Cochín China on the south, an act which violated the strong Vietnamese sense of nationalism that had been forged in their 2000-year-long struggle against Chinese overlordship. Cambodians and Laotians accepted French rule; but except for a comparative handful of nobility who were exposed by France to Westernization, the Vietnamese continued to chaff under French dominion.

In 1923, Ho Chi Minh, the son of a doctor who is buried in the Mekong Delta, went from Paris to Moscow with results that are now obvious. By 1930 he had founded a Communist party in Viet Nam and had led a broad-based coalition in the first of several viciously defeated revolts against the French.

In 1940, the French Vichy government permitted unopposed Japanese take-over of Indo China, asking only that the visible forms of French rule remain intact. There was no French attempt to encourage an Indo Chinese resistance; in fact, the French so feared the ascendancy of nationalism that they suppressed native uprisings against the Japanese and jailed thousands of nationalists. But in 1945 the Japanese expelled the French anyway and seized full control. Seeking to establish their new position, the Japanese invited Emperor Bao Dai to rekindle nationalist feeling. To this end, he rejoined Tonkin, Annam, and Cochín China and revived the name Viet Nam. Within a month, both Laos and Cambodia had declared their independence.

Roosevelt proposed at the 1945 Teheran conference that the Indo Chinese states be made an international trusteeship as a prelude to ultimate independence from France. Although Churchill blocked this far-seeing recommendation, the Gaullist Cabinet was concerned enough with its implications for post-war American policy to grant a new semi-autonomous status for an undivided Indo China, though keeping it a colony within the French Union.

What had French rule meant to the Vietnamese? What Western capitalism has always meant to the small, backward nations in the Age of Great Powers: less and less land for the peasants, more and more for the landlords; fantastic taxes on the poor, who get poorer; continuous siphoning off of profit from native labor to the great banks of Paris, Berne, Geneva; the misery and ignominy of life in a society in which the poor have neither claims nor stakes. The general pattern of capitalist colonialism found its Vietnamese particulars via the three powerful French monopolies: one in salt (the price was kept high), one in opium (addiction was promoted), and one in alcohol (each village was required to consume its quota).

Such outrage created deep resentment. Married to the further outrage of Japanese occupation, it led to the formation of a politically inclusive liberation front with Ho at its head. By May 1945, his 10,000-man army had liberated six provinces in Tonkin. Towards V-J Day, partly prompted

by a desire to save some face in Asia, the Japanese surrendered voluntarily to Ho's government. By early September, Ho had issued a Declaration of Independence modeled after America's, peaceably installed his administrators at the head of the already nine-tenths native bureaucracy from Hanoi to Saigon, released all anti-fascist political prisoners, and petitioned the world's capitals for recognition, admittance to the UN, and formal authorization to disarm the Japanese. During his government's brief lifetime, it banned prostitution and gambling, abolished punitive taxes, passed extensive social reform legislation, and commenced the most energetic campaign against illiteracy the country had ever known.

But at Potsdam it was decided that France still owned Viet Nam. The Chinese were directed to receive Japan's surrender above the 16th parallel and the British below it. Ho was able to maintain his government in the north throughout the Chinese occupation, but the British Gen. Douglas Gracey had but one aim: to vanquish Ho's Committee of the South and return rule to France. Edgar Snow, an eye-witness to the "liberation" of Viet Nam, writes:

The Allies made no announcements to the Vietnamese that the French were returning. Officials of the Republic in Saigon welcomed the first British contingent as their anti-fascist "allies." . . . Gracey set up his headquarters and at once conferred with the Japanese commander, General Teranchi. Gracey refused to see Vietnamese leaders who wished to negotiate terms of cooperation for disarming the Japanese. On British orders the Japanese released from internment some 5000 Foreign Legionnaires. They were immediately rearmed. Gracey then declared martial law and ordered Vietnamese troops and police to evacuate Saigon. Before dawn on September 23 the rearmed Legionnaires staged a coup d'etat and seized the city hall, seat of the new government. State buildings were taken by force, hundreds of people were arrested, and blood spattered the streets . . . Instead of disarming the Japanese, General Gracey ordered them to assist in suppressing the Vietnamese . . . (Over in Tokyo later that year, when I spoke of these small ironies to General MacArthur, he surprised me with the passion of his response. "If there is anything that makes my blood boil," he exclaimed, "it is to see our allies in Indochina and Java deploying Japanese troops to reconquer these little people we promised to liberate. It is the most ignoble kind of betrayal.") 3

By October 25, Gracey had swept the Viet Minh from most of the southern cities. He then turned affairs over to the French General Leclerc, whose 50,000-man army included thousands of Nazi prisoners of war who had enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Without the British to pave the way, however, the French faced considerable difficulties in reacquiring the north, especially since the Chinese were decidedly uncooperative about the restoration of French rule. Chiang was finally bought off for \$23 million (his bill to France, paid by the United States, for disarming the Japanese). But this left untouched the fact of Ho's great national popularity. Coupling

with Paris' inclination to begin freeing the colonies, Ho's strength led to an agreement (signed in March 1946) by which his Tonkinese republic was made a "free state" within the Indochinese Federation and the French Union. But the colonial French command had an entirely different view of the future.

In May 1946, the day after Ho left for Paris to negotiate terms of national elections and reunification with the French-controlled south, the French in Saigon promulgated an independent southern government. By August, that government had been manned by national puppets and without provocation or warning, France had occupied the ports of the northern city of Haiphong. Far from leading to independence, the "free state" was pointing backwards to colonial subservience. Even as Ho returned empty-handed from the mission to Paris, he found the French colons insisting upon control of his currency and army.

In November the French seized a Chinese junk that was attempting to run its blockade of Haiphong. The fighting provoked by this incident was ended on the 22nd with a French agreement to honor Vietnamese sovereignty in the north. This agreement was at once reversed, however, as the French command determined to teach the Vietnamese what it meant to put on independent airs before a Great Western Power.

On November 23, the French bombed and bombarded the Vietnamese quarter of Haiphong. The district was obliterated. Six thousand Vietnamese were killed. Still, Ho preferred peace. The French response to his diplomacy was to demand the disarming of the Viet Minh. Thus left with no alternative to combat or capitulation, the Viet Minh attacked the French in Hanoi. They were beaten. Ho's government was driven into Yunnan province in China. But it was now "at the head of a nationwide resistance movement,"⁴ with power throughout Viet Nam.

The war that we know now began. D. F. Fleming sums it up:

Still controlling large areas in North Central and South Viet Nam, and the majority of the population, the Viet Minh moved whole factories into the forests, extemporized an arms industry, greatly diversified the crops for both feeds and textiles, combatted illiteracy incessantly, reduced rents, and mobilized the energies of each individual to help in some way, succeeding so well that they collected taxes in the French-controlled cities . . . The French had a few cities and fortified strong points. The Viet Minh held the rest. French sway might be extended a little by day but ended at dusk.⁵

There were conferences. There were attempts to enlist popular support for the French without ending French control. There was talk of political reforms and social progress. Bao Dai returned from the Riviera. A new state of Viet Nam was declared. It made decrees, edicts, and speeches—the same great emptiness that we see thrashing so violently before us today in Saigon was thrashing first in 1946.

In 1949, an important decision was made in Washington. Ho's 70,000-man army seemed to contain some 20,000 Communists. His government

was predominantly Communist. Senator Joe McCarthy, in his wisdom, was beginning to teach Americans that a Communist is a Dirty Commie—like a Chinese is a Chink and a Korean is a Gook and a Negro is a Nigger and an American is a blue-eyed blond with a few shares of U.S. Steel in the safe-deposit box and a Pepsi bottle in her mouth. And Ho Chi Minh's struggle—never mind that it dated from 1924, never mind that its aims morally coincided with those of the American Revolution—is just one more dirty move on Joe Stalin's global chessboard, one more challenge to this gilded somnambulance we fondly call The American Way, one more verse to learn in the U.S. Cold War Blues. We learn it. That verse says we should pay to keep France in Indo China and be glad to be able. Okay, we pay.

By 1952, we are paying about one billion dollars a year—to maintain in far-off Asia those values we hold so high: freedom, equality, French property rights.

Losing officers in Viet Nam at a greater rate than her military academies were producing new ones, however, France began to grow weary of the war, and agitation for a negotiated settlement intensified. Mendes-France campaigned for peace. He promised that he would have an armistice within one month of being elected or resign from office. He became Prime Minister on 18 June 1954 and met the next day in Berne with Chou En-lai, who was to be the dominant mediating figure at the Geneva conference. On 21 July, the armistice was signed. Six months later, France formally recognized the independence of Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia.

How is it that this is not the end of the story? How is it that 11 years from that armistice the world has reeled back from realism to another adventure at the Brink?

The answer is John Foster Dulles—Eisenhower's id.

Able seconded by Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Dulles held fanatically to the view that Communist domination of Southeast Asia, "by whatever means" (that is, even through free elections), would be wholly unacceptable to the West. He was thus committed to view military victory over the Viet Minh as an essential aim of American policy—to be accomplished preferably through aid to France and less preferably through more direct American involvement, but in any case to be accomplished. "The French are going to win this war," said Radford on 22 March 1954, less than 1½ months before the disastrous French defeat at Dienbienphu.

It is important to understand that it was American diplomacy, framed and implemented by Dulles and rather passively assented by Eisenhower, that radically undercut the Geneva prospect of a just peace in Southeast Asia. The heart of peace in a diverse world is honest negotiation. The heart of that is honest give and take. What could the U.S. expect honestly to take if it had nothing honestly to give? What could it give when its Dulles had concluded in advance, on principle, and with ironclad theological rigor, that no Communist government in Viet Nam could be tolerated? It made

no difference to Dulles what that government's foreign policy might be. Ho Chi Minh had tried to live with France in 1945 and again in 1946. Both times the French conceded less independence at the conference table than Ho had already achieved in the battlefield. Both times Ho accepted the diplomatic losses because he preferred peace to war. Both times Ho accepted the good faith of the French. Both times the French seized the first opportunity to stab him in the back. But Ho clung to his preference for peace and his hope of good faith from the West, and again in 1954 made powerful concessions at the expense of the strong southern wing of his revolution. Even in 1960, when the West had broken the election promise, broken the reunification promise, broken the demilitarization promise, broken the neutrality promise, and had shown itself in every way opposed to the democratization of that unhappy South Viet Nam which its Cold War militarism had created only to isolate with its "internationalism" and make bloody with its aid—still, after all this, Ho could cast his patience with the Russian co-existors, thousands of miles away, and against the Chinese militants, who hovered on his northern border, as they had for 2000 years before, with the old chilly promise of alliance and assimilation.

Dulles was a Christian. He was not interested in the ambiguities of power, which others know to be the center of history. For him, there was one fact, no others: Ho is a Communist. One analysis, no others: Communism is (in his President's charming phrase) "godless atheism." One conclusion: Communism is evil and must be exiled from the earth. One action: hold the line for democracy, capitalism, the wounds of the American God.

Dulles fought against the coming Geneva conference all through the spring of 1954, trying to round up an international posse to take up where the French were beaten. When Geneva happened anyway, he tried to impose such impossible demands that an armistice could not be achieved. When it was achieved in spite of his hard work, he refused to sign it and stormed off to create the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization—as if Asia corresponded to Europe and China to Russia and Viet Nam to Turkey.

Eisenhower had said that although the United States could not sign the Geneva agreement, neither would it attempt to subvert it or to overturn it by force. But the clear implication of SEATO—which among its eight members included just one Southeast Asian state, Thailand—was quite to the contrary. Except for American power, which SEATO made no more supreme than it had been before, SEATO had nearly no military meaning. A kind of international gerrymander, it was in no sense a viable political structure. It obligated its members to do nothing more than consider that they might engage in collective security action if a crisis should arise that they all agreed to perceive as such and that they all agreed they should act against. But SEATO did establish the legal fiction of union against a "common enemy" which the United States could then employ to make unilateral guarantees of Indo-Chinese state borders—even though these states were not SEATO members and even though their neutraliza-

tion at Geneva was supposed to prohibit their involvement in mutual defense agreements.

The French had learned in their long war that economic colonialism was defunct for Southeast Asia. They could easily see that its counterpart, Cold War colonialism aimed at containing Communism via the shanghaiing of "allies" at any price, could not possibly stumble upon a better fate. For this reason, the French wanted to reach an accommodation with Ho Chi Minh; perhaps in that way they could retain some of their influence in Indo China. But Dulles would have nothing of so realistic and "immoral" a policy. By January of 1955 he had won for the United States the full responsibility for re-organizing and training the Southern army to "fight Communist aggression." Trade embargoes were set up to seal off commerce with the north, and by mid-1955 officials of all flags and newsmen of all persuasions had concluded that the all-Viet Nam elections that Geneva had set for 1956 would never be held.

This is a crucial point. The United States talks now as if there are two sovereign states of Viet Nam, North and South, just as there are two Koreas. It is hard to see any honesty in this description. The Geneva agreement established the independence of Laos and Cambodia outright. It could hardly do the same for Viet Nam, since that country had been the scene of the long, bloody, and disruptive war, and since it could not conceivably receive its independence through any other leader than Ho Chi Minh, whom Dulles could not tolerate. Vietnamese independence being nevertheless just, its high purchase price having already been paid in Viet Minh blood, the compromise was worked out in which Viet Nam would be temporarily partitioned at the 17th parallel (in the agreement's language, the "provisional military demarcation line"), the Viet Minh would withdraw their military and governmental forces from these large areas in Annam and Cochinchina where they held undisputed sway, the French would disengage and depart, Bao Dai would head the provisional southern government, there would be a two-year cooling off period, and in 1956 Viet Nam elections would be held to reunify the north and south under a single government. 6

This partitioning was exclusively to the advantage of the West. See what it meant to Ho: (1) He voluntarily surrendered territory that it had been beyond the power of the U.S.-aided French to take; (2) he demobilized or disengaged the powerful southern elements of the Viet Minh force; (3) he gave France and the United States two years in which to attempt some form of political recovery in the South, two years which were finally used by the United States to establish a new dictator and build a counter-revolutionary army on the base of American weapons. Dulles pretended that Geneva had conceded too much to the Communists. In fact, it "conceded" to them far less than they already had. The real concessions were to the West.

But not for one moment was there any notion that the Geneva agreement aimed at the creation of two Viet Nams. Article 6 of the final declaration could not be plainer: "the military demarcation line should not

in any way be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary." Article 9 specified the means of reunification: "General elections should be held in July, 1956, under the supervision of an international committee." 6

Washington claims that the Viet Cong is a creature of North Vietnamese Communism. We will see about that later. In any case, it is a hundred times truer that South Viet Nam is a creature of U.S. Cold-War colonialism—a colonialism, that is, in which the stakes are no longer economic and cultural, but military and political. We cannot now speak of "Aggression from the North" without gagging on our profound corruption of the '54 Geneva agreements. As Ho said in 1955 to Jean Sainteny, France's emissary to Hanoi, "Viet Nam is a single country and nothing can prevent the firm will of its people from achieving its unity."7 In saying this, he was repeating Geneva, nothing more.

Why was the country not re-united? Because the "guaranteed" election of 1956 was not held. Why was it not held? Diem said the reason was North Viet Nam's inability or unwillingness to ensure immaculate election procedures. But it is a fact that this would have been a matter for the International Control Commission's province, and the ICC was never even asked to investigate Diem's charge. It is a fact that throughout the period in which Diem was dictating election condition after election condition to the north, he did not turn his hand one time to prepare for elections in the south. It is a fact that not one disinterested observer—and for that matter, hardly any pro-Diem figures (surely not Diem himself)—gave Diem a chance in a thousand to beat Ho Chi Minh in a free and honest election. (Eisenhower thought Ho would get 80 per cent of the vote.) It is another fact that from Geneva on, the United States was in a high state of motion, not to create the base for democratic institutions in the south, but rather to build a mighty army; not to bring about the inclusion in Diem's government of the anti-Communist opposition (the only hope against rebellion), but passively to look on as Diem stamped out all opposition through the unashamed use of police-state terror. If the country was to have its free election, its reunification in 1956, would the white paper explain why the United States was already building and equipping an army in 1955? Would the white paper explain why the United States had already begun its campaign to wrest control of the army from the French in the summer of 1954?

Some were convinced that the betrayal of the election-reunification promise would bring Ho down from the north with his highly respected army. But it was at least 1958 before he supplied even the lightest arms aid to the southern guerrillas. And it was late in 1960—after Diem's dictatorship had hardened irrevocably and after the southern militants had taken their own initiatives toward regrouping into a united front—that Hanoi at last publicly recognized that a revolution was underway in the south with which it was morally (if not in strictest prudence) obligated to cooperate. It was about this time that a trickle of North Vietnamese military weapons and personnel support began flowing to the south. It was

shortly after this, in 1961, that the United States responded with a series of convulsive increases in its military personnel: from 500 "advisors" to 17,000—then to 23,500—today to upwards of 27,000; from millions of dollars in the gear of warfare—for uniforms and messkits, helicopters and that old guerrilla-war standby, jellied gasoline—and B-57's—to the present figure of \$3 billion a year. As I. F. Stone sums it up: "For four years after Geneva, both North Viet Nam and China followed the 'peaceful co-existence' policy while the U.S. turned South Viet Nam into a military base and a military dictatorship."⁸

The war was on. For a while we were winning, it said in the papers. Once in a while we even heard some home-by-Christmas talk. Then we weren't exactly winning, but neither were we losing, and on the whole our position was sound. People who watched the papers (or even *Time* magazine) could not quite see that this was obvious, since the cross-hatching on the maps that stood for Viet Cong control grew left and right month after month. Then in November 1963 Diem was assassinated and a little truth leaked out: we were losing the war. But on the other hand, without really changing its nature, we could win it—if only these South Vietnamese will get mad and fight for once—if only we give them just a few more thousand tons of arms.

We come now to the near reaches of this new brink. The Viet Cong control more than half the territory of South Viet Nam. A considerably greater proportion of the people are loyal to its apparently efficient and incorruptible government. Our side is losing badly. The guerrillas have grown strong enough to commence the use of conventional military tactics. Then, from nowhere but the war room in the shaky Pentagon, come the strikes against North Viet Nam. Like a masterful dramatist, Johnson lets six months go by, so that Americans can adjust in their own good time to the idea that war, indeed, may be thrust in upon them. The country is allowed even to hold a Great Viet Nam Debate. Sentiment seems to be growing for negotiation and "honorable" disengagement. Then: All right, that's enough. And Johnson & Co. send their prepackaged February crisis screaming across the world.⁹

And the white paper is presented—to prove to us the justice, the wisdom of these patriots, our could-be executioners.

This white paper is no gift horse. Or if a gift, then of the Trojan breed. We have a right to look at its teeth. To saw open its belly.

BLIND HAWKS AND WINGLESS DOVES: THE WAR CASE

The American case for war comprises four contentions: that Hanoi was always bent on overthrow of the south; that Hanoi created the revolution that is really not a revolution; that Hanoi supplies its "key" men; finally, that Hanoi supplies a big portion of its arms. It follows that the United States is right to carry the war to North Viet Nam—even if this means

another Korea, even if another Korea means war with China, even if war with China means the use of nuclear weapons, even if the use of nuclear weapons means war with Russia, even if war with Russia means what we all very well know it means. That is, the United States government sees fit to protect our "vital interests" in Southeast Asia even if that commits us to a course which could easily end in the atomization of the world. Some "vital interests!" Some "protection!"

This is the logic of the white-paper claims?

Then they had better be proved better than Euclid's best!

CLAIM 1: In 1954, Hanoi was already plotting the military takeover of South Viet Nam.

It cannot be said often enough: In 1954, there was no South Viet Nam. Witness the fact that there was no South Viet Nam at the Geneva conference. None existed. There was one Viet Nam—all of it—from Tonkin to Cochinchina. There was one Vietnamese government—Ho Chi Minh's, which held power from Hanoi to the Mekong Delta. That one country was temporarily partitioned, at the insistence of the West, so that the West might have two years to prepare for doing to Ho at the polls what it had not been able to do in eight years in the battlefield. After this is understood, further argument is play-acting. But at least we can ask if the Administration play-acts convincingly.

Perhaps this section's title does not fairly summarize the white paper on this point. But perhaps a fair summary is not even possible. From the first paragraph of Section V:

When Viet Nam was partitioned, thousands of carefully selected party members were ordered to remain in place in the south and keep their secret apparatus intact to help promote Hanoi's cause. Arms and ammunition were stored away for future use. Guerrilla fighters rejoined their families to await the party's call. Others withdrew to remote jungle and mountain hideouts.

Surely a menacing picture. But as Huck Finn observed, "Saying so don't make it so." We ask, in the first place, where is the evidence? As full of "biographical case studies" of Viet Cong personnel as the white paper is, it offers not one "case study" from this important group of "carefully selected party members" who allegedly stayed south to "promote Hanoi's cause." Why is it so improbable that these men remained "in place in the south" and "rejoined their families" (how sinister!) simply because their homes were in the south and after eight years of bitter war with the French they wanted to be with their families? Is this so absurd an interpretation?

And what is this "secret apparatus?" Is it like what Joseph Alsop saw in May 1955 (in one of the southern regions still legally under Viet Minh control), of which he wrote: "I would never have imagined that a Communist administration could be so popularist and so democratic?" Or is it the command network that on the white paper's own account had to be wholly overhauled in 1962? What kind of "secret apparatus" for insurrection would it be that could not get the rebel elements organized into a really coordinated front movement until 1960, six years later?

And might it not be that those who "withdrew to remote . . . hideouts" were the non-Communist Viet Minh—the democrats, liberals, nationalists, Buddhist leaders—who did not acknowledge "peacetime" Marxist leadership and whom Diem's political persecutions had allowed no alternatives but imprisonment, exile or returning to the guerrillas? 10

But we need look no longer at this mysterious plot for military overthrow, for the white paper tells us in the paragraph immediately following the above that there was no such plot after all!

Hanoi's original calculation was that all of Viet Nam would fall under its control without resort to force. For this purpose, Communist cadres were ordered . . . generally to use all means short of open violence to aggravate war-torn conditions . . . South Viet Nam's refusal to fall in with Hanoi's scheme for peaceful takeover came as a heavy blow to the Communists.

Which is it going to be? Peaceful or violent, this "takeover?" Evidently the white paper wants it both ways: that makes the guerrillas twice as sinister. But the plain truth is that Hanoi believed there would be a reunifying all-Viet Nam election in 1956, and that it very well knew what everybody else knew, that Ho Chi Minh could not possibly lose it. And "South Viet Nam's refusal to fall in with Hanoi's scheme," which the white paper makes out to be somewhat valorous, is nothing but Diem's fearful and dishonest refusal to submit his power to the test of the promised democratic election.

CLAIM 2: Hanoi inspired the Viet Cong aggression against South Viet Nam.

Obviously related to the notion that Hanoi was "plotting" something as early as 1954, the sense of this claim is that without the active agitation of North Vietnamese Communists, the Viet Cong would never have appeared.

First, a simple speculation. Was it not true that essentially the same social and political conditions that underlay the successful Viet Minh revolution against France were rapidly restored in South Viet Nam after 1954? That is, a corrupt and dictatorial government was cooperating with a Western quasi-colonial power while pressing social problems, calling for the massive reconstruction of society, remained unattended to. Before it could even possibly be true that the rebellion was a political artifact of North Viet Nam, it would have to be true that there was no revolutionary condition in the South.

The white paper evidently senses that this is true, because it makes a rather half-hearted effort to convince us that Ngo Dinh Diem (of all people!) was a progressive leader who was conscientiously trying to reform and rebuild South Viet Nam's society and economy. Half-hearted, I suspect, because it very well understands that this flies in the teeth of every responsible description of Diem's regime. From Section V of the white paper:

Among South Vietnamese, hope rose that their nation could have a peaceful and independent future, free of Communist domination. The

country went to work. The years after 1955 were a period of steady progress and growing prosperity. Food production levels of the pre-war years were reached and surpassed. While per capita food output was dropping 10 per cent in the North from 1956 to 1960, it rose 20 per cent in the South. By 1963, it had risen 30 per cent—despite the disruption in the countryside caused by intensified Viet Cong military attacks and terrorism . . .

Production of textiles increased in the South more than 30 per cent in one year (1958). In the same year, South Viet Nam's sugar crop increased 100 per cent. Despite North Viet Nam's vastly larger industrial complex, South Viet Nam's per capita gross national product in 1960 was estimated at \$110 a person while it was only \$70 in the North.

More than 900,000 refugees who had fled from Communist rule in the North were successfully settled in South Viet Nam. An agrarian reform program was instituted. The elementary school population nearly quadrupled between 1956 and 1960. And so it went—a record of steady improvement in the lives of the people. It was intolerable for the rulers in Hanoi; under peaceful conditions, the South was outstripping the North. They were losing the battle of peaceful competition and decided to use violence and terror to gain their ends.

That is, having lost the battle of peaceful competition in the years 1955-1963, North Viet Nam plotted in 1954 to overthrow the south! The mind boggles at the cunning of such an enemy.

But what about these figures? Rising food production, for example. Since when has food production been a problem in the rice bowl of the Mekong Delta? And why should per capita food supply not decline in the industrial north when Diem's agreement-breaking embargo had cut off its trade access to the south, and when the emphasis in the north had been placed on increased industrialization? What about this "estimated" \$40 difference between southern and northern gross national product per capita? Could it perhaps have something to do with massive American aid? Or with the great wealth of a few Frenchmen who still control the old colonial holdings in the south? Or with the mining for export of tungsten and tin, which makes for a big product but produces nothing for the peasant? And these refugees who "fled from" the Communist north to be "successfully settled" in the south: are they are same Catholic Vietnamese whom Robert Guillaín of *Le Monde* described as living "in unparalleled dirt and destitution?"¹¹ Who, according to Joseph Alsop, were enticed from the north by America to "crouch in squalid camps in the south?"¹²

And what about this "agrarian reform" program? In the first place, it was forced upon Diem by a desperate United States. In the second place, it had nearly no extent, barely getting past the pilot-project stage. In the third place, it reformed nothing. As Robert Scheer has summed it up, the program:

... seemed, on paper, to be a step forward. It fixed rentals at a maxi-

num of 15-25% and provided a system whereby the peasants could purchase land. But as compared to the program which the Viet Minh had already instituted, it was a step backwards for the peasant. It meant a return of the landlord, and its "enlightened" provisions were translated into the reality of the peasants now paying maximum rental and making installment purchases on land that the Viet Minh had already given them. It was for this reason that the Diem government never achieved any significant support from the non-Catholic majority of the Mekong area countryside. 13

It is merely another sign of the Administration's arrogance that it can still promote the 1963 Ruskian bromide that "what happened in South Viet Nam" from 1954 to 1959 "deserves to be listed near the top of the success stories of the postwar period,"¹⁴ and that it should offer the agrarian reform as part of the proof. As I. F. Stone comments, "We are asked to believe that for the first time in history a guerrilla war spread not because the people were discontented but because their lot was improving!"¹⁵

But much more important is what the white paper does not talk about at all; namely, the whole explosive question of Diem's systematic stopping up of all the basic democratic outlets for dissent (honest elections, free journalism, rights of assembly), with the result that dissent finally was forced to become armed rebellion. Why is this decisive consideration so uninteresting to the white paper? Here is its single statement on the subject of Saigon politics:

The military and insurgency situation was complicated by a quite separate internal political struggle within South Viet Nam which led in November, 1963, to the removal of the Diem Government and its replacement with a new one. Effective power was placed in the hands of a military revolutionary council. There have been a number of changes in the leadership and composition of the Government in Saigon in the ensuing period.

Which, as a piece of political analysis, is fairly dry comedy. Not a word about Diem's abolition in 1956 of the elected village councils, the single most powerful cause of the rebellion's real commencement in 1957. Not a word about the witch-hunts and his terrible persecution of the Buddhists. Not a word about the 1959 election (the one and only election in the south) in which Doctor Dan, "a firm anti-Communist of impeccable background," was elected over Diem's opposition, promptly disqualified by Diem for political office, and jailed as a political criminal. Jean Lacouture, head of *Le Monde's* Overseas Department and in Viet Nam until the end of last year, writes:

Before these exceptional measures were passed, the Communists were quiescent; but when they felt hands closing around their throats, they proceeded to counterattack. 16

Diem's Inquisitional techniques are smoothed over, of course, by his U.S. apologists, who rationalize either that the peasants were too unsophisticated for democracy or that it was Viet Cong rebellion that made democracy

unfeasible. On the first score, Bernard Fall points out that "there is such a thing as basic democracy (in Viet Nam). We keep forgetting that it was Mr. Diem who after . . . 40 years of elected village chiefs, abolished elected village chiefs in June 1956."¹⁷ On the second score, the plain fact is that Diem's Nazi-style terror preceded and caused the rebellion, not the reverse. The French scholar Philippe Devillers writes:

As if not satisfied with the re-establishment of calm and security, the Diem regime . . . launched out in 1957 into what amounted to a series of man hunts . . . in theory aimed at the Communists. In fact, it affected all those, and they were many—democrats, socialists, adherents of the sects—who were bold enough to express their disagreement with . . . the ruling oligarchy. 18

Fall records the open letter sent to Diem on April 26, 1960, by 18 "highly respected" southerners, several of them former cabinet ministers:

A Constitution has been established in form only; a National Assembly exists whose deliberations always fall into line with the Government; anti-democratic elections—all these are methods and "comedies" copied from the dictatorial Communist regimes . . . Continuous arrests fill the jails and the prisons to the rafters . . . public opinion and the press are reduced to silence. 19

The 18 signers were themselves jailed seven months later in the purge that followed the abortive paratroop coup of November 11, 1960. Even U.S. officials sometimes stumble over the huge facts of Diem's "democracy." U. Alexis Johnson, deputy ambassador to Viet Nam, recently made the familiar ignorant point about Vietnamese inexperience with democracy, but in so doing leaked a little truth:

During the whole period of their colonial administration, no independent political activity was permitted. This was also true from 1954 to 1963, during the Diems' period. The political traditions grew up primarily in terms of conspiracies, (which) by their very nature are distrustful of each other. This is one of the burdens that these people bear now. 20

(Compare this record—and the whole dreary succession of military coups and counter-coups that followed Diem's assassination—with that of the northern leadership, which today contains fundamentally the same personnel that founded the liberation movement in Canton in 1927. 21)

Revolution arose again in South Viet Nam because a despot attempted to break the political back of a people newly blooded to the use of revolutionary power. What does the United States think the eight years of Vietnamese war with France had been about, what meaning does it imagine the Viet Minh victory could have had, if one half of the nation was immediately to accept again the same kind of Western-dominated fascism which that war, that victory had so lately thrown off?

Could it be that U.S. officialdom is just genetically blind to the fact that revolution can be imperative? And that it grows either from the soil or not at all? But even that very bad excuse is not available to the State De-

partment: it understood the dynamics of revolution, it very well saw where the energy was coming from. In 1961, President Kennedy sent General Maxwell D. Taylor to Viet Nam to see what the United States would have to do to keep the country from falling to Communism. That is, to see how the Viet Cong rebellion could be defeated. It is extremely interesting in view of the theory of Viet Cong origins which the State Department now promotes that Taylor, a military man on a military mission, reported not only that the South Viet Nam army would have to be made more mobile and better armed, but also that Diem's overly centralized control would have to be broken through so that American aid could reach the peasants, that the base of the government would have to be broadened to include the non-Communist opposition, that the National Assembly would have to be given a real share of governmental power, that restrictions on the press would have to be eased, and "above all," as David Halberstam writes, that "the government" would have "to interest itself in the welfare of the peasant." 22 Understand: this is a military man's prescription for military success. And the same accurate perception of the rebellion's cause is revealed in a 1964 statement made by General Nguyen Khanh after he had come to power for the second time: "Only the rural people can really destroy the Viet Cong at the roots and the Government will stress rural affairs from now on." 23

Was the United States blind to the growing popular resentment against Saigon and the corresponding growth of sympathy for the rebels? In another article, Halberstam quotes another military man, Lt. Col. John Paul Vann, who was one of the more respected and effective of the American officers in South Viet Nam until he was removed for bucking the official optimistic line about winning the war. Vann—a solid right-winger—said, "I don't think the Viet Cong have any problems in recruiting. I think for various reasons they can get all the people they want. Their problem right now is weapons. I think that's the only limitation to the size of their units and the nature of their attacks, so unless we stop arming them we'll be in a very serious situation." 24

But perhaps Vann's "various reasons" for Viet Cong recruitment success are really pointing at terror. That has become the official U.S. explanation for the fact that the Viet Cong force since its beginnings has steadily increased in numbers, tenacity, and military effectiveness. It is surely true that the Viet Cong practice terrorism. Their targets are primarily those Saigon-appointed village leaders and landlords who collaborate with the U.S. and whom they consider the worst kind of traitors. Peasants, too, are no doubt terrorized into serving temporarily as Viet Cong porters and guides, and perhaps some are made to do combat duty.

Can we be satisfied with such an explanation? Does it make sense that an under-equipped guerrilla force of 100,000 men can be moved by fear to fight the kind of war the Viet Cong are fighting? "There is no doubt," says Halberstam, "of the extreme discipline, dedication, and bravery of (the Viet Cong) troops." And he quotes an American officer: "I wish we could match them in troop quality and motivation." 25

Is it that the Viet Cong use terror, then, to neutralize the peasants? Was it terror that kept the peasants at Pleiku from informing against the February 6 raid? Perhaps. There were surely some whose silence had that motive. But perhaps there were also other motives. Halberstam relates the following incident: the Government unit he was with had fought bitterly for possession of a village in the delta.

It had been a long day of bloodshed and at night, exhausted, the Government troops settled into the village. The next morning, they discovered that the Viet Cong had slipped into the village at night, had treated some of the wounded villagers and then slipped out again. It was a chilling and profound lesson in guerrilla warfare. 27

Or weigh the meanings of the following New York Times story from Saigon, August 9, 1964:

Most of the experts in psychological warfare . . . believe the Viet Cong's agitprop teams have done the Saigon Government more damage even than the tough Viet Cong regular battalions. The Viet Cong feels that it controls 77 out of South Viet Nam's 237 administrative districts so completely that agitprop activity is no longer necessary.

In each of the other 160 districts, the NLF has two teams, a total of 320. South Viet Nam has a total of 20 "information teams." The dispatch quotes a U.S. specialist who points out that the Viet Cong propagandists live, eat, and work with their targets, while their Government counterparts "like to wear white shirts and sleep in soft beds."

The fact is simply that the Viet Cong, against all odds and at fantastic personal risks, have consistently outperformed their countrymen in the Republic army; and that even with their much lesser numbers, they have now succeeded in "pacifying" and establishing effective government in at least half of Viet Nam (and possibly a good deal more), while their U.S.-backed countrymen hardly feel secure even in the major cities. This fact requires an explanation. "Terror," say the U.S. and Saigon officials—as if their own napalm and gas warfare, their scorched-earth tactics, their crop-killing, their violent abuse of POW's, their indiscriminate razing of whole villages were not themselves among the more terroristic elements of the entire war. Why postulate terrorism when Diem's brutality, his successors' political and military impotence, and the Americans' white skin can explain everything? "Terror," say our leaders: all of it piped in from the north.

The State Department has no excuse for not knowing that, whatever its subsequent arrangements with the north, the Viet Cong revolution was born, cradled, and brought to manhood in South Viet Nam by the South Vietnamese people, whose courage and tenacity, if the world were a just place, ought to make our American hearts dance with delight. To ask us to believe that it all exists because North Viet Nam wanted it to exist is the most puerile nonsense. It implicitly repudiates what is finest in the American ethic.

Yet the white paper doggedly insists that since the North Vietnamese Communist party called for the establishment of a liberation front three

months before its formation was announced in the south (in December 1960), it therefore follows that:

The Liberation Front is Hanoi's creation; it is neither independent nor southern, and what it seeks is not liberation but subjugation of the South.

And again, the old theme:

. . . What is happening in Viet Nam is not an internal affair but part of a large-scale, carefully directed and supported program of armed attack on a sovereign state and a free people.

Then why did Taylor see social reform as the condition of military success against the Viet Cong? Why are the South Vietnamese such bad soldiers for Saigon's army but such fierce guerrillas for the Viet Cong?

But the white paper is not even honest with this one small "proof" of North Vietnamese leadership. It is true that the North Vietnamese Loa Dong (Communist) Party stipulated the formation of the liberation front in September 1960, and that the south seemed quite dutifully to come through with such a front a full three months later. But think. If these Southern rebels have all along really been "carefully selected party members" acting as Hanoi's agents within an "elaborate" "secret apparatus" for command and control, then why in the name of reason does Hanoi have to transmit its demand for the National Liberation Front by way of a public resolution at a major party congress? And why would it then take this cadre of first-string ideologues no less than three months to accomplish the formation of that front? And is it merely a transparent ruse—or is it perhaps otherwise significant for the real protection of U.S. "vital interests"—that when the NLF announced its 10-point program (or was Hanoi the author?) it called for a neutralist regime in the south? And could it be that Hanoi subsequently directed the NLF to wear a non-Communist mask and proclaim in March 1962 its charter for Indochinese neutrality and to hold that "an independent and neutral South Viet Nam cannot help but be a friend of the United States?"²⁷ Could it be that Hanoi's original relation to the southern rebellion was founded on prudence and inflated rhetoric?

Besides which:

The white paper does not recall its own charge that the revolution had been in continuous foment since 1954. Did the 1960 "party call" cause that? It does not mention—as if it did not know—that the first effort to organize the active Southern revolutionary elements occurred in March 1960 (a full half year before the Hanoi party congress), in East Cochinchina, under the leadership of South Vietnamese "former resistance people."²⁸ It does not see the probability that it was pressure from the southern militants, desirous of military aid from their former Viet Minh comrades, that at least partly provoked Hanoi's September resolution. And it seems totally incapable of comprehending the plain fact that in any case there would be as natural a bond between the Viet Minh veterans in the de-revolutionized south and the Viet Minh veterans in the north as between such disparate capitals of counter-revolution as Saigon and Washington.

Of course, Hanoi was important to the new southern revolution. How could it be otherwise, when the movement subsequently named the NLF was in all important philosophical particulars simply a continuation of the Viet Minh movement? But the last thing this proves is that Hanoi "inspired" the revolution into existence out of thin air.

Which brings us to the third of the white paper claims.

CLAIM 3: Hanoi supplies the key personnel for the armed aggression against South Viet Nam.

This is the case of the famous "infiltrators" from the north. "Concentrate," says Dean Rusk, "on the meat of the matter. The meat of the matter is that Hanoi is sending these people and these arms into South Viet Nam contrary to every agreement and contrary to international law."²⁹

The arms meat we will surely concentrate on in a moment. Concentrate now on "these people" that Hanoi is sending into the south.

The first and simplest question is again just this: How is it possible for a Vietnamese to "infiltrate" Viet Nam? We confront again the two-countries fiction which the United States finds it so expedient to maintain. In the revolution's eyes (at least in the beginning), there is one Viet Nam, one half of which has again been counter-revolutionized by another intervening Western power and its Saigon stooges. The United States is either insane or crippled—take your pick—if it thinks Hanoi—or Peking or Moscow or Paris or London or informed America—can see the matter any other way. North Vietnamese can no more "infiltrate" the south than our own Freedom Movement people, despite what the Dixiecrats say, can infiltrate Alabama.

But pretend, with Washington, that they could. What then? Are the numbers so great as to justify our sudden strikes above the parallel? I. F. Stone's *Weekly* and the *New Republic* have already made such mincemeat of the white paper "invasion" theme that one hesitates to repeat the work. One begins to have a little compassion for this white paper—as for a dying enemy. But then, the white paper is immortal, a Document of State, with a thousand times better chance of surviving the holocaust it might have helped bring on than any flimsy 35-cent copy of the *New Republic*. Or we human beings. So let it be said again.

The white paper gives these statistics on infiltration from the north:

Year	Infiltrators	
	Verified	Possible Others
1959-60	1,800	2,700
1961	3,700	*
1962	5,500	*
1963	4,200	*
1964	4,400	7,400
Total	19,500	17,000

*—Not estimated in text.

So there have "certainly" been almost 20,000 infiltrators from North Viet Nam since 1959, and there may have been a grand total of 37,000. The hard-core Viet Cong is currently estimated to number about 35,000 (the full army, including local volunteers, from 95,000 to 115,000). The white paper then reaches its conclusions:

It is thus apparent that infiltrators from the north—allowing for casualties—make up the majority, and probably the overwhelming proportion of the so-called hard-core Viet Cong. Personnel from the north, in short, are now and have always been the backbone of the entire Viet Cong operation.

So? But, as the *New Republic* points out, so the State Department does not even take its own advice about "allowing for casualties." The Pentagon claims a Viet Cong casualty rate of 50 per cent, which means that half the current force is removed each year. That is, if 1800 came in '60, there were 900 left in '61. To these then were added '61's 3700 new guerrillas. Half of these 4600 became casualties, leaving 2300 to combine with '62's new force of 5400. And so on. The result is plain: The Viet Cong hard-core of 35,000 members must be left then with a "current total," says the *New Republic*, "of only 4200 'confirmed' and perhaps 3300 more 'estimated' infiltrators—of whom perhaps fewer than half are native North Vietnamese." That is, North Viet Nam contributes to the NLF from one-seventh to a fourth the troops that the United States contributes to the Republic.

Even this figure is probably high for the reason that the 50 per cent casualty rate claimed by the Pentagon is applied, in the *New Republic's* calculation, just once a year. More realistically, it would be applied with a frequency in some way related to the rate of infiltrator flow across the border (it is not as if 1962's 5400 appeared on New Year's Day) and to the frequency, size, and type of military engagements. The more frequently the casualty rate is applied, the lower the final number will be. But there is no sense in pushing this too far: the Pentagon's 50 per cent casualty claim is probably just as bloated as its figures on infiltration rates.

We are given pictures of 19 Viet Cong captives. Sixteen of these are South Vietnamese natives who happened to believe enough in their revolution (and to distrust the West enough) to stay with Ho after 1954 (or whom the '54 accords required to be moved north). These are "typical" infiltrators from North Viet Nam, these 16 South Vietnamese. After taking us step by step, man by man, through their fortunes in the war, the white paper boldly tells us that:

These reports destroy one more fiction which the authorities in Hanoi have sought so long to promote—that the fighting in the south was a matter for the South Vietnamese.

Just in case we do not see how that fiction has been destroyed, the white paper hammers home with six capsule biographies of North Viet Nam-born captives whose photographs, however, do not appear. (The *New Republic* editors wonder if their inclusion was an "afterthought.") 31 These six biographies are the evidence for the white paper's contention that "75

per cent of the more than 7000 Viet Cong who are reported to have entered the South in 1964 were natives of North Viet Nam."

Plus assurance, of course, that for several months "reports of infiltration by native North Vietnamese in significant numbers have been received in Saigon." One can only wonder if these reports were as reliable as those received in Saigon back in '62 and '63 claiming steadily greater war success, Viet Cong dying, defecting, surrendering everywhere, victory soon to be ours.

CLAIM 4: Hanoi supplies weapons, ammunition, and other war materials to the South.

Hanoi most certainly does. The question is how much. I. F. Stone read the white paper and then called the Pentagon to get some figures on the weapons-exchange ratio—weapons South Viet Nam has lost to the Viet Cong and vice versa. The Pentagon told him that in the three years from 1962-64, the guerrillas captured 27,400 weapons and lost 15,100, giving them the advantage of 12,300 weapons in the exchange. Stone points out what seems only obvious, that if Hanoi and other Communist countries had been significantly supplying the rebels, then the 15,100 weapons that we have captured ought to include significant numbers of Communist weapons. Appendix D of the white paper lists Communist-made weapons captured in the 18-month period between June 1962 and January 1964. There is a grand total of 179 weapons. Stone comments:

This is not a very impressive total. According to the Pentagon figures, we captured on the average of 7500 weapons each 18 months in the past three years. If only 179 Communist-made weapons turned up in 18 months, that is less than 2½% of the total. Judging by these white paper figures, our military are wrong in estimating . . . that 80% of the weapons used by the guerrillas are captured from us. It looks as if the proportion is considerably higher . . . the weapons of Communist origin captured in 18 months would not adequately outfit one battalion. 32

The white paper also makes much of a 100-ton shipload of Communist arms captured "just as this report was being completed," affording "dramatic new proof" of "Hanoi's elaborate program to supply its forces in the south."

Commented the *New York Times*: "A ship of that size is not much above the Oriental junk class. The standard Liberty or Victory ship of World War II had a capacity of 7150 to 7600 tons."33

Commented I. F. Stone: "The affair of the cargo ship is curious. Until now there has been little evidence of arms coming in by ship. A huge fleet of small vessels patrols the coast and there have been glowing stories in the past of its efficiency. 'About 12,000 vessels,' the AP reported from Saigon (NYT, Feb. 22), 'are searched each month by the coastal junk patrol force but arrests are rare and no significant amounts of incriminating goods or weapons ever have been found.' This lone case of a whole shipload of arms is puzzling."34

Commented the *New Republic*: "Obviously no believable case for a

claim of massive arms infiltration could be built on the official list in the white paper . . . And so, quite providentially, a larger supply of infiltrated arms was found in a Southern harbor, just as the white paper was being prepared. In the annals of mystery ships, this one poses a fine puzzle.”³⁵

The white paper, then, is perhaps not so white after all? It arrives in the world—as Nietzsche said of another “wisdom”—on a whiff of carrion?

It tries to show that Hanoi was preparing for armed take-over from 1954. It refutes itself in this by also trying to show that Hanoi was stunned to find that Diem’s “economic miracle” had undone its plans for “peaceful takeover.” And taken either way, it fails to prove any direct and causal connection between Hanoi and the activity of the southern rebel elements in the crucial years 1954-1958.

It tries to show that Hanoi “inspired” the revolution. It fails to account for the demonstrated fact that Diem’s governmental atrocities and the American violation of the Geneva neutralism, election, and reunification agreements was inspiration enough.

It tries to show that Hanoi supplies a significant part of the Viet Cong personnel. Its own statistics and its scarcely material collection of selected “case histories” have, if anything, proved just the opposite.

It tries to show that the Viet Cong is significantly armed by Hanoi and other Communist states. Its most powerful evidence, the far from conclusive “mystery ship,” has only raised in honest minds a terrible question about American forthrightness.

Its view of the relevant background of the war is as perverse in its studied omissions as its representation of the American role in that war.

It seems, indeed, that the hawks are blind.

But this is small consolation when the doves are wingless:

For it is not as if the white paper has invited America to a Great Debate. The thing is done, like it or lump it. Its miniature reasoning is merely an ill-made halo for a gigantic fait accompli. The bombing goes on. The wheels are grinding. As this is written, the B-57’s may be making way to Haiphong, Hanoi itself. As it is read, who knows? Ho Chi Minh’s army is cocked. The Chinese army is cocked. In the Rockies, in the Urals, the ICBM’s are cocked.

II

THE LOGIC OF THE HAWK

Grant the U.S. perceptions of the Viet Nam war. Does the northern bombing show any chance of getting us what we want?

But what do we want?

On the surface, that seems clear enough: we want Hanoi to stop helping the National Liberation Front army. But what are we offering in exchange? There seem to be two basic possibilities: (1) we would stop bomb-

ing North Viet Nam; or (2) we would stop helping South Viet Nam.

The second may strike us as fantastic, but we do have reason to consider it. For one thing, the whole strategy of the white paper is to legitimize our military presence in the south in terms of North Viet Nam's presence there. If North Viet Nam withdrew, that would remove the legitimacy of our presence. For another thing, our Secretary of State has himself promoted just this interpretation. At a press conference held after the white paper's publication, Rusk said, "Our troops could some home tomorrow if the aggressors would go north, go back home and stay at home."³⁶

So if Hanoi recalls its personnel—by the State Department's own figures a maximum of less than 20 per cent of total NLF manpower; and if it stops supplying weapons—again, 20 per cent of the total at most: then the U.S. will also stop its military aid, recall its military personnel, and disengage its Air Force and Navy. Which leaves that Saigon variety-show called a government and its disaffected army to fend for themselves against the remaining rebels, about 100,000 strong and just as "Communist" as ever.

Anybody who thinks the Administration would do that needs education in the obvious. To say that the U.S. would disengage "tomorrow" if only Hanoi would disengage is to say that the U.S. would tolerate NLF victory.

But what if Secretary Rusk only slipped, or what if the white paper does not really understand its own reasoning, and the only thing the U.S. would trade for northern withdrawal is its bombings in the north?

We should try to see what northern disengagement would entail. Do we mean to say that the northerners who are now in the south would have to go back, even when they are South Vietnamese, or only that no more northerners could come in? Do we mean to say that all NLF arms not procured in the south would have to be collected and returned to their supplier, or only that no new deliveries could be made?

The Administration has not pronounced on such questions. We might assume that the difficulty of segregating "legal" and "illegal" soldiers and their weapons would be large enough that the Administration could insist only on the closing of the frontiers. But Rusk's language about going "back home" evidently requires not only that but also a verifiable evacuation of some number of troops—very possibly, a good many more than are actually there.

But assume that Ho Chi Minh could satisfy all U.S. personnel and equipment removal demands. Then the U.S. bombings above the parallel come to a halt. The NLF is isolated from the north, can expect no more outside support of any kind, and is again thrown back on its own resources for the wherewithal of warfare. There are now two possibilities.

First, the U.S. and Saigon forces might open the door to negotiations with the NLF. Negotiations could aim either at some form of coalition government or at one side's diplomatic surrender. Since neither side would surrender, we are left with a coalition.

A coalition is fairly easy to imagine. On the right stands the Saigon government under Premier Quat and General "Little" Minh, commanding the

loyalty of perhaps 20 per cent of the population. Minh is apolitical; Quat seems to be a liberal (if now a hapless one) who understands the need for social change. On the left are the NLF leaders under Nguyen Huu Tho, a former Saigon lawyer, with massive popular support among the peasantry and the urban intellectuals. In the center, and potentially very powerful, is the Buddhist Secular Institute, led by Thich Tri Quang. This group finds in its commitment to reform and its nationalism the means of communicating and functioning with the left. It reaches out to the right via its anti-Communism. It could no doubt co-opt sizable portions of the following of both left and right. The left could not accuse it of collaborationism. The right could not accuse it of Communism or domination by Hanoi or Peking. It offers, that is, a center much more viable than Souvanna Phouma's in Laos: potentially, given its obvious appeal to the Buddhist majority and its authority with intellectuals, the strongest center group in Asia.

But center of what? What kind of South Viet Nam government does the U.S. require? According to all the official pronouncements on the subject, we require one that (a) is free to determine its own destiny and (b) will not make military or political alliances with any other state. But these are obviously contradictory. If we want South Viet Nam to be free, then we want South Viet Nam to have the option of "going Communist," of seeking reunification with the north, or of making alliance with whomsoever she pleases—with China, for example. And at least in the long run, all these are at least distinct possibilities, owing if to nothing more immediate, then (a) to the prevailingly leftwards social pressures that are so characteristic of the whole Third World and (b) to the inevitable modernization of China.

The U.S. would not yield to such pressures eleven years ago. For that matter, the U.S. has never yielded to such pressures. What makes anyone think this has changed? This is indeed the central problem of American foreign policy: when we offer to "discuss unconditionally," as Johnson did in his April '7 Johns Hopkins speech, what is it that we will talk about? What is negotiable? That speech of Johnson's which soothed so many liberal worries, does not in the least confront the mountainous fact that we have nothing new to say. What was needed was not a willingness to substitute diplomacy for warfare (that should go without saying for a civilized people), but rather some new ideas about the aims of our diplomacy.

The U.S. idea is evidently that all problems that lead to revolution in Viet Nam would disappear if only the rebels would give us time (or another chance) to work our miracles with our economic-aid medicine. But this is not credible. With all the time and "pacification" in the world, our billions have done nothing to make Latin America more livable; indeed, the Alliance seems to have had chiefly negative results. Taking an overview of post-war American aid programs, we have to conclude that they work for social progress only where social progress is already institutionalized. Europe could use our money for all Europeans. But Latin America used it only to entrench more deeply the oligarchism that it was the stated purpose of the aid to break up. The United States has not solved the problem of capitalizing pre-

capitalist states or of by-passing capitalist power groups in monopoly states.

This is one point. The second is simply that the United States has no right to ask the Vietnamese revolution to cooperate with its demand for time: (1) Leftists would rather build their societies by themselves. (2) They have good reason to view U.S. aid as merely a technique of Cold War base-building. (3) They have reason to believe themselves more competent for social reconstruction than our AID officials. The NLF perceives, for example, that Viet Nam's social problems do not stem mainly from capital shortages or technological backwardness, but rather from a specific ethos of power. (What does U.S. aid offer to do about landlordism, the ubiquitous curse of Asia?)

There is one defensible conclusion, no others: A South Vietnamese coalition government that satisfies Viet Nam's need to move and the U.S. need to stay put is no less fantastical than the paperiness of the American tiger or the raging-tearing hunger for the world of the Chinese dragon.

But—and this is the second possibility—North Vietnamese disengagement might not lead to negotiation at all. Especially if the U.S. believes its own white paper testimony about the military importance to the NLF of outside aid, the end of such aid might prompt new enthusiasm for a "military solution." But consideration shows this to be just another chimera of the "professional" military aid.

On the score of troops: The growth of the southern guerrilla forces from a few pockets of resistance fighters in the middle '50's to their present number of perhaps 115,000 has been a steady upsurge. Since the North Vietnamese "infiltrators" must have so far barely replaced themselves, it cannot be from the north that this increase comes. The numbers game is risky. But if the Pentagon is not lying outright about force sizes and casualty rates, it would appear on conservative estimate that for every two southern partisans that the NLF loses in battle, three new ones join the ranks. Disengagement on Hanoi's part would result merely in a small decrease in the rate of NLF increase.

On the score of equipment: Weapons-exchange ratio figures released by the Pentagon show that NLF capture of their enemy's weapons increases with the numbers of U.S. weapons in use. From 1962 through '64, the Viet Cong lost respectively 4,800, 5,400, and 4,900 weapons to Saigon. In the same years, they captured 5,200, 8,500, and 13,700, giving them a 12,300 weapon advantage. Note that their captures have increased annually. Note that they have held their losses down to an annual average of little more than 5,000, despite the fact that both their total arms inventory and their manpower have increased.

We have again only one conclusion: With outside help or without it, NLF forces continue to grow. Help from the outside is not militarily decisive.

On the other side, there are 500,000 soldiers—an advantage of less than 5 to 1. As the white paper points out—and this is a point on which all agree—it takes at least 10 regulars to tie down one guerrilla. So if Saigon is even

going to hold the line, much less push that line back (which direction?), then it must either put half a million more men in the army and just forget about having an economy, or requisition half a million more men from the United States—a Korean-level commitment.

With such a commitment, would we stop at the 17th parallel, even if we could make military miracles and "push back" a guerrilla force? (That is like pushing fish out of a lake.) We had much more reason to stop at the 38th in Korea, yet we surely pressed on there, forcing China's intervention. Are we aiming maybe to fight the Korean war all over again in Viet Nam, only this time for good? In China?

In the third part of this paper, we will confront this possibility. One cannot escape the impression that Washington just does not know its aims; that the much touted "flexibility" of its policy and the lingering Dullesism of "keeping the enemy guessing" are really just shabby euphemisms for a harrowing political uncertainty, what I earlier called the "torment" of American foreign policy. This torment is the changing background from which our strategic decisions emerge, and it is turbulent with contradictions.

For the moment, we are just trying to take Washington seriously about its Viet Nam strategy. We have noted an extraordinary inattention to positional detail: no definition of the particulars of disengagement, important ambiguity as to the lead of American policy should Hanoi react as we wish to the northerly bombings, a labored silence on the relation between the current war and Saigon politics, between the meanings of a military "vic-tory" and the up-welling pressures for social reform.

There is one construction that pins these difficulties down. We will see that it does so at the cost of releasing a still greater difficulty.

We ask: since the removal of Hanoi's aid would still leave a nearly intact NLF force, why does Washington see Hanoi's disengagement as militarily decisive? We ask: Why does Washington strain so to prove what nobody else believes, that there is no independent southern army? The answer lies in this fact: if Hanoi's disengagement is not decisive, if there is an independent southern revolution, then there is no way to win the war. To put it another way: the precondition of American victory in Viet Nam is North Vietnamese control of the NLF. If such control does not exist, there can be no victory. Therefore, such control must exist. Quite simply, we are looking at this war as if it were like the World War II Pacific Theater of Operations. There, it was next to impossible to fight the bloody fight for island after island time and time again. So we island-hopped and punished the mainland as soon as we could—it being a target against which we could bring to bear the full might of our uncontested air supremacy. Many Japanese-held islands then surrendered, not because they were overcome, but because Tokyo instructed them to surrender. Similarly, we will punish Ho Chi Minh in his homeland, content to wage a holding battle in the South. When Ho Chi Minh has finally absorbed enough punishment, he will instruct his southern army to surrender. Thus, it does not matter that the guerrillas are unbeatable; Hanoi is, and Hanoi will simply tell the guerrillas to stop fighting.

This is the whole meaning of the "bargain-from-a-position-of-strength" argument that we so often hear. This is the diplomacy of the *fait accompli*, the diplomacy of stipulation, not negotiations; of force, not ideas. And if this is indeed the Administration's idea of a strategy, then the Administration cannot think.

This strategy founds an absolute military action (escalation) on a highly arguable political percept (Hanoi controls the southern war). If it is even possible that this is untrue—and we have found it to be very probably untrue—then we have put ourselves in the ugly spot of having to crush a new nation in order to find that out. For under this view there is no way to establish that Hanoi has no control of the war until Hanoi lies dead and the NLF still fights on.

But even if Hanoi did control the war, that would not prove that aerial bombardment could ever bring her to pliant submission. As our President says, the Vietnamese are "a great freedom-loving people"—a fact which is proved by the history of the past 35 years. Nor do their greatness and their love of freedom begin and end at the 17th parallel. They revolted against the French in the 1930's and France burned whole villages in retaliation. They withdrew, regrouped, rearmed, and came again. In 1945, they threw back both the fascist French Legionnaires and the Japanese invader. The West responded by throwing not just the Legionnaires and British and French troops and American military machines against their new independence, but the army of the conquered Japanese as well. In 1946, they used their strength to seek a fair peace. Again the French betrayed their promises and struck them down. In 1954, they had again won what was theirs. Again they sought peace, again they signed solemn treaties with the West. Again the West, that vaunted civilization, that aim of history, made more ravenous by its own deceit, devoured its promises and vomited war. And again, the Vietnamese have come back. We can crack their cities down to piles of rock. They will build hidden factories, hospitals, and schools in their forests. We can hold their roads by day. They will move in their rivers by night. We can hang our flags from their buildings. They will cling the harder to a dream of freedom that has seen other flags cast out.

Take American policy at the face value of its assumptions, do not even contest its fantasy that the NLF is just the mask of Hanoi's conquistador ambitions. That policy is still absurd, for the reason that it cannot achieve even the brutal victory it seeks. In his memoirs General Ridgeway writes of Dulles' 1954 push for American intervention in Viet Nam: "In Korea we had learned that air and naval power alone cannot win a war and that inadequate ground forces cannot win one either." And should we jam so many soldiers into that miserable land that its sides must crack, should we send a million, two million soldiers—our own, Chiang Kai-shek's (there are no other sources)—and should we thereby achieve that foul grail called "the military solution," we would still be not one bit closer to the political solution which is the only aim that comes within a country mile of validating an offensive military action, and which nobody in Washington ever talks

about. Indeed, we would be incalculably further from it. See what happened to dictatorship and foreign rule in the south, where the people had so little experience of progress. Imagine then what would happen should we succeed in imposing a Diem-type or junta dictatorship in the north, which has been building itself up from Asiatic feudalism and Western colonialism for eleven years.

A permanent military victory over the 35-year-old revolution in Viet Nam, even discounting the fact of Ho's big modern army, would be something like a devil's miracle. But even if we could achieve it, its only prizes would be more sorrow, more frustration, and the hateful possibility of that all-out war with China on Chinese soil which, if it did not also become total atomic war with Russia, would drain our national blood for generations.

So it is not really so important that the white paper's "facts" are not so factual after all. It is conclusive enough that the policy it deduces from those "facts" is wrongly deduced. If Hanoi created the southern revolution, as it did not, and if Hanoi and Peking supply the decisive part of the revolution's men and weapons, as they do not, our wider war is still not rational. These hawks of ours, made lame of mind by frustration and an outrageous hunger, have given us not logic but mere predatory fury.

III

WORLD REVOLUTION AND AMERICAN CONTAINMENT

The sum of Parts I and II: American Viet Nam policy, viewed strictly as such (i.e., in terms of Viet Nam realities alone), is an absurdity built upon false perceptions. One then finds waiting beneath the factless absurdity a whole new set of arguments that arise to defend our Viet Nam policy on other grounds. By dealing with these one by one, we will work our way still closer to the inner turbulence of U.S. Cold War policy.

In ascending importance, this new layer of arguments contains the following: (1) To get out of Viet Nam is to become isolationist. (2) If we do not win there, we prove that we cannot win small wars. (3) Abandon Viet Nam and all the states of Southeast Asia will fall like so many dominoes. (4) China's outward expansionary thrust must be once and for all contained, and the line has been drawn at the 17th parallel.

Argument 1 isolates itself from the others by its patent vacuity. Arguments 2 and 3 can be lumped together. The China argument is founded on such strong American apprehensions as to require separate treatment, even though it is the ultimate source of arguments 2 and 3.

HAWKS AROUND THE WORLD

The "neo-isolationist" argument is simply a rhetorical tables-turning device invented by right-wingers to embarrass liberals with their own old rally cries. The idea is that whoever does not want to fight in Viet Nam is really just trying to turn his back on the world. Thus, internationalism, which the liberals told us is good, is now being abandoned by those who once spoke most ardently in its behalf.

The mind that defines internationalism as military intervention is crippled. What we paid for in President Wilson's death was the idea of international law, not force, diplomacy, not dumb brutality—rationality, accommodation, acceptance of the possibility that the Other Side may have legitimate interests. Internationalism aims at world order, not world war.

The emptiness of the "isolationism" argument is revealed in its most touted slogan: "No more Munichs." The charge here is that accommodation in Viet Nam parallels the West's appeasement of Hitler before World War II. If there is any future in this analogy, however, it belongs not to our side but to the other. It is not China but the United States that is trying violently to extend an influence sphere in Southeast Asia—or more properly, to cling to an old one (formerly administered by France) that has been breaking up for the past 35 years and that has twice (1945 and 1954) become nonexistent only to be recreated by force. The Viet Cong, viewed in this light, are in fact resistance fighters. Like the Czech partisans, they confront a two-headed enemy, the outside power that intervenes to force upon them an unwanted alliance under a dictatorial regime and the elitist urban nationals who collaborate with that outside power. If anyone has appeased anyone else, it was China that appeased the West in persuading Ho Chi Minh in 1954 to surrender South Viet Nam to defeated France and intervening America.

One should not argue, however, that capitalist America's position corresponds to fascist Germany's. Hitler acted against Czechoslovakia not in fear of Russia's gathering might but rather in ecstasy at her supposed weakness. At the moment, American policy is dictated by fear of China—something we must look at later on.

THE FALLING DOMINOES

This familiar argument says that loss of Viet Nam to Red China's expansionary appetite will lead immediately to the loss of Cambodia, Laos, Thailand—then Malaysia, the Philippines, Indonesia, and Australia. It is an argument that has a peculiarly pictorial force, the kind of surface clarity that suggests thought. Fired by its terrific straight-aheadness, its proponents then start ranging all over the map: What about Africa? What about Latin America? And the next step of the argument is that the battle for Viet Nam will show the world that the U.S. can or cannot wage winning wars against small-nation revolutions. There are numerous statements of this

view. As good as any is that of Senator Thomas Dodd, who reasoned as follows:

*"Whether we decide to abandon Southeast Asia or try to draw another line outside Viet Nam, the loss of Viet Nam will result in a dozen more Viet Nams in different parts of the world. If we cannot cope with this type of warfare in Viet Nam, the Chinese Communists will be encouraged in the belief that we cannot cope with it anywhere."*³⁷

This thinking exemplifies what we might style the Maginot Line sensibility. It looks at China as France looked at Germany in the late '30's. It proposes to halt China through the establishment of strong points, just as France proposed to halt Germany. And even if it is true that China wants to do what Hitler wanted to do, it still remains that this new Maginot Line will work no better against China than the old one did against Germany, and that it will fail for similar reasons. France did not consider the possibility that its eastern frontier salients could be outflanked by a thrust through Belgium. It found out when the showdown came that its big guns were all pointed the wrong way. The Maginot Line was not pierced, it was simply made irrelevant.

One might suppose that a simple review of present hot spots would reveal to Dodd that his Maginot Line has already been outflanked, and that it makes little long-range difference that the United States will or will not sustain its Viet Nam position. The latent storm in Laos has its own inner logic, its own political content; the same is true for Thailand. There is a remote possibility that a decisive American victory in Viet Nam would for a while inhibit Souvanouvong or the northern Thai rebels. But that victory is itself remote; and if it should come, then there is still at least as great a possibility that it would exacerbate revolutionary feelings and not inhibit them at all. In fact, the United States has sustained its Viet Nam position and has shown itself to be absolutely committed to holding it. This has not stopped the mounting of revolutionary force in Thailand. It has not dissuaded the resurgent Huk guerrillas in the Philippines. It has not held back the tide of increasingly militant anti-Americanism in Indonesia. It has not kept Pakistan's Ayub Khan from edging toward Peking and Moscow. It has not quietened Gbenye's rebels in the Congo. It has not stilled Cyprus or the Middle East. It has not derevolutionized Algeria or Cuba. Above all: It has not made India safer for the West. It has not reduced the frightful tensions of Latin America. It has not even slowed, and may indeed have hastened, the gradual breakup of our West European military and political authority.

Perhaps there was some hard-nosed logic in the Truman Doctrine and its Maginot Line perception of European power politics. But in Europe, we dealt with established, modernized, and fairly homogeneous states that had been our allies in the war, that accepted root and branch our views of the Soviet threat, and that were able to use the kind of economic assistance that we were able to give. Not one of these important conditions is repeated in the Pacific. Especially among the younger generation there, China's

ascendency is increasingly viewed not as a threat, but as the living evidence that Asians can make good their claims on Asia and that Asia can belong to the modern world. Communism for them is not a sinister menace to traditional property values, but rather the one best-proved approach to their special kinds of liberation, modernization and reform problems. One just cannot overcome the powerful argument of the Asian who looks at India, a nation that for all the Western aid it has received remains grounded in its backwardness, and then at China, a nation that has received next to no aid at all, that confronted social and economic problems at least as great as those of India, that has had to buck the unyielding hatred of the greatest power on the earth, and that has nevertheless made itself a formidable giant—in just 16 years. What fortifications can be erected against that argument? How can this reality be contained?

The closely related argument of those who play dominoes with nations is that the United States must win in Viet Nam just to prove to the Red world that it is able (in Dodd's words) to "cope with this type of warfare." This line—besides being laden with reactionary implications which we must look at later—is another demonstration that our Cold War statesmen would rather fight than think. Assume that Peking is behind the trouble in Viet Nam, that without her provocation and assistance this war—and all those others like it that "threaten" us around the corner—would simply never have taken place. The question is simple: Has our action refuted theirs? Have we convinced the Chinese through our stand in Viet Nam that they had better not provoke "a dozen more Viet Nams in different parts of the world?" Even if we somehow "win" this war, would that make the Chinese change their tactics?

Observe simply what their starting it and our stopping it mean in terms of national burdens. The most damning white paper evidence against China is that she shipped a few fairly small boatloads of military equipment into Viet Nam, costing perhaps some hundreds of thousands of dollars. The United States has spent upwards of three billion. China has employed no personnel in the fighting. The United States, with something in the vicinity of 500 casualties, has about 30,000 soldiers in the field—most of them officers and expensively-trained special-corps personnel. China's political position has if anything improved during the last five years. The U.S. has seen its European allies grow steadily more discontented with its leadership. One then must remember that Viet Nam-type wars can at any moment begin erupting all over the map. What happens when the United States finds itself called upon to rescue the status quo in a dozen tinder boxes all at once? Yet for all that we spend and risk, we still have not even achieved a stalemate in Viet Nam. Do Senator Dodd and his brother hawks expect us to call this "coping?" From any objective analysis, it would appear rather that if Peking is in fact the mastermind of the liberation war, then Peking has hit upon a stunningly effective means for weakening the United States.

Thus, we immediately discover two important objections to the falling-dominoes theory: first, that its implicit assertion (winning in Viet Nam

will put an end to liberation wars) is not provable by the facts of recent history; and second, that the costs of counter-revolutionary warfare are drastically greater than the costs of inciting revolution. In themselves, these objections would appear powerful enough to discredit present U.S. policy. And we have not yet questioned the fundamental presuppositions upon which that policy is based.

These presuppositions are twofold. First, all leftist revolution is Cold War-based (imported once from Moscow, now from Peking). Second, all leftist revolution must be forcibly suppressed.

It is perhaps hard to believe that these notions are really held in a land that created itself in a war of liberation. Nevertheless, the American power elite seems obstinately committed to view any leftist overthrow of any rightist government as an act that aims itself at American security and that would simply not take place were it not for the actions of our large enemies. We seemed wholly unable to understand that Batista, for example, was reason enough for revolt; we took the position, after some early confusion, that since it is only Communists who rebel, and since all Communists can think of nothing but destroying our happy land, it therefore followed that Castro was a Communist and that his revolution was specifically anti-American.

The same prejudices, of course, operate on our perception of unrest throughout the world. And it is not as if there is no legitimacy to this way of seeing things, for it is only all too clear that Americans (chiefly through the financial actions of private individuals) create themselves abroad in a hateful image. American businessmen have no justification except profit. It can never be material to them, as businessmen, that their profit is taken at someone else's expense. The fact—documented hundreds of times—is that we ourselves provide good and sufficient motive for militant anti-Americanism. But we seem unwilling to understand the very basic and elemental reasons why we should be hated, and every time we are confronted with a hostile challenge, we immediately view it as just another instance of Cold-War-based subversion, imported from the Red world.

The self-deception that this involves frustrates description. Notice that when the proponents of the falling-domino argument start producing their dominoes, they are perceptive enough at least to name those countries in which there is strong internal reason for rebellion: the states of Latin America, where oligarchic suppression of the many by the few is universal; the states of Africa, where the obstacles to modernization can only be overcome through socialistic or centrist economic techniques; the states of Southeast Asia, nearly every one of which has borne the long and heavy load of economic exploitation at the hands of the West. If the Cold Warriors would think, they would see that their theory of revolutionary origins requires them to name states in which there are strong Communist parties: if only Communists make revolution, then France ought to be next, not Thailand, or Italy, not Bolivia, for the essemblies of these NATO states are each more than 30 per cent Communist, while in Thailand and Bolivia

Communists seem to be few. Those who warn us about what will happen if we do not win in Viet Nam consistently point to those states where revolutionary motive is endemic—and then proceed to blame the Communists.

This paper is not the place for an extended review of mid-century revolution. But we have to challenge the above-named presuppositions, and perhaps the best way to do that is through a brief review of post-war experience in the Philippines.

Filipino resistance to the Japanese occupation forces came from two independent elements, one headed by American and Filipino officers who had escaped capture, the other headed by the Communist Luis Taruc. Taruc's guerrilla force, the Hukbalahap (short for People's Anti-Japanese Army) aimed as much at collaborationist Filipino landlords as at the Japanese, and though it cooperated with "patriotic" landlords, it seized the holdings of others and redistributed the land to the peasants. Owing partly to its attacks on rich collaborationists, partly to its independence through the occupation period, but chiefly to the Communism of its leaders, the Huk force was not recognized by the American liberation forces as a legitimate resistance group. Far from that, its leaders were jailed while the collaborationists were returned to power. The peasantry saw this for what it no doubt was, an act of vengeance by the influential landlords, and their resentment led them in great numbers to support the Huk cause. When Huk leaders were released in 1948, conditions were ripe for armed rebellion. The government in Manila was wholly dominated by the rich landlord class, and no serious attempt at meaningful land reform had been made. The military had become "arrogant, abusive, and venal," and corruption in government had reached "historic depths."³⁸

By mid-1950, the Huk forces were estimated at anywhere from 14,000 to 30,000 hard core regulars with a peasant following of 54,000 to two million. Half of Luzon was effectively under Huk control, and a very real threat to Manila had materialized.

In August 1950, President Quirino appointed to the office of secretary of defense a former Huk guerrilla, Ramon Magsaysay, who understood why the Huks were in the ascendancy. In rapid order, Magsaysay reformed the military and established the only effective agrarian reform program the Philippines have ever had. He presented the guerrillas with a policy of maximum force and maximum friendship, taking over in every respect that political program which had earned for the Huks the sympathies of the people. To any guerrilla who would surrender voluntarily, he gave a free farm of from 15 to 25 acres with tools and food to last until the first crop came in, using army troops to clear new settlement areas on the islands of Mindanao and Palawan. Those who would not surrender were promised unrelenting military pursuit. By 1952, Taruc was urging that his followers capitulate and return to the democratic pursuit of power. The hard-core Huks had been driven into the back country by 1954, a year after Magsaysay was elected president, and had lost virtually all their peasant following.

In 1957, there was no problem of revolution in the Philippines. Government was honest. Reform was real. New tenancy rules gave the sharecropper concrete opportunity to better his position. The landlords, paid well for the land Magsaysay's programs required, had begun to establish themselves as a new and important urban business class.

In 1957, Magsaysay was killed—perhaps murdered—in an airplane crash. Under his successor, President Garcia, the old Manila elite quickly recaptured power. The land-reform program was allowed to stagnate for want of funds. All the old ills began to reappear. Macapagal, elected president in 1963, identifies himself with the peasant and encourages idealistic legislation. But the large landowners, the sugar barons, and the Manila politicians are too much for him to cope with. Sharecroppers in central Luzon today must yield as much as half their income to landlords. Inflation saps the buying-power of the wage earners.

And the Huks have come back. They control more than 80 villages in Luzon. With a core group of at least 1500 well-armed guerrillas and a following of about 15,000—conservatively—they are roughly in the position today that the Viet Cong were in five years ago.

One would be embarrassed to say: What is the lesson of the Philippines? Simple, blunt, and powerful as it is, it seems totally to have eluded the Cold War strategists that Communism is no more than a seed. It requires ground to grow in and the right weather. When it lacks these, it does not grow. Why can our policy makers not see this huge fact? They prefer to think that revolutionary peasants have been seduced by the serpentine logic of the Marxist theoretician—the same peasants whom they otherwise view as too unsophisticated for democracy.

What people are fighting for in Southeast Asia is land, dignity, and national independence. They do not risk death for a theory of class dialectics or with the aim of handing over their winnings to another alien power. Those who fear the falling of dominoes should know that these dominoes are men, and that what we call falling, these men call soaring.

THE LOOMING SHADOW

But what about the Red Chinese? Are we just going to hand it all over to them? This is the final battle line that all hawks draw. Perhaps Viet Nam itself is not worth that much. Perhaps the Vietnamese really do want a Communist government after all, and maybe our policy is deeply cruel to them. Maybe it is true that the roots of revolution lie not in the Cold War but in the decay of colonialism. So what? We are in it to the death with China, that monster, and we cannot afford to be idealistic. China is coming like a freight train. Somehow, somewhere, she has to be stopped.

Whoever seeks to challenge this position and does not feel despair does not understand America. One feels: If only the case against China were just a bit stronger! Then at least there would be something to question, something to lay hands upon, a place to begin analysis, probe, scrutiny. But every accusation nearly dissolves upon touch. One has encountered at last the most menacing adversary of all, superstition.

The case against China is that China is revolutionary.
The case against Mao Tse-tung is that he is effective.
The case against Chinese Communism is that it works.

But of course the American people need different kinds of reasons for risking the atomic cremation of the world. As before we will try to take these reasons seriously. We will assume first that the reality upon which they base themselves is an objective reality and then try to find out if the policy thus defended is sensible. Then we will look at the perceptions themselves to see if they are correct.

THE CONTAINING OF TIME

Communist China is the long-range problem which the western world must eventually face.

—Ambassador Maxwell Taylor, 1964

Take it on faith for the moment that China is The Menace; that if left unresisted, she will spill her yellow hordes upon us all. According to the American Security Council:

A great experiment is underway (in Viet Nam)—the experiment to see whether we can successfully contain Communist China on the mainland of Asia. If we cannot, the consequences to our children are hideous to contemplate. The Chinese have the numbers, the drive, the ambition, and the eventual potential to rule the world. 40

If this is the case, if it is the logic of the social and economic forces that have developed in China that she is destined to become a dominant world power, then in the name of all our children one must ask: Why are we so bent on antagonizing the brute? Why do we let year after year go by without trying to civilize China? Why do we create crisis after crisis, tension after tension, as if our single purpose was to prove again Mao's dictum that the "Americans will never change"? China has people, raw resources, and an increasingly effective technology. She represents great actual and potential power. Since that power will realize itself, it is stupid to remain mesmerized by its meaning: Chinese power exists and will grow. There is no question to ask about that fact. Short of atomic murder, there is no way to change it. There is just one set of questions that a wise man would ask if he found himself trapped in the world with an awakening giant: Will the giant be moral? Will it be friendly or hostile? Will it hate me or can we get along together? What might I do to ensure that our relations will be civil and humane?

One hopes it need not be argued that a world in which China and the United States are friends is better than a world in which they are enemies. Whoever disputes that is already beyond the pale, an outright madman. But is it not true that the whole thrust of the containment doctrine is exactly to guarantee hatred? If China were a constant quantity, containment might make some power-structure sense. But it is in fact presented as the rationale of containment that her power is not constant, but rather constantly increasing. Consequently, the containment doctrine includes within itself the inevitability of a showdown. For as the out-thrusting force must grow

greater with time, the countervailing force must also grow greater until the struggle at last precipitates itself into a conflict of total force. Read American Asian policy this way: we tried to shore up a dam against the Chinese tide by securing positions in Pakistan, India, Burma, Thailand, Indochina, the Philippines, Formosa, Korea, and Japan. For various reasons, many of these positions or the possibilities of developing them have grown increasingly insecure. Wrongly, we perceived this development as evidence of increasing Chinese pressure. To make the case still starker, we threw in the whole caboodle of "our" African and Latin American problems and attributed those to China. The conclusion is that our containment force has become inadequate, and that it must be augmented now by more violent military action and more clearly stated military threats. What provides the persuading energy for these threats, of course, is the next layer of action, nuclear attack.

Suppose now that containment had worked in its political mode; that is, that the West had been able to ring China with a series of stable border states whose basic orientation was to the West. Would containment then have validated itself? Only if we assume that China's power could be held constant, an assumption that is in fact specifically denied by the proponents of containment. If Chinese power grows, then by the very logic of political structures, the weight of that power must be borne with increasing difficulty by states attempting to sustain a hostile position on her frontiers. With her built-in ability to achieve massive superiority over any one or all of the frontier states, China would sooner or later be able to view their hostility not merely as unacceptable but also as changeable. Containment could then fail in a number of ways, chiefly either by provoking China into war or by giving way first to the neutralization and then perhaps to the realignment of the containing perimeter. The latter case corresponds to the breakdown of the political mode of containment discussed above and carries with it identical consequences.

To put the point simplistically: given a dynamic world model in which the contained state grows progressively stronger, the containment doctrine stipulates an ultimate either-or choice between escalation and accommodation.

But what about Europe? Did containment not work there? Obviously it did not. In one crisis after another, its implicit assumptions and commitments were fatigued until they more or less totally lost all their power. Containment did not succeed in Europe; it exposed its implications and was supplanted by the co-existence doctrine.

The question that we now confront is where is the Britain or the France of Asia? What power there can co-opt containment and change it into co-existence? It is just because such an influence is so absent in Asia that the Viet Nam crisis is so perilous. The containers are alone there with their instruments.

THE RHETORIC OF CYNICISM

We have briefly examined the containment doctrine on terms of its own perceptions, not questioning these, but merely asking if containment

makes sense in any case. We have found that it is at best a transient position that is fated either to expire or to explode, to become co-existence or warfare. The next step is to look at the perceptions on which the doctrine is founded, trying to determine the objective grounds for America's Sino-phobia.

But there is an intermediary or tangential anti-China position to consider first, what I have called the rhetoric of cynicism but might as rightly have named the argument from language.

There is a widespread prior disposition to view any Communist action as inherently subversive and malicious, and this seems to color academic discussion at least as much as it does the platform oratory of politicians. Skepticism is good—but only if it looks in all directions. When it turns on for one position and off for all others, it has lost its intellectual privilege and becomes mere cynicism.

Samples of this way of out-thinking the obvious abound in the expert literature. Here are just a few.

Benjamin I. Schwartz of Harvard, writing of Mao's strategic need for a mass base: *"These peasant masses are to be won by a program of land reform designed to satisfy the basic grievances of the bulk of the peasantry within the areas under Communist control."*³⁹

W. W. Rostow, an academic with State Department influence, giving Mao's reasons for advocating a united front with Chiang against Japan:

1. *It remained, on strictly Russian grounds, the persistent interest of China that Japanese aggression be opposed.*

2. *It was the interest of the Chinese Communists that Chiang Kai-shek commit his military resources against the Japanese rather than devote them to destruction of the Communists.*

3. *It was a Chinese Communist interest to present themselves to the Chinese people, and especially to the intelligentsia, as the most energetic defenders of the Chinese nation against a foreign aggressor.*

4. *As in the earlier days of Communist-KMT collaboration, an alliance against Japan would offer the Chinese Communists respectable reasons and increased channels for carrying on nationwide propaganda.*

5. *Operations against Japan would afford the possibilities of extending the area over which the Communist armies, and, therefore, the Communist civil administration, could extend their control.* 40

Robert Trumbull of the New York Times' Far East staff, writing of Huk political tactics:

The Huks woo the peasants with the standard Asian Communist promise that landlordism will be abolished and every man given free title to the land he tills. Their appeal is strengthened by the fact that they have kept their word in areas under their control. 41

The somewhat elusive but unmistakable tone of such "analysis" carries one plain meaning, that it is simply not possible for a Communist to do anything right or humane or for undeviating reasons. Schwartz and Trumbull

obviously have the idea that the Communists—Chinese or Filipino—effect land reform and keep their promises (cunning trick!) just in order to consolidate their power. Why is the contrary at least not equally possible? That they seek power to effect reform? That they seek reform because reform is needed?

Rostow's calm dismemberment of Communist China's motives for coalition warfare against Japan is all the more sinister because it smacks of such profundity. Why is it so unthinkable that Mao preferred to fight Japanese instead of Chinese just because he had some feelings for his country? Why does Rostow—this expert—leave out the famous fact that Chiang's army was close to open rebellion against him in 1936 because he would not fight the Japanese, because he in fact wanted to collaborate with the fascist Japanese against his leftist countrymen?

Except for a few like Ruth McVey, Bernard Fall, Ellen Hammer, and Edgar Snow, there are nearly no experts who do not cooperate in institutionalizing the already severe American prejudice against China. They are guilty of the supreme intellectual crime. They use their powers of analysis, their language skills, their special competencies not to promote understanding but to narrow its possibility. One is horrified to think that all the questions have been closed, that the dialog has become mere pretense, that nothing remains but consent and consequences.

RED CHINA'S EXPANSIONISM: ANOTHER SHADOW?

On October 1, 1949, the People's Republic of China was established with its capitol at Peking. In December, Chiang withdrew to Formosa. Six months later, the Korean war broke out. By November, MacArthur had led his forces deep into North Korea and had provoked Chinese intervention. (Provoked? Neither our own policy nor that of the UN required his dash to the Manchurian border, said an important analyst, "and this MacArthur knew . . . The decision was his; it was provocation." The analyst? A bitter-sweet: McGeorge Bundy.) 42 At the end of January 1951, having been threatened by the U.S. with dissolution should it not do so, the UN grudgingly passed a resolution branding China as an aggressor, a judgment that has since provided the chief legal basis for her exclusion from the UN.

From that time on, there has been virtually no dissent from the quasi-official American position that we and the Chinese are "unalterably opposed." As painful as it may be for those who prefer certitudes to realities, we have to re-open the question of Chinese diabolism. We have to ask for the living proof that China wants to devour us.

Do her leaders' words prove it? It is possible to compile ominous quotations from their writings—or to draw ominous inferences from statements that in themselves are quite innocuous (e.g., "The east wind is prevailing over the west wind," which is little more than good Fourth-of-July rhetoric). But for every hostile word China has directed against us, one can find among the writings of our leaders a still more hostile word directed against her. It is better to abandon the word-war and concentrate on the facts.

If one is to have a criminal, one must produce a motive for crime. China's motive is only all too clear to her arm-chair Western judges. Too many people, not enough land. Her hunger aims her at us, our pleasant suburbs. We must therefore fight.

Really? But this is odd. What happened to the Cold War? What happened to militant, world-ravenous Communism? Her criminal motive seems stunningly undoctinaire. Indeed, such a motive would have to energize any Chinese government that had the most rudimentary concern for its people. Too many people, not enough land: an honest problem maybe? If the KMT, with its billions of dollars in U.S. aid, had defeated Mao's forces in 1949, would that have changed the ratio of land to people? Would Chiang have opted for the ancient answer and allowed plague and famine to "solve" the overpopulation problem? Should we fun-loving Americans then have praised his muscular hard-headedness? His capitalist know-how? Or maybe we'd have dropped hints about Mongolia? Siberia?

Possible. But perhaps we'd have suggested different measures, ones more humane. A program of flood control and irrigation on a massive scale to make more land farmable and farmable land more productive. Concentration on the production of fertilizers and farm machinery. Development of industry to make provinces as self-supporting as possible. Development of roads and railways to facilitate the transport of industry's goods to the country and the country's goods to the cities. All-out effort to sanitize the ancient slums, to provide at least minimal housing and clothing for all the people. All-out building of schools, all-out training of teachers to increase the nation's intellectual resources. Birth control even, and the tightening of belts.

There is a possibility, that is, that we, in Mao's place, might do just as he has done. One must stretch out one's imagination to grasp the enormity of the problems that the Chinese Communists faced in their cradle. In the year 1965, China may be said to be 16 years old. What has she come from? Three thousand years of dynastic conservatism whose suffocating weight is scarcely comprehensible in the West. More than two hundred years of non-stop rape at the hands of Western economic powers. One hundred years of erratic and floundering but still courageous attempts at self-assertion and national freedom. The obscene Opium Wars of the 1830's. The T'ai Ping Rebellion of the 1850's. The Boxer Rebellion at the turn of the century. The collapse of the Manchu dynasty before the popularist Sun Yat-sen movement. The splintering of the Sun movement into nationalist-capitalist and reformist-socialist camps. A 25-year-long civil war, the overlay upon that of the Japanese invasion and World War II. Irresistible collapse of the civil war issues into the issues of the Cold War. Born to confront the active hatred of the mightiest nation on earth—hatred which no reading of history can accuse her of having earned—Red China confronts us as a huge and precocious infant state, one that against barely imaginable odds has made of herself in a mere 16 years a global power.

And when we leap to attack her leaders for the crimes of one-partyism,

the brutal annihilation of dissent, might we not pause a moment to recall our own McCarthyism? Our own happy support of bloody tyrants from Franco and Salazar and Batista to Ngo Dinh Diem? Those U.S. officials who even faced the question of Diem's tyrannical purges, for example, found them defensible on the grounds that his nation was young and in a stage of turbulent change. Why does no American official ever consider that such a reasoning would apply in double force to Red China? And might we not look a little more closely at the moral form of Chinese dictatorship? Might we note that it operates not in the name of elitism but social construction? Not to concentrate wealth but to create and distribute it? And might we ponder the notorious incorruptibility of the Chinese bureaucracy?

Is it possible that the U.S. has been a little self-righteous with China? Is it possible that a little tolerance, a little patience—virtues, incidentally, that go well with strength—might have done a thousand times more to reduce her militant defensiveness than all our billion-dollar hostilities have done? Is it a possibility worth considering?

Consider the people-land equation in its specific bearing on Southeast Asia. First, Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand are among the more densely populated countries of the earth. If China is looking for land, she would be a fool to seek it there. Second, Yunnan province, which sits above Viet Nam and Laos, would be the strategic pressure point for Chinese spill-over if spill-over were really taking place. The fact is that the mountainous Yunnan province is among the more underpopulated portions of China. It has an area approximately equal to that of both Poland and East Germany but a population, at 21 million, less than a quarter of those two states.

This does not mean there is no space problem in China. But the migratory pattern is not toward the south but toward the north, where there is empty land under reclamation. If any states have reason to fear the spill-over effect, they are Mongolia and the Soviet Union, not those of Southeast Asia.

Grant that there are too many people, not enough land. Understand that this is a natural demographic problem which many nations face and which will one day confront the entire world. Ask whether or not China's leaders have taken a rational view of that problem and if they are doing what can be done within their borders to achieve a solution. Compare what China has done with what India has done, for example. Which approach seems more sensible?

The next question is a hard one for Cold War Americans but it is imperative. If China's population problem lies at the root of her agricultural and industrial problems, and if these play into the Cold War hostility structures and create dangers to our own country, then what score for shrewdness (never mind morality) shall we give these carpenters of containment who cooperated with tyrant after tyrant—Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman

Rhee, Ngo Dinh Diem—to make immutable the parlous hatred that now divides East from West? Were they very smart? Were they wise? Were they really protecting our interests? Between them, the United States and Canada have about one billion acres of unused grassland. As Snow points out 43, we might have used that grassland to help feed not just China, but the whole Third World. In one mammoth gesture, we might have secured ourselves once and for all from any threat that China could ever pose—simply by making ourselves indispensable to China.

But of course that is unrealistic. We much prefer the realism of armed conflict. To help China would involve incalculable risks. We much prefer the quite calculable risks of atomic warfare. No. It is the generals, the admirals, the secretaries, the businessmen, who are soft-headed. Theirs is the sentimentality of power, the swaggering romanticism of atomic brainlessness. They offer us one drastic failure of the imagination after the other. They are the ones who cannot even see the present, much less the future, and who are heaving themselves into oblivion, dragging the rest of us along. For them, thought is what comes from a computer. Passion is what comes from the belly of a bomber. Life is the chance to produce death. Security is a hostile quarantine.

We have looked at China's motive. What is China's crime?

Korea? No American seriously accuses China of starting that war. The evidence is massive that it took her by surprise.

Her intervention in Korea? But McGeorge Bundy himself said that MacArthur provoked that intervention by his needless charge to the Manchurian border.

Tibet? The KMT Chinese, the British, and the Americans discussed Tibet's position during World War II. Britain suggested in an aide-memoire to the U.S. (1943) that Chinese suzerainty should be formally conceded, but that the Lhasa government be guaranteed "the full enjoyment of local autonomy." The United States responded as follows: "The Government of the United States has borne in mind the fact that the Chinese Government has long claimed suzerainty over Tibet and that the Chinese constitution lists Tibet among areas constituting the territory of the Republic of China. This Government has at no time raised a question regarding either of those claims."

India? Like Tibet, a frontier dispute that is based on long-standing border uncertainty and that owes nothing to Cold War, Communist-capitalist struggles, and in any case an incident that rates extremely low on the list of post-war crises.

Formosa? Quemoy and Matsu? But ownership of these is obviously a civil war issue between Mao and Chiang which would have long since been settled had it not been for Dulles' insistence on making them containment bases of the Cold War.

Viet Nam? As we have seen, China has evidently sent small shipments of arms to the NLF. But not even the Administration suggests that China is the "aggressor" in this struggle, or even its "mastermind."

Thailand? It of course remains to be seen what both the United States and China will do as the northern situation grows more acute. China has so far done nothing more than verbalize what everyone already knows, that anti-Bangkok pressures are building.

What about the threatening revolutionary struggles in Africa or Latin America? The most that can be argued against China is that she supports leftist movements with advisory personnel, perhaps some financial aid, and propaganda. This at once calls attention to the fact that we support anti-leftist, anti-liberation elements. These facts open up the question of legitimacy: between left and right in these countries, which position is more justifiable on purely humanistic grounds? It is not at all obvious that China has the worst of it on that question.

Where is the case against China? What is the substance of this looming shadow that we have allowed to frighten us out of our wits? It appears we have a Cold War criminal who has no clear Cold War motive and who has committed no clear Cold War crime.

Can it be that the United States requires an enemy?

THE DESPAIRS OF TWO LOGICS

One must risk playfulness in order to be properly horrified: If enough \$1000 bills were stacked up to make a million dollars, the stack would be about eight inches high. If enough were stacked up to equal the amount the U.S. has spent for defense in the past 20 years, the stack would reach 100 miles up. Placed end to end, that many \$1000 bills would girdle the earth almost three times.

Question for Economists: Is the U.S. addicted to defense spending? If she must spend for defense to solve her overproduction problem, must she not therefore continue to defend herself? If she must defend herself, must she not therefore continue to be threatened? Must she not have enemies?

Question for Statesmen: Is U.S. foreign policy a continuation of domestic policy by other means?

Questions for University Presidents: Is a steadily greater portion of your annual budget supplied by the Defense Department? Do you find that your best-supported graduate programs are in mathematics, engineering, the physical sciences? Do you find this curious? Correct? Heartening?

Questions for Defenders: When will you have enough Polaris submarines? When will you not need still faster bombers, still more "sophisticated" ICBM's? With enough nuclear bombs to kill us all 125 times apiece, when will you at last have enough?

Questions for Poets: These two American oceans—is there something deeply sad about living on an East-West axis, an East-West force vector, and finding nothing at either end but fish? Is America a lonely nation?

And a Question for Socrates: Can the Cold War be that simple? An economic deadfall in the heart of American plenty? Of course not. There is

for one thing the economic deadfall in the heart of Soviet hunger. For another thing, economic analysis cannot explain by itself why economic factors should be as they are. It cannot touch so huge a phenomenon as the East-West conflict. It cannot explain the intervention of the Western Democracies in the Russian Civil War in behalf of the monarchists. It cannot explain the subsequent ostracism of Red Russia from the political affairs of Europe. It cannot explain the West's diverting of Germany toward Russia via Chamberlain's appeasement policy. It cannot explain the West's refusal to join with Moscow in collective-security arrangements against Berlin or the delay of the second front of Britain's destruction in 1944 of the Greek left resistance government. It cannot explain Stalin's purges, the casting out of Trotsky, Stalin's demand for 300 per cent security, his seizure of the Balkans, his complicity in the dismemberment of Poland. Least of all can it explain the towering political fact of the first 20 years of the Cold War, the communization of Eastern Europe. And there is no plain economic reason for the American preference of Chiang Kai-shek over Mao Tse-tung.

Looking hard at the Cold War, we grow impatient with explanations. We feel instead the simpler need for another way to see it. The following is an attempt to provide a new perceptual framework.

American foreign policy may be seen as the fluctuant result of a tension between two logics that compete for the favor of those who make decisions. Each logic is undermined less by the other, however, than by a despair which it includes within itself.

The war logic is simple. There is a solutionless conflict between the values of American capitalism and Chinese Communism. The conflict is elaborate and various, but at bottom it is produced by opposite ideas about property ownership. Since there is no compromise between the two views, the U.S. and China are fated for open conflict. China has proved herself unreasonable and unrelenting. Her influence is extending. She threatens the freedoms of all the people of the Pacific. If she can dominate them, she can proceed to dominate Africa, where in fact she is already hard at work. The implications of a self-modernizing Third World aroused behind the leadership of an angry China are horrendous.

Thus, China must sometime be stopped. Now she is weak. Her air force is primitive. Her navy hardly exists. She does not yet have an operational atomic warhead. She has no strategic-delivery system. But her weakness is perceptibly changing to strength. When she approaches technological equilibrium with the West, her superiority in manpower will take on new meanings. She will have achieved the ability to punish the West. There is one conclusion. If the inevitable war cannot be safely fought tomorrow, it must be fought today.

This is a gorgeous reasoning, sonorous in its grasp of the destinies of nations. Yet curled in its heart like a sleeping spider lies that old Western nightmare, the awful thought of land war on the Asian mainland. This is

the despair of the war logic.

The peace logic is also simple. As recently as 10 years ago, warhawks were still saying about the U.S. and Russia what they now say about the U.S. and China. But the "inevitable" war did not happen. Trade is building. Fear is lessening. Co-existence is possible. If we can only hold off catastrophe until China passes from have-not to have-got status, then there is no reason why our relations with her cannot improve.

The despair of this logic? There has always been war. Where is the proof that men have changed?

These logics, their despairs, and their variants persistently haunt the decision rooms. They are always subject to enflammation at points of crisis and de-crisis. Their adherents are always present in the councils, sometimes weak and sometimes strong. But as yet, no logic has achieved absolute ascendancy, and neither has completely managed to overcome its own despair.

The notion is to perceive American foreign policy in the large as a struggle between two power segments, neither of which is entirely convinced that it actually desires to win undisputed sway over the other. When it is noted further that American power is not monolithic, that it is not an indivisible quantity, then we begin to see that the massive contradictions of American Cold War policy are not strange but rather the necessary results of the American condition. When Johnson stands up for peace at the very moment when his actions have most imperiled peace, we no longer have to question his sincerity. Taken as the human vortex of American ambivalence, Johnson believes both in peace and its improbability, in war and its horror. It is possible for him to see the napalm and phosphor fires in Vietnamese villages as a gift of love. It may in fact be impossible for him to view matters otherwise.

Is this perhaps the real meaning of "consensus" government? That the U.S. is doomed to hedge its bets endlessly, first on one side, then the other, until there is some lucky or unlucky conjunction with an equivalent ambiguity on the other side? To govern by "consensus" is merely to embody in one's acts the ethical pluralism of the country: it is to juggle contraries in a stormy wind.

This is a fairly gloomy picture. Things could be worse; they may become so. The atomic bomb may appear to heal the warhawks' fears of Asian land war. In early 1964, Stewart Alsop reported a conversation with a "policy maker" whom he left unnamed. "If the Chinese intervened" in Viet Nam, said this policy maker, "we would at least have a heaven-sent opportunity to hit certain targets in China."⁴⁴ These being the atomic plants in Sinkiang. The guarded implication is that we need not totally destroy China, but that we could destroy merely her atomic threat and thus neutralize her numerical superiority—an idea so absurd as to cut short all reasoning, but one nevertheless that may prove a tempting release from the hawkish dilemma: a way to have peace and make war, too.

But even if this line fails to establish itself, we still face the slower tortures of government not by principle but by mood.

This has been called The American Century. It has also been called The Age of Permanent Revolution. In the thrust of these two prophecies, in the political realities that each of them emphasizes, one confronts the momentous global turbulence that situates our lives. There can be no question about America's power. There can also be no question that this is the century in which Third World peoples are discovering that they exist.

What can move American power? What can resist revolution?

We look into the heart of the Viet Nam war and begin to discern the tormented heart of America. The final issues of the Cold War are starkly visible there. That war affords us again every opportunity to deceive ourselves about our motives and the motives of others. But just because this opportunity is so rich with peril, we may also have come upon a real chance to understand and cooperate with history. Who knows what will happen? War with China within two months? Two years? From that base, war with Russia? The end of everything? Or will the Viet Nam revolutionary crisis subside again through grudging, patch-work diplomacy as it did in 1954?

Or can the United States get off the side of the old order and on the side of the new? With its immense power to create change towards a plentiful world—can the United States take command of the revolution of rising expectations? If it cannot, the world is in for continuous violence and misery. If it can, the imperative revolution can be both peaceful and real. Only our nation can guarantee that it will be both.

NOTES

1. *Wall Street Journal*, lead editorial, Feb. 23, 1965.

2. The section on Viet Nam's history is based on several sources, chiefly: Bernard Fall, *The Two Viet Nams*, 1963; Edgar Snow, *The Other Side of the River*, 1962, ch. 85; Cyril E. Black and Thomas P. Thornton, ed., *Communism and Revolution*, 1964, esp. ch. 7, George Modelski, "The Viet Minh Complex"; D. F. Fleming, *The Cold War and Its Origins*, 1961, ch. 22; and Ellen Hammer, *The Struggle for Indochina*, 1952.

3. Snow, op. cit., pp. 685-686.

4. Ellen Hammer, op. cit., p. 672.

5. Fleming, op. cit., p. 673.

6. Geneva declarations of July 20 and 21, 1954. See *NYT*, July 22, 1954, for text.

7. Jean Lacouture, "Who Are the Viet Cong?". *The New Republic*, March 6, 1954.

8. *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, March 8, 1965.

9. Even a casual perusal of the *NYT* news pages for the period from, say, September 1963 through March '64 makes it clear that the air strikes on North Viet Nam had been planned long before they occurred. This is not to say, however, that the decision to implement the planning was that old.

10. *NR*, March 13, 1965.

11. Robert Guillaín of *Le Monde*, quoted in Fleming, op. cit., p. 671.

12. J. Alsop quoted in Fleming, op. cit., p. 674.
13. Robert Scheer, "Hang Down Your Head Tom Dooley," *Ramparts*, Jan.-Feb., 1965, p. 28.
14. Dean Rusk, "The Stake in Viet Nam," address to the Economic Club of New York, April 22, 1963.
15. Stone, loc. cit.
16. Lacouture, loc. cit.
17. Fall, "Meet the Press" interview of Jan. 31, 1965, in *Congressional Record—House*, Feb. 3, 1965, p. 3857.
18. Phillipe Devillers, *North Viet Nam Today*, 1964, p. 345.
19. Quoted in Stone, Oct. 28, 1963.
20. *Life*, Nov. 27, 1964, p. 46B. 21. Modelski, loc. cit., p. 185.
22. David Halberstam, "Getting the News in Viet Nam," *Commentary*, Jan. 1965.
23. *NYT*, Oct. 3, 1964.
24. Halberstam, "The Ugliest American in Viet Nam," *Esquire*, Nov. 1964.
25. Halberstam, "Portrait of Two Soldiers," *NYT Magazine*, Jan. 5, 1965.
26. Ibid. 27. Lacouture, loc. cit. 28. Ibid. 29. *Time*, March 5, 1965.
30. *NR*, "The White Paper," March 13, 1965. 31. Ibid.
32. Stone, March 8, 1965. 33. *NYT* editorial, Feb. 28, 1965.
34. Stone, March 8, 1965. 35. *NR*, March 13, 1965.
36. *Time*, March 5, 1965. 37. Ibid.
38. The quoted words are from Robert Trumbull's *NYT Mag* article of March 14, 1965, "The Huks Bring Terror to the Philippines," a good summary of past and present conditions. Ruth McVey in Black and Thornton, op. cit., provides good background data.
39. Benjamin I. Schwartz, *Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao*, 1951, p. 189.
40. W. W. Rostow, *The Prospects for Communist China*, 1954, pp. 27-28.
41. Trumbull, loc. cit.
42. Quoted in Fleming, p. 622.
43. Snow, p. 497.
44. Stewart Alsop, *Look*, Feb. 22, 1964.

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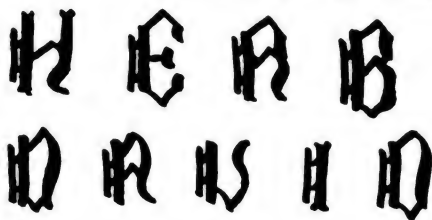
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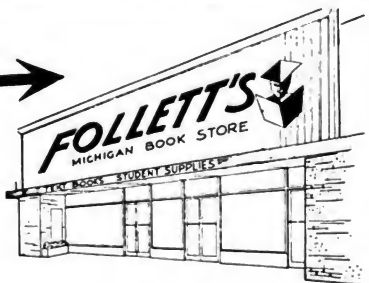
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OCTOBER

- 8—University Chamber Orchestra, Josef Blatt, Ralph Herbert, Hill, 8:30
- 10,11—Festival of Electronic Music, Rackham, 10/8:30, 11/4:15, 8:30
- 11—Wm. F. Lynch, S.J., Office of Religious Affairs Lecture, UGLI, 7:30
- 12—Baroque Trio, Rackham, 8:30
- 13—Chamber Music, Stanley Quartet, Rackham, 8:30
- 14—University Symphony Orchestra, Josef Blatt, Wallace Berry, Hill, 8:30
- 20-22—Hans Hoffman, Th.D., ORA, UGLI, 20/4:15, 21/4:15, 7:30, 22/4:15
- 26—University Woodwind Quintet, SM Recital Hall, 8:30
- 28—University Symphony Band, Wm. D. Revelli, Hill, 8:30
- 30—University Men's Glee Club, Philip A. Duey, Hill, 7:30

NOVEMBER

- 1—Wm. Stringfellow, LL.B., ORA, UGLI, 4:15
- 2, 3—C, Eric Lincoln, ORA, UGLI, 2/4:15, 3/7:30
- 4—University Choir, Maynard Klein, Hill, 8:30
- 10—John Howard Griffin, ORA, UGLI, 7:30
- 11—Nathan Scott, ORA, UGLI, 4:15, 7:30
- 17—Chamber Music, Stanley Quartet, Eugene Bossart, Rackham, 8:30
- 17—"Henry VI, Part I," University Players, Trueblood
- 18—"Henry VI, Part I"
- 19—"Henry VI, Part II"
- 19—Bandorama, Wm. D. Revelli, Hill, 8:30
- 20—"Henry VI, Part II"
- 22—"Henry VI, Part III"
- 23—"Henry VI, Part III"
- 29—"Henry VI, Part I"
- 30—"Henry VI, Part II"

DECEMBER

- 2—Collegium Musicum, Robert Austin Warner, Rackham, 8:30
- 2—"Henry VI, Part I"
- 3—"Henry VI, Part II"
- 4—"Henry VI, Parts I, II, III"
- 5—"Henry VI, Part III"
- 7—University Choir and Orchestra, Maynard Klein, Hill, 8:30
- 8—Chamber Music, Stanley Quartet, Rackham, 8:30

Listings for November Issue are welcomed. They can be made by contacting GENERATION before October 15.

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Michel Block, Pianist; Paul Paray, Conductor	
NATIONAL BALLET , from Washington, D.C.	(2:30) Sun., Mar. 27

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MOSCOW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA	Tues., Nov. 16
Igor Oistrakh, Violinist; Evgeni Svetlanov, Conductor	
"PAGLIACCI" (Leoncavallo) and "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANNA" (Mascagni) New York City Opera	(2:30) Sun., Nov. 21
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CHICAGO LITTLE SYMPHONY	Thurs., Mar. 31
Thor Johnson, Conductor	

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WINTER

1965

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On the day of copy deadline for this issue, our office, where we had begun to feel rather neglected, was suddenly swamped with people bearing manuscripts. Except for four days of the year (copy deadlines), we barely know that writers exist. Similarly, except for the eight days of sales during the year, we have doubts about the existence of our "hard-core" audience of 1800.

We remind our readers and potential contributors that our office is open most evenings (material will be gleefully accepted at any time), that the office hours of the senior staff are posted (we even try to be in the office at these times), and that most of us have phones (and phone numbers, too). And although it is physically impossible to return manuscripts with written criticism, we will be happy (nay, overjoyed) to discuss manuscripts (and the state of the world) if you come to us.

We cite an incident that occurred a few weeks ago at an editorial meeting: Editor one turned to editor two, picked up a story and said, "Well, this was fairly well-written, but awfully clichéd. The author doesn't have very much of anything to say. What do you think?"

Editor two, after a brief pause, said diffidently, "Oh, I don't know."

Editor one, somewhat impatiently reiterated, "Well, did you think it was good or bad?"

After a long pause, editor two said, "Well, I really can't say. I wrote it."

This vignette demonstrates, better than any abstract statement, our new editorial policy of no discrimination. All work is submitted under a pseudonym (or a long, long number).

To our "1800" we again perversely try to prove our existence (we **do** think, and we are, we are) the existence of our office in the little stone building incorrectly called the **Daily** building, and the existence of those few places on campus where one can both read and talk and buy books, like the **Centicore** bookshop (now located in University Towers).

Barbara A.K. Adams
David L. Birch

CONTRIBUTORS. . .

H. R. WOLF received his B.A. from Amherst College and his M.A. from Columbia and is working on his Ph.D. at the University. He has published an article of criticism in the *Psychoanalytic Review* and a story in *The Negro Digest*.

JAMES TORRENS, S.J. has been a member of the English doctoral program at the University since 1963. He received his masters in 1964 and has studied theology in California and Belgium, where he was ordained. In 1965 he received a Major Hopwood Award for his poetry.

MARC SIMMONS, sophomore and pianist, is a potential English major.

BARRY SILVERBLATT, a senior in philosophy, has been playing guitar in a jazz band for seven years.

MARTHA MACNEIL ZWEIG has won Hopwood Awards for her fiction and her poetry (Special Award in Fiction 1964 and Minor Award in Poetry 1965). She is an English graduate student at the University and "is afraid of becoming a scholar." One of her stories was published in *Harpurs*, February 1965.

BARENT GJELSNESS studied at Kenyon College under John Crowe Ransom and Peter Taylor, and took his B.A. and M.A. at the University of Michigan where he studied under Radcliffe Squires. He has taught at North Dakota State University and the University of Southern California. In 1964 he was awarded a Huntington Hartford Foundation Fellowship for a novel, which he has decided not to publish. He hopes to publish a book of poems. As he says, "I think by the time I'm forty or so I'll be able to say where I am and which of my poems stay."

ROBERT SHEFF, local composer, is a member of Ann Arbor's rhythm and blues group, "The Prime Movers."

MARK SLOBIN is a graduate student in ethnomusicology.

COMING IN NEXT ISSUE. . .

THE NOW THAT DOES NOT PASS AWAY
*An Interview with Brother David Steindl-Rast,
Monk of Mt. Saviour, by Megan Biesele*

generation

The University of Michigan Inter-Arts Magazine

VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 2

*Why should we honor those who die on the field
of battle? A man may show as reckless a courage in
entering into the abyss of himself.*

—William Butler Yeats

FICTION

NORMIE THE PRIVATE	H. R. WOLF	6
W. 4th ST. TO WASHINGTON SQUARE	BARRY SILVERBLATT	28

NON-FICTION

DANTE IN THE GUTS OF THE LIVING ..	JAMES TORRENS, S.J.	47
MUSIC BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES (II) ..	ROBERT SHEFF, MARK SLOBIN ..	55

PHOTOGRAPHY

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS	ROBERT SHEFFIELD	23
PHOTOGRAPHS	TED GROSSBART	37

POETRY

DIPTYCH	JAMES TORRENS, S.J.	17
FRAGMENT FROM "THE SEASONS"	JAMES TORRENS, S.J.	21
THREE FRIENDS	MARC SIMMONS	22
DEMONSTRATION	MARTHA MACNEAL ZWEIG ..	34
TWO MICE, DEAD	MARTHA MACNEAL ZWEIG ..	35
A CHILD IN WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI, WHO LEARNED TO BLOW A GRASS WHISTLE	MARTHA MACNEAL ZWEIG ..	36
ELEMENTS	BARENT GJELNESS	46
COVER	PETER MCDONOUGH	

—ASIAN SISTINE: "If God is to be born,
He should give Himself to us as bread."

—Gandhiji

Normie the Private

Normie zipped up his field jacket and stamped his feet on the gravel. The enlisted men around him in the compound were blowing into their hands, smacking each other around, anything to keep warm.

No one in the Heights, not even Leo the deli-man who waited on the street every morning at five o'clock for fresh bagels, would believe it could be this cold in July. He was sure that just a few hours earlier his father had been sitting in front of an open refrigerator with a bag of ice cubes on his head listening to the Yankee game. And down the street, Mrs. Stein had probably been sitting on a beach chair hitting her husband with a fancy fan, as she called it, long for the Catskills in this heat and driving the poor man upstairs into the TV room where he had to deal with her father who loved Westerns but couldn't figure out why anyone would ride a horse when there were so many bright cars to buy.

But here *he* was, Norman B. Cohen, Private E-2, freezing his ass off waiting for breakfast, what was left of it, after all the running they had to do, in the dark, no less. It didn't make any sense. If it was dark when the fighting started, and he prayed God that it would be, he would stay

right where he was. There was not getting around it. If you ran and didn't get shot, you might fall and break your neck. And if you didn't know where you were running, you might run into the enemy and then they would torture you. He didn't have anything to tell, of course, unless they wanted to know how to get to Fort Dix, but they'd torture him anyway. They always did in the movies. And he was no John Wayne. He couldn't take torture the way John Wayne could. If he came up to John Wayne's holster he was lucky, and, besides, he didn't have a beautiful nurse waiting to put salve on his wounds. It was better to stay where you were, under a bush, in the john. You still could get shot, you could get shot anywhere in the army, even on the rifle range, but at least you wouldn't be tired out running when you got shot. You could die with composure. Of course there was no war, just this basic training, but there could be a war. And what was so basic about basic training? What good would a bayonet do you if someone sprayed the air with bacteria? The CBR Officer said to boil your clothes and hang them on a tree. They would be disinfected by the sun and rain. The officer was what his father called a *bright boy*. Suppose they dropped an A-bomb and there was no sun or rain? No world? There was one thing basic about basic training. It made you strong enough to carry your barracks bag to your first post.

"O.K., fall in . . ."

His mother was wrong. It wasn't like summer camp. She wouldn't believe it, though. Every time he wrote about something, the bivouac, C-rations, she wrote and said, *oh, an overnight hike, a cookout, is it maybe a little fun?* Fun? How could you have fun when it was so damned cold? *And remember, Normie, if it's bad, you should speak to the rabbi.* Whoever saw a rabbi unless he walked around camouflaged in fatigues? Well. It was pretty once you got up. The dawn. The last time he had seen a dawn was after Hank's Bar Mitzvah when he and the guys had walked for hours through the neighborhood looking for the Italian girl, the one who put out. It was awful what they did to her, especially Hank, and after a Bar Mitzvah. In just a few hours, the guys would be standing in front of the drug store thinking about what to do; go to the trotters, see a ball game, play a little gin.

"Cohen, are you in this man't army? I told ya to fold in."

"Sure, Sarge."

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Yes, Sarge."

"Sergeant."

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Do you have shit for brains, Cohen?"

"No, Sergeant."

"You're a smart boy, Cohen?"

"I don't know, Sergeant."

"Answer yes or no, Cohen. You're in the army."

"No sergeant."

"You're a smart ass, Cohen. I think you ought to police the area before you chow-down. The exercise will take a little of that momma's fat off ya. And just let me see an ass and an elbow, nothin else, got it?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

He stepped out of the formation and got down on all fours. His mother would have had a fit, worse than when he went out of the house in the winter without his galoshes. If he wrote home, she'd be on the phone to the Colonel in five minutes complaining that her son could catch a death of cold crawling on the damp ground, and then Sergeant Parton would really have him crawling inside the G.I. cans. It was a game. That was the best way to look at it. How come the people who made up the games never wanted to play the game? Take Parton. Suppose he was crawling along this ground? He'd probably get grass stuck in his navel with that beer belly of his. He would give anything to see Parton standing naked on a parade field with a few stalks of grass standing upright in his navel. And then a Captain would walk up and say, *Parton, you know those stalks are against army regulations, you better see a barber. Yes, Cap'n. Captain, Parton, Captain. Yes, Captain.* And then with a smart military flourish, the Captain would rip out the grass and throw it to the winds. *I'll save you the price of getting your grass cut, Parton.* Norman started to laugh, uncontrollably, a real Heights belly-laugh, the kind you needed to stop with a handkerchief. But who carried a handkerchief during basic training?

Parton walked over to where Normie was rolling on the grass near the supply room. Normie could see him upside down, a good way to see Parton he thought, with his ass above his head.

"This isn't a circus, Cohen, police that stick."

He remembered what his father had said, *a sergeant, especially if he isn't Jewish, should be listened to.* He was listening, but there were some things you couldn't police, even if the Sergeant wasn't Jewish.

"Are you sure, Sergeant?"

"This isn't a conversation, Cohen, police that stick."

"Are you sure you want it policed, Sergeant?"

"Just give me an ass and an elbow, Cohen."

O.K. Sergeant, he thought, who am I to go against the fifth commandment? And with the motion of a good softball pitcher he drew his bayonet and started to pry up part of the supply house.

"I think I can get it, Sergeant, if you give me to the end of basic training, but don't worry, I'll stay at it."

"Get your chow, Cohen and report to Colonel Jameson's office after retreat, we'll quiet down that Bronx cheer. As the niggers say, it's been done before and can be did again."

"Yes, Sergeant."

He watched Parton walk toward the mess hall, digging into his left ear with his forefinger. Maybe it'll get caught in there one of these days, Parton, and they'll have to get someone from the Engineer Battalion to pry it loose so you can conform to army regulations again. He was sure that it was set down somewhere that mastersergeant couldn't walk around with a finger in his ear for more than a minute. What was wrong with Parton anyway? Maybe he had a little wife trouble? If he treated her the way he treated the enlisted men, he wouldn't be surprised if she planted hand grenades in his bed. Maybe he had a sick kid? He didn't wish that on him. But who could stand a father like Parton? The kid probably had a coil of barbed wire around him instead of a playpen . . .

Never talk back to a sergeant. Especially if he isn't Jewish. *Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.* Honor thy sergeant even if he is a sonofabitch. How would the guys in the neighborhood handle him? There had to be a way. Maybe Parton was serious about what he said in the afternoon. *If you don't learn some safety regulations out on this range, Cohen, I'll recycle you. Get you for a second time. I always quiet down the Bronx cheer the second time.* What had he done? He didn't even try to get out of the G.I. party every Friday night to go to services. He couldn't just call him an anti-Semite. There were other Jewish guys in the company. If he was going to pick on someone, he would be picking on someone who took off Friday night and demanded Kosher kitchen. There were at least two boys from Brooklyn he would have crucified by this time if he was anti-Semitic.

"Cohen?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Did you hear Retreat?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Then get that fat ass of yours over to the Colonel's office."

"Yes, Sergeant."

"That's what I like, Cohen, an intelligent conversation."

If Parton thought he was a smart Jewish boy he could straighten that out. Send him a transcript of his high school record, tell him all the stupid things he said when he was out with girls. He was the only one in the neighborhood who could take a girl to the Coliseum and make a fool of himself by getting his finger caught in the coin changer in the bus, or chewing the ticket to pieces before he got to the door. He could even tell him that he was still a virgin. The only one his age in the neighborhood.

He knocked at the Colonel's door.

"Come in."

"Private Cohen reporting for duty as ordered by Sergeant Parton, Sir." He stood at rigid attention before the Colonel's desk.

"At ease, soldier. Do you know the three kinds of dust we deal with in this army?"

"Yes, Colonel, Old dust. New dust. And the dust that's about to settle."

"I can see your Field Sergeant has taught you good. I want you to get rid of all three kinds of dust by the time I return to this office in two hours. Do you know the basic dust removing equipment?"

"No, Colonel."

"You're an honest soldier, Cohen. How could you? It's my own technique. Once you master it, you will take the technique with you wherever you go in the army."

"Yes, Colonel."

He had almost said, *I will guard the secret with my life sir and even if they torture me when I get back to the old drug store, I will only give my name, rank, and serial number.*

"Here it is, Cohen," he said, swinging open a door, "a fan, a vacuum cleaner, a toothbrush, a sponge, ten bandoliers and a bucket. Simple, but effective. First, you scrub every nook and cranny with a toothbrush. Then, you go over all those nooks and crannies with the sponge. You wait five minutes, a good time to go to the toilet, and then hit all those spots with the bandoliers. That takes care of the old dust. Now, with the vacuum cleaner, just the bare tube, you suck up all the new dust. The real stroke is getting the dust that's about to settle. Here's where the fan comes in. You put it in the window backwards and let it go to work. Understand?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Just one other thing, Cohen. As soon as you put the fan in the window, wait in the john until I return. By the time you are through, you will be covered with the three kinds of dust. You don't want to spoil a good job, do you?"

"No, Colonel."

"I didn't think so. Attention! All right, Private Cohen, if you do this job well, I'll see that you get put up for Private First Class."

"Thank you, Sir."

"No thanks, Cohen, this is the modern army. No one's talents go unrecognized."

The Colonel tucked his hat under his arm and walked stiffly out of the office.

What an army! The Russians are going to bury us, and we're fighting three kinds of dust. Suddenly, he saw himself in Eastern Europe crawling along a ridge with a self-generating vacuum cleaner in one hand and a sponge in the other. When the enemy appeared, he would stick the vacuum cleaner up his ass and hold the sponge over his nose until he couldn't breathe any more. He started to laugh but thought about all the old dust he was stirring up and got down to serious business. If he didn't do a good job, the Colonel would come down on Parton and Parton would come down on him, which would have been all right if he was a spike and not a Private E-2.

Two hours later, covered with sweat and three kinds of dust, Normie was about to put the fan in the window and head for the john. At least it was better than heading for the front, he thought. On his way out, he noticed a file cabinet behind the Colonel's desk marked *Company Personnel*. Who was Parton anyway? He sprung open the cabinet and thumbed his way to P. Parton, Thomas A., E-8, 4th Trng Regt, Fort Dix, N.J. Where was the real meat? He read the print under a red stamp: *court martial for self-inflicted injury during the Battle of the Bulge, 4 Dec. 44, court martial negative. Subject acquitted. Insufficient evidence.* Normie shut the file, put the fan in the window, and went into the john. He had a vision of Parton huddled in a foxhole waiting for the first nearby detonation so he could jam his finger in his ear and scream for a medic. *My hero*, he thought, and began to laugh until the plywood stall quivered.

Sunday. He couldn't figure out why he didn't have Guard or K.P. or policing hot shells that blistered your fingers. Maybe the good job he'd done for the Colonel saved him. Everybody got a break sometime. But he couldn't be smug. Parton was after him and as his father said, *the tallest*

bamboos bend the lowest, be a bamboo, Normie, be a bamboo. What a day, even thinking about Parton couldn't ruin this day.

He lay on the bank of the river with his arms spread out and his khakis rolled up to his calf. He knew you could get a court martial for sunburn, even on a day off, but all he could think about was Rockaway and how the guys were probably playing ball. Besides, it looked good to come back from basic with a dark sun tan around your neck. It really was a modern army, except for Parton. You could guard an Arts and Crafts shop, get an M.O.S. as a librarian, or lie on a bank of a river sun bathing on your day off. But there *was* Parton. Always Parton. He felt hot under his neck and sat up.

Across the river, he saw a woman looking at him, at least she looked as if she was looking at him. But who would look at him? Girls usually looked at him and laughed. Maybe because they expected him to laugh, but he didn't really think that was the reason. It was better to lie back before this one started to laugh at him, if she was looking. He lay back and tried to think of something else, but all he could think of was trying to think of something else. All he could think of was what his mother said, *when a girl looks at you, smile nice*. So he smiled, feeling just the slightest nervous twitch at the corners of his mouth. She smiled back. She was looking. He started to salute her but managed to turn it into a little wave just above his right ear. Now she's really going to laugh. But she didn't. She waved very gently. It was very nice, but there was a river between them. Maybe it was better that way. He could think of at least ten times when he wished a river ran between him and a girl at the movies. You had to try to feel up a girl, and if she slapped your hand, you felt bad. If she didn't, you started to laugh when you thought how it must feel to have five creeping fingers around on your chest. But what could he do? It wasn't as if she was a rattlesnake. He couldn't run away, maybe he should. She was wading towards him with her dress held delicately above her knees. There were certain things you could believe. The rest were dreams. He lay back. But someone had to be splashing. Fish don't sound like they walk through water.

"Hello, soldier." She sat down beside him and straightened out her dress.

"Hello, my name is Norman B. C----."

"No, don't tell me the rest."

"All right, call me Norman B." It was something to say.

"No, Norman, I'll just call you Norman. My name is Simone."

"That's a nice name, Simone."

"It's just a name, Norman, just a meaningless name."

Remember, Normie, never argue with a woman.

"I see what you mean, Simone. Do you always wade in the river on

"Not always, Norman, only when I see a young boy away from home."
Sunday?"

"It's only sixty-three miles from Eisenberg's Drug Store, Simone."

"That may be, Norman, but, distance, where is it? *dans le coeur*. I can see you are faraway."

He wasn't sure if that was where his heart was, but he did feel faraway. She said it in a strange way, but she was right.

"Are you a WAC?"

"Maybe, wacky, as you say in your country, but not a WAC, Norman. It's a strange story, Norman. But let's not talk about it. We have this day."

Boy, she was right. This day. One day. Sunday. Day off. Was she right!

"Do you like to swim, Norman?"

"Yes, Simone."

"Do you like to be free?"

"You can say that again."

"I knew it. You are a good American. Let us swim freely."

"That's a good idea, Simone, you can go swimming free every Sunday night in the Post pool."

"No, Norman, here. Away from everything."

She unbuttoned her dress and stood there naked.

Is this not the way to be, Norman, free?"

"Oh yes!"

She dove into the water.

"Why do you wait?"

He walked to the edge of the bank.

"Well, Simone, it's against army regulations to get your clothes wet . . ."

"I know all about those regulations, *mon cher*, what about freedom?"

Freedom? What could he do? He couldn't even laugh. It would be something to talk to the guys . . . no . . . they'd just ask him what color her pubic hairs were . . . something to think about. He took off his uniform and underwear and stacked them in a neat pile, then jumped in.

"Let's swim upstream, Norman. I know a wonderful tree."

It felt good to be in the water. He couldn't stop thinking about the two of them being naked, but it was different from pictures of naked women in magazines or Forty-Second Street movies. It didn't give you a hard-on.



"Here, Norman."

She swam under a willow and pulled herself out of the water. He prayed God he wouldn't get an erection and climbed up beside her.

"Do you like flowers, Norman?"

"I haven't seen too many, Simone, but when I see them, I like 'em."

She broke a twig off the branch and stuck it behind his ear.

"There, I initiate you into the *sacre du printemps*."

"Thank you, Simone, I think I know what it means. But it's getting late, I'd better go back."

"Of course, we can meet earlier next Sunday."

They slipped into the water and swam back toward their clothes. When they reached the bank, Norman saw Parton standing at Parade Rest above his uniform and underwear. *Dear God who—*

"You fat laughing bastard, I'll teach ya to fight like a man."

"Thomas. . ."

"Shut up, you crazy broad. If I wouldn't lose rank, I'd have you put

away.—C'mon, Cohen."

Nothing his mother or father ever said could help him now.

"I'm coming Parton, but you better watch out, I'm going to stick this twig right in your ear first chance I get."

Parton flinched.

"What did you say, Cohen?"

"I said I'm going to stick this little twig in your goddamned coward ear and I'm going to pull the grass out of your navel and I'm going to stick a vacuum cleaner up your ass, that's what I said."

"He'll kill you, Norman, run."

"He didn't kill anybody in forty-four and he's not going to start now."

Parton rushed him. Normie thought of George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, what would they do? He picked up his underpants and just as Parton was about to smash him in the stomach, he pulled the underpants over Parton's head and let the elastic snap.

"You can't even see me, Parton."

He stiffened his forefinger and stuck it in Parton's navel. Parton went down.

"Run, Norman."

Normie looked at his finger and began to laugh. He knew he was finished.

Parton tore the pants off his head and stood up. Normie stayed where he was, laughing. *He's rabid. Lord God send a little advice from the Heights, a telegram from the guys, maybe a telephone call from my father,* anything, he thought, but he knew he was alone this time. But it was ridiculous to get killed with your pants off. He felt a sting across his mouth and saw the ground coming up to his face.

"No, Thomas."

Now the ground was moving away and he saw trees turning in circles and birds flying straight up and down like helicopters. It was funny and beautiful. He heard himself laughing in one ear and a warm river running in the other.

"Jesus Christ, *je te prie* . . ."

He felt chilly. A cold wind sweeping across his body. He scraped the blood off his lashes and pryed his eyes open. It was night. The moon was out, wobbly, but out. He touched his body. But he couldn't feel anything. The pain would come later. Meanwhile, he was alive. He wouldn't get a

Purple Heart, but he was alive. He would probably end up in the stockade, but he'd be alive there, too, and he'd be away from Parton, at least for six months. He hadn't done such a bad job on him, though. He thought of telling the guys about jamming his finger in Parton's navel, but it wasn't funny anymore. His father used to tell him not to make fun of people. Parton was a weak bastard, but, still, he'd made fun of him. It wasn't nice, his father was right, but there was a line way beyond the neighborhood, where his father couldn't see, and on the other side of it you couldn't be nice. . . all the time. Poor Simone. Married to Parton? What a world! It made as much sense as the birds flying up and down. Maybe Parton had killed her already. He would never know. He'd never see her again. If he ever got out of the stockade—how the hell could you defend yourself against swimming naked with the Sergeant's wife? they'd find a cozy assignment for him. Like taking serial views of Russia from a Piper Cub. He'd always remember, though. She was different from any girl the guys had ever talked about. She wasn't even a girl. And she was different from any girl who had ever laughed at him. Maybe he'd go to France one day and sit at one of those cafés he had seen in an Audrey Hepburn movie and wait for a woman like Simone to walk by. He wouldn't dance in the streets, though. That was fake. He would try to find out why a woman like Simone married somebody like Parton. What the war was like and afterwards. And if she couldn't tell him, he'd go all over Europe looking for the answer. He was cold. He got dressed slowly and as he headed back towards the Post to give himself up to the M.P.'s, he couldn't think of anything funny.

H. R. Wolf

DIPTYCH

I. Dragon's Teeth

In a wooded corner of Belgium
near Luxembourg's line,
a man can pump out
from Arlon
by bicycle
into a sunlit travelogue
on what a matinee!
Quiet fields with streams for edging,
stone barns,
and farmers raking their hay to dry
flick by
to the whirling of spokes
and splash the eye with green.

But on his way home,
fronting the steepness,
a cyclist
must slip to the road
and trudge.
And something waits
by this tranquil lane
to jar him alert—
one brief phrase
on a slab
lifts the edge of a dark veil.
"Here died Matthew Servais
on such a day
shot down
by the Gestapo."

A cross,
the rest spaded under.
I recall
the sombering of colors
at once.
And be warned.
Terror
will heave all that is lovely up
from the pit of a man
when he stumbles on the lone debris
strewn here
by something predatory
not that many years ago.

II. Passionflower

Certain wounds,
years after a blade
rips open the flesh,
stay lively and raw.
Woe to who touches!
An electric oneness
imparts him the pain.
War is like that.

Remember, Ed,
a Thursday in Easter week,
the two of us threading our way
through Cologne?
There at the crossway,
puzzling our map,
that unnoteworthy man,
soft-suited,
deferential?

“What are you searching?”
and “May I help?”
with rag-ends of German
we patched an answer
and causes raced to their term.
“You are Englishmen!” with a smile.
“Americans,” we corrected,
and the news snapped him upright
within.
The taut strings hummed.
“Many thanks, many thanks,
you people.
I lost a wife,
three daughters,
to your bombs.”

Fifteen years
closeting a nightmare,
and now with a scream
it was loose.
Our arms hung helpless
at our sides.
How oddly irrelevant there,
our clerical collars
and all his Rhineland politeness!
Well, he wrestled it back,
didn't he,
inch by inch,
dogging us meantime
to what an improbable place!
that brave new house of God
reared on the rubble
where the computers of guilt
grow strangely still.
Remember the adieu we spoke

across the crater
as our hearts leaped out?
No wonder the eye of memory
etched nothing
of the altar,
crucifix,
stained glass,
busy rather to trace
that limping man
back to his silent, empty home.
I think the scar
could begin to close
then.
God grant.

James Torrens, S.J.

This poem is part of a Major Hopwood Award Manuscript 1964-65.

FRAGMENT FROM "THE SEASONS"

Death-dancing leaves of autumn,
whirled in the wind,
all of October
I've watched you
beating your frantic rhythms
with dry feet
over the sidewalks,
or huddled
in painting throngs
against grill, gutter and wall.
Undone so many
(a drone of names)
drifting,
fluttering,
down, down.
Look, the red secret!
trampled implacably
from slender veins.
In the mute onset
thank you for signaling
the pride's astir.
Not even Roland,
spilling the headline out,
tongued it more gorgeously
into his trumpet.
Desperate, lovely ones,
we grieve the parting.
Slave girls of pitiless October,
how it hurts to see you
dancing out your hearts!

James Torrens, S.J.

THREE FRIENDS

I

A bearded baritone, luxuriant not
in either aspect; self-assured, yet not
without some underlying doubt— of beard,
of tone, indeed of all that self-assurance

self-assures: as God, when Satan doubted
Job, began to doubt Himself; and in
reminding Job, reminded God as well
that He and He alone commanded the morning.

II.

An engaging paradox, who would be
sophisticated, but luckily remains sensually senile
and serious at turns: a dumb blond with mystic
black hair and the wisdom of the East in her eyes.

There are some who would teach this wayward
butterfly discretion. Then they'd learn:
what lovely flies capricious, discreet,
but no more wise, crawls a caterpillar.

III.

An actor at heart, who thinks the world his stage;
A comic poet, who would interrupt the wind,
the tide, the quickening spring, to tell a pimple
on the end of someone's nose it's out of place.

And, forgetting who he was, for actors
sometimes take themselves for granted, he'd even
interrupt himself: as when a boisterous
bird in flight suddenly changes course.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS
by
ROBERT SHEFFIELD









w. 48th St. to Washington Square

Half in jest, I place the throbbing revolver to my temple. The Spirit standing always behind me looks sober and says No. I take a walk.

The street is flat and I strive to synchronize the bobbing of my head with that of the ermine-clad thing not far in advance. She swivels militarily and is inhaled by what may be Saks, and I am left to my own resources. The traffic lights operate so that cars need not stop but I am stopped at every corner. I run the length of a block and the sign says Don't Walk. I crawl, to no avail. So here I am standing on this corner waiting for some imbecile buried somewhere in the heart of this city to show mercy on the horde crowding around me and push the button which makes the light change to set them free.

Meanwhile, since I am here on this corner, I must look romantic. Many women are watching me. I ceremoniously light a match with one hand (a good trick) and set my cigarette on fire. I casually flip the match away, but I am not casual so I must look to see where it went and I find myself staring sheepishly at a large man who looks menacing. He crosses north to south; I cross east to west, taking myself out of my way. Perhaps the women will forgive me my momentary loss of self-control. Surely they understand the tragedy of a lonely life, filled with infinite bitterness and scorn levelled at the insurmountable walls of cold society. And things. . .

I feel a pain rising in my side. The entirety of my intestinal system seems to have become dislocated. Perhaps I am the victim of an incurable disease. I must wince; perhaps a slight limp. No, Miss, thank you, I can make it from here. No, the pain is not too bad. One grows used to it, you know.

My problem is very simple; I must get to a bathroom. I halt in the middle of a block and revolve. There is no bus station, which is the best place. Across the street is a Longchamp's restaurant. I cross and stand before the door. I must plan my strategy. I will walk through the door and directly to the back of the dining room without hesitation. If the bathroom is not there I will turn and retrace my steps, briskly. I enter and begin my journey. I will not make it, for there is a waitress blocking my way and she will say May I help you please sir and I will reply Madame I have no intention of augmenting either your personal income or that of this establishment for my sole intention on entering was to make use of your facilities good day. I approach the waitress and she says May I help you please sir.

Yes, I reply, would you bring me a cup of coffee, and I sit down, dreading an imminent internal explosion. Later I tip the waitress.

On the street. It may rain, but my collar is already turned up. (Pablo, look for a small man with his collar turned up. The fate of New York City lies in his hands.) I glance furtively at the coded message on the side of the building across the street. It says Dos Veces El Gusto Con Doublemint. Thus, I must hurry. My side still hurts but I can see Washington Square.

There is a water shortage so the fountain is not operating. People sit within the circular erstwhile pool and read, but they are not reading they are silently screaming Look at me I am sitting in the middle of what is usually a pool flooded with water and I have lost not a bit of aplomb. They are all hiding Green Arrow comic books behind their copies of the Village Voice.



I sit on the concrete wall surrounding the fountain and lean back against a post. I have brought nothing to read so I must appear philosophic. For twelve minutes I stare philosophically at a man selling chestnuts, but my back begins to hurt, so I sit up.

There is a little girl sitting on the Square playing with a bottlecap she has found. Her face is dirty. Across the square a woman yells Janice come over here this minute, but Janice is now a child of the Bottlecap. I will go over to her and say Janice may I play with you and your bottlecap and she will look up at me with trusting, saucer-like blue eyes. We will invent a fantastic new game and her mother will come over and say Janice how many times have I told you not to speak to strangers. I shall allow a momentary look of intense disgust to pass over my countenance and drag the mother aside saying in a stifled whisper Madame don't you see that this

child is starved for love and wants nothing more than for you to join her in her game. Anger will slowly slide from her face to be replaced by a blank stare of wonder and she will reply in earnest How could you, a total stranger, have known, and she will invite me to her lavish town house for supper. I shall become her ward. Janice's mother hurries impatiently across the Square and drags the child away by the arm. Janice is howling.

I light a cigarette and stare at whatever is in my line of sight. A couple walks across the Square. He is a Negro, but she is not. He is dressed like the Puerto Ricans in West Side Story, wearing thin, continental pants, and an iridescent blue shirt, buttoned at the cuffs. Her hair stretches to her waist and she tosses her head repeatedly to keep it off her face. I cannot hear them but he is saying Baby nobody puts me down because I'm black and she replies Don't you see that I would love you if you were purple or green and he says But I'm black and proud of it so don't pretend that I'm not because people all over this town are staring at us and not because I'm purple (or green). They are holding hands. I will not give him the satisfaction of watching me watch them. I turn my head.

It is beginning to sprinkle but I am too exhausted to start back. A Cat in sunglasses walks up to me and says Hey man things can't be that bad. I am pleased that I look sad. I grope for a meaningful semi-cool response but instead shrug my shoulders. He walks away.

I am stiff from having sat in one place for so long. I must leave now to beat the rain. I drift out of the Square and walk west until I spot the cavernous aperture of a subway entrance. Stopping briefly, I turn to give a last look at mother Earth before entering the underground launch pad.

I descend.

Barry Silberblatt



Shu-Chung Lillian Wu has studied Chinese landscape painting for three years in her home city, Hong Kong. As a painting major at the University she has become more aware of forms, movement, tension, and composition. In the abstract landscape paintings presented here, Miss Wu has combined Western and Eastern techniques and philosophy. (Number one: Chinese ink and wash on Chinese paper. Numbers two and three: lithographs.)



The (Pencil) Drawing

Life in (Pencil)

Shi Chong Shouan 1912

Yan Shouan 1912



TWO MICE, DEAD

1

The morning and noon August
Sun got them, made their metal
Cage blaze. Their feet curled
Under, their fur unaccountably
Clumped and matted, they were
Light to pick up, and dry.
Their long teeth showed.

2

That sun sat in its big blue
Day, fat on them;
And I swear that the white
Light swarmed on their bellies and wriggled
And buzzed at the skins of their eyes.

3

I shrink from touch;
Even the grass crawls.
Air swirls and starts
The nerves running, running:
Do not come near!
In my head, round and round,
Something tiny goes scuttling.

Martha Mac Neal Zweig

DEMONSTRATION

See, just so: one can pinch
Gently the cat's toes exactly as
One pinches a snapdragon

For exactly the same intriguing
Spreading and opening, and curious
Yield to the fingers;

So that the toe's sheat gives out
Smoothly its clear claw (not yet
Fierce, for the cat believes you are playing):

Whereupon the claw itself imagines
Fangs for the snapdragon,
Or else why such a congruence in
The great plan of such things?

Each being necessary, the cat goes
Forever on paws which are flowers,
And, in the garden, all the innocent
Summer's dragons have become literal.

Martha Mac Neal Zweig

A CHILD IN WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI, WHO LEARNED TO BLOW A GRASS WHISTLE

The object changed entirely, from mere
Nature to instrument, when she
Surprised a voice in the vegetation.
To grasp that it had been always,
All those thousands of possible noises
Growing there green in the yard,
Burst all accepted orders, and she laughed,
Radiant:

Whereupon she and the blade evoked
A chance out of the stone age, when some remotely
Similar cave-child toyed with the vibrant reed, sounding
A note so shrill and so unheard-of
That the rank beasts dropped back, ears flattened,
As from a charmed circle, so that she,
Suddenly half free,
Could venture those few original steps:
Moving, at least, to the edge.

Martha Mac Neal Zweig

PHOTOGRAPHS

by

TED GROSSBART

*"... de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui
n'est pas."*

Jean—Jacques Rousseau













THE IMMEDIATE AS...



*image
not
available*





ELEMENTS

I am the music in my own swift time,
And I become three pauses in one song.
From nightfall force shall build a morning rhyme,
From dusk till dawn I soar and sing along.

I am the blending of the children's choir
And I am made the ears that hear the change.
From note to note I sway, in swaying fire
All over me, for I have heard the range.

I am the radiant peal of little bells,
And I am opened in their lightening birth.
From what they bring in light, this singing tells.
The light within is water, air, and earth.

Barent Gjelsness

DANTE IN THE GUTS OF THE LIVING

In Celebration of the Dante Centennial Year

James Torrens, S.J.

Brave new eras like our own focus intensely on the present moment. They unfold in an atmosphere of bold experiment. The past tends to drop out of sight far behind. This contagious spirit affects writers and artists as much as anyone else, and leads them to startling explorations along the frontiers of technique. The search for adequate self-expression makes itself felt in the classroom as well, where the standardized style and the imitation of models rapidly lose favor. And the concept of literary tradition, as a technical guide to writers and poets, tends to slip imperceptibly below the horizon of attention.

This fact need trouble no-one, because the more astute literary craftsmen will always be exploiting the riches of their heritage, and wrestling the facts of tradition into harmony with their own special ways of writing. And there will always be the voice of the critic warning against an oversimplified view of originality. At the start of our era, the text-books tell us, T.S. Eliot marked himself out as both critic and poet of the first rank by performing this role.

Eliot and Ezra Pound gazed with dismay on the thinness of English poetry current in their youth. "Look into your heart and write" had proved a very poor formula, resulting in wooden verse and anemic subject-matter. Poetry had petered out, in one direction, into abstraction and didacticism; in another, into vague romantic sentiment.

In an early essay, "The Metaphysical Poets," 1921, Eliot insisted that a truly great poet fuses insight with feeling in "a direct sensuous apprehension of thought, or a recreation of thought into feeling." Naturally, he had his own personal (and to that extent narrow and limited) idea of who the great poets were — John Donne, the Elizabethans, and of course Shakespeare. But above all he had in mind Dante Alighieri. And this year of the Dante centennial it is helpful to examine just what effect Dante had on Eliot, and along with him on some of the leading poets and critics of our time.

Eliot paid his own tribute to Dante in one of the rare long essays he wrote, a general discussion of both *The Divine Comedy* and *The New Life*. He admired Dante's poetic form as being not only the language of genius but more specifically as the classic Italian style, actualizing with total ease the genius of the language. In this essay, published in 1929, Eliot singled out for comment many passages in Dante which, not surprisingly, had already popped up in his own poems.

It was form no precarious pedestal, then, that T.S. Eliot flung down his judgments upon the writers of his own and recent ages for their failure to perceive "the presence of the past." In a preface to Pound's poetry he wrote, with characteristic overstatement, that "to be absolutely original is to be absolutely bad." True originality, he said, is nothing other than development, indeed almost inevitable development. In Eliot's classic statement of this position, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," he said that a man "must write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence."

The next step for both Pound and Eliot, though by no means a rigidly necessary one, was to get the best of world literature not merely into their bones but into their poetic text as well. When their quotations were direct they often kept the original language. In an essay on Dante, Ezra Pound explained why: "I am often filled with a sort of angry wonder that anyone professing to care for poetry can remain in ignorance of the tongue in which it is written."

In his major poem, "The Waste Land," where T.S. Eliot seeks to symbolize modern civilization as a barren land, desperately in need of some rain-visitation to restore its fertility, he passes back and forth between excerpts from the Grail story, Shakespeare, Spenser, Ovid, Homer, and Dante. Grover Smith ventures to say that Eliot "has usually been content to let most of his 'plot' grow out of allusion to other writers." Many years later, in a public lecture, Eliot gave Dante full credit for his role in the poem.

I have borrowed lines from Dante in the attempt to produce, or rather to arouse in the reader's mind the memory of some Dantesque scene, and thus establish a relationship between the medieval inferno and modern life. Readers of my "Waste Land" will perhaps remember that the vision of my city clerks evoked the reflection "I had not thought death had undone so many." (The idea of that huge uncommitted mass, blown about by all winds and unfit for either heaven or hell, immensely appealed to Eliot.) *The Divine Comedy* expresses everything in the way of emotion, between depravity's despair and the beatific vision, that man is capable of experiencing.

Very early in life Eliot had labored through Dante with a prose translation beside him, learned a number of passages by heart, and recited them to himself lying in bed or on a railway journey, so that they become a part of his very way of thinking. "Still after forty years," he told a gathering in 1951, "I regard his poetry as the most persistent and formative influence upon my own verse." "The majority of poems one outgrows and outlives. Dante's is one of those which one can only just hope to grow up to at the end of life."

As Eliot's wisdom and insight grew, he penetrated beyond the Inferno into the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. "Ash Wednesday" is the purgatorial symbol-story of mankind striving to tear his heart away from transitory things — from a Maytime past now out of his reach — and enter with acceptance into the dark night of the soul. The dramatic conflict comes from the protagonist's need to renounce the memory of a "blesséd face" a young woman of whom he was once passionately fond.

But she represents much more to him here than the hyacinth girl in "The Waste Land," who was a symbol of fertility and sexual love. Here Eliot's tone, imagery, and phrasing suggest Beatrice, for whose death Dante grieved so desperately in the *Vita Nuova*, but who became the source of his salvation (*tanta salute*). Eliot recreates Dante's mountaintop scene of the Earthly Paradise where Beatrice appeared as no longer the young girl by whom Love had held him captive but now as one of the holy ones, bound by love to God.

Still, Dante has to fight the surging of the ancient flame (*l'antica fiamma*). So also in Eliot's poem. In Dante, this battle is symbolized in the last of the purgatorial terraces, where the Provencal troubadour, Arnaut Daniel, expiates his lust within a circling fire and pleads with Dante: "Remember me" (*Sovegna vos*). Eliot includes him too. Eliot added an element of St. John of the Cross to Dante's perspective, insisting that the Lady, even idealized, might well hinder a man's speediest progress to God and withdrawing her at the end in favor of the Blessed Virgin.

Eliot's "Four Quartets" explore the same theme, much more extensively and deeply. In "Little Gidding" Eliot creates an encounter between himself and a shadowy Alighieri, who recognizes that Eliot has in a sense reuttered his own poetry.

So I find words I never thought to speak
In streets I never thought I should revisit
When I left my body on a distant shore.

The variety of human experience compressed into so wondrous a structure as the *Commedia* filled both Eliot and Pound with a spirit of emulation. The poet's task, as Eliot saw it, was to group the fragments of a very dis-

parate experience, as Dante did, into a new imaginative unity. Strange unity. "The Waste Land" and Pound's *Cantos* appear to be a broken world of mirrors. ("These fragments I have shored against my ruins." Repeated in both poems.)

Dante's epic, born in the era of *Summas* and scholastic logic, developed with the strictest philosophic progression. The poet moved his reader through the graded stages of depravity, penitence, and blessedness. Also, in a more literal-minded time, Dante could make his journey quite geographical: down into the bowels of earth, out and up the mountain of Purgatory, and away to the vision of God through the nine revolving heavens.

Eliot and Pound both chose a more circular method — an almost musical way of stating dominant symbolic themes, passing on to something else, and then doubling back upon them to enrich them with added associations. In the bits and pieces of an anthology, Ezra Pound's *Cantos* makes absolutely no sense, for the repetition and total impression is the main thing aimed at.

In the *Cantos* Pound hops ("cuts," according to the Imagist vocabulary) from one historical or literary or mythological reference to another, with no transitions, marshalling a great phalanx of items into an ever-tightening pattern. Pound's aesthetic aim is to arrange types of action recurring in many different situations. The end-result is a *forma*, or non-conceptual pattern.

Pound's interest concentrates on Provencal courtly love, the rituals of Eros and of renewal among the gods, the vigorous self-expression of Renaissance princes, the politics of aristocratic statesmen during the Enlightenment. Dante and his world seems little part of Pound's sensibilities.

Yet Charles Olson could write of Ezra Pound that his ego recognizes only Dante and Confucius as superior. In his cyclical view of history, Pound judges Dante one of the peaks of the Middle Ages. Indeed he chose the title and schematic order of his *Cantos* under Dante's spell. A poet's task, Pound held, is to evaluate every incident of the history he knows as the image of his desire, of his hate, or of his indifference. Pound's aim was didactic, just as he conceived Dante's to be.

Quite early in his career Pound wrote an excellent essay on Dante in his volume *The Spirit of Romance*. He signals out for comment, as Eliot did, many passages later to appear in his own poetry. His appreciation of the *Paradiso* is especially good, anticipating Charles Williams' judgment that "its subject is beatitude, and the method, continual variation in light."

Herein perhaps lies Dante Alighieri's greatest contribution to Pound, for whom light-and-fire imagery formed the staple of poetic vision. The shining of sun, translucence of jewels, brilliance of color and clarity of water figure constantly in the *Cantos*, reaching his concentration in *Cantos* 90 and 91 of the Rock-Drill sequence

A greater even than Pound stands at the threshold of modern poetry, W. B. Yeats. And he has left in his poems an extraordinary record of the struggle to reconcile within himself the Platonic visionary and the man very much of flesh and blood. In his poem "Ego Dominus Tuus" he outlines a theory of art and the anti-self, maintaining that an artist creates according to an image of what he wishes he were and knows he is not.

Yeats here suggests that Dante's lean, ascetic face and the soaring vision of Beatrice, "the most exalted lady loved by a man," may well have been a mask, a self-defence for quite another sort of person, "mocked by Guido for his lecherous life." Yeats has gone on record that "the cultural tradition of a people is of the utmost value in any kind of poetry;" but such a passage as this shows his curious way of appropriating the most venerable things to his own very special symbolic uses. Yeats definitely had his own ideas of tradition.

Yeats knew instinctively that the proper balance between the subjective and the objective drives in man is possible and must occasionally exist. He symbolized this belief in his philosophy of the moon-phases of the human psyche, written out elaborately in "A Vision." Richard Ellman, the critic, says:

The ideal phase in *A Vision*, the phase where "Unity of Being is more possible than at any other phase," is shortly after the full moon, phase 17, and here Yeats classifies himself along with Dante, Shelley, and Landor.

Though somewhat unusual, this is for Yeats the supreme tribute. Dante, in his mind, perfectly correlated content and form, soul and body, erasing all signs of effort from his verse and writing transluscently about Paradise, where everyone is engaged in perfect and joyful dance.

Clearly, the work of Dante can mean things amazingly different to poets and writers in very close contact with one another. There is some sharing of insight and some striking divergence between Eliot and Charles Williams on the subject of Dante.

Eliot, haunted by his sense of spiritual exile in a barren age, exploited the purgatorial theme in *The Divine Comedy*. His great poems and plays emphasize the Way of Renunciation as taught and lived by John of the Cross—"a way wherein there is no ecstasy, . . . the way of ignorance, the way of dispossession" ("East Coker").

Eliot's colleague and close friend, Charles Williams, also a devotee of the great tradition (adding only Wordsworth to Eliot's pantheon), changes the emphasis and calls the *Commedia* "the greatest record of the Way of Affirmation of Images contained in the literature of Europe." In his masterly book, *The Figure of Beatrice*, he outlines the special role played

by this young woman, whose beauty struck the young Dante with such stupor and astonishment. In the *Vita Nuova*, writes Williams, "it seems almost as if a glory lay on the city of Florence because of the princely young miracle that walked in it." Williams writes:

Beatrice is the mother of love in Dante; love has authority; it communicates and demands charity and humility; it can endure the application to it of such words as beatitude and salvation. . . . The invisible light of God is absorbed by and re-emanates from the visible girl. The Paradiso would be, for unfallen natures, the normal development of human romantic love; and being so, must remain even for our fallen natures a matter of perpetual study. The 'glorious and holy flesh' is a part of its consummation.

This, Williams makes bold to say, is Dante's Romantic Theology. The fiery joy of love for God shining through Beatrice's eyes kindles Dante to an ever greater desire for union with "the Love who governs heaven," and who moves all things "to different ports through the great sea of being."

Dante has also introduced the city of Florence into all parts of *The Divine Comedy*. As Williams puts it:

To enter into the *Commedia* it is necessary to become a Florentine, (inasmuch as) the word Florence has four meanings: Dante's own particular city, any city, the universal Empire, and the Divine City.

Paradise, the image of a redeemed love affair, is also the holy city where the eagle of justice dwells and the love of each inhabitant for God grows and grows upon contact with each fellow-citizen. These two themes—the salvaging of human love and the establishment of just order in the city—also dominate the poetry of W. H. Auden. It is no coincidence that he deeply admired Charles Williams and drew a great deal from his ideas as expressed in poetry, fiction, critical writings, and conversation. In fact, the Anglo-Catholic Williams proved to be something of a catalyst in Auden's return to Christianity, about 1940.

In his poetry of the Thirties (the "low dishonest decade") Auden looked back to simpler, warmer times, "when love came easy." His most far-reaching petition for modern man had to do with "a change of heart." He constantly exposed the prevalent distortions of love, the frigidity of inhibited men and women, the substitution of self-love for universal love. He celebrates Freud for his humanity, because as a healer "he went his way, down among the Lost People like Dante, down' to the stinking fosse."

Auden viewed the modern city as a place criss-crossed by barbed wire and managed by colorless organization men. He described the machine-age man, with all his unfulfilled longings, as "Adam waiting for his city."

However, during the Forties, Auden's poetry, while no less biting and poignant, witnesses to his growth in vision. He introduces the concept of Agape ("Love that rules the sun and stars," as he quotes the passage from Dante. Agape, divine love, alone had the power to rectify and render holy man's "vast self-love." "Eros' builder of cities, / and weeping anarchic Aphrodite.").

This preoccupation with the right kind of love and the nature of it owes not a little to Dante, whom Auden called one of "the three greatest influences on my own work" (Langland and Pope, strangely enough, being the other two). There is small trace of Dante in the poems. Auden's way was clearly to avoid direct reference (as his poems taken generally avoided direct statement). Any impact of authors upon him was therefore bound to be much more subtle. As he said in a memorial poem about Yeats, "The words of a dead man / are modified in the guts of the living."

In the essay where he admits his debt to Dante, "Criticism in a Mass Society," Auden explains literary tradition "not as a slight personal modification of one's immediate predecessors," but as "the capacity to find in any other work of any date or locality clues for the treatment of one's own personal subject matter." Auden rephrases Eliot in calling literary tradition the "consciousness of the whole of the past in the present."

Allen Tate, an American contemporary of Auden's, has developed the same passionate attachment to tradition, specifically the continuity of family, local origin, and communal life. Tate's roots are not only in the South, but also in a very rich literary past where Dante looms large.

Tate's fine long poem (his major work, until the final assembly of a poem now in progress), "Seasons of the Soul," uses an old eighteenth century framework, the four-part yearly cycle, to visualize the inner landscape of modern man. The recurrent themes are, as in Eliot, the self-consuming heat of all earth's pleasure, the progressive estrangement of man from his family and his past, the cold and destructive lusts that prevail in the world, the urge always to renew the frantic cycle when physical vitality returns. Tate intimates that only a divine, redeeming love (the crucified Savior's "living wound of love") can change the hopeless nature of this inferno.

Unity of images in the poem derives above all from Dante. Dante's appalling discovery, in the Inferno, that suicide victims are imprisoned in trees, which bleed when their branches are plucked, become's Tate's epigraph, to indicate how self-consuming is fallen man. Within the poem Tate reminds us that "two men of our summer world (Dante and Virgil) / descended winding hell / . . . the vast concluding shell."

References to the Inferno multiply—the "unease" of the impure, blown about by a dark tempest in Canto 5; the violent Centaurs; the "bodies (of tyrants) that wheel and drop" within the boiling river of blood;

the hot wind tormenting the sodomites, and their needle-like gaze; perhaps even the sleek leopard of Dante's dark wood. The poem's final section returns again and again to "the mother of silences," an onlooker of ambiguous origin, who nonetheless seems to stretch back through "Ash Wednesday" to the woman-intercessors in the *Commedia*.

Allen Tate's admiration for Dante, which won him the gold medal of the Dante Society in Florence three years ago, best appears in his famous essay on "The Symbolic Imagination." *The Divine Comedy*, he points out, is not philosophy but dramatic action transmuted into symbol. "The number of persons, objects, and places in *The Divine Comedy* that are reflections, replicas, or manifestations of things more remote is beyond calculation."

Beginning with the simplest events, keeping his eye on the human image of Beatrice, Dante constructs one great metaphor, or paradigm, of the possibility of beatific vision. His poem is "a visual matrix of analogy."

"The Seasons of the Soul" shows us a sterile universe revolving in cyclic pattern upon itself. In the *Commedia*, on the other hand, Tate discovers all things in circular progress, with ever swifter motion, in towards the Still Point of the universe. (The correspondence of his ideas and general tone with Eliot is quite striking.) He makes his own observation that "flame burning in a circle, and light lighting up a circle, are the prime sensible symbols of the poem."

The "cloud of witnesses" could, of course, be enlarged endlessly. But the greatest of them all, no doubt, to whom the final tribute belongs, is Dorothy Sayers. A close associate of Eliot, Williams, and C. S. Lewis, she made Dante the focal-point of her scholarly life. Her incomparable terza-rima translation, with its careful and copious notes, has introduced a generation of readers to *The Divine Comedy*. And her *Papers on Dante* will long have great authority in the field of Dante scholarship.

The evidence, as it accumulates, gives awesome witness to the ascendancy that Dante has held over the modern literary imagination. It is with perfect justice, then, that W. B. Yeats has called him "the chief imagination in Christendom."

Music Beyond
the Boundaries



By ROBERT SHEFF

and MARK SLOBIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is part two of a two-part comprehensive survey of independent and cooperative music in the United States since 1950. Part two covers a wide range of composers, festivals, and concerts, as well as a substantial audiography and bibliography.

Activities of current independent and co-operative performing groups include both intensive music festivals and sporadic, often spontaneous events. More or less regularly scheduled festivals have been: the Ann Arbor ONCE Festival and ONCE Friends Concert series, the New York *Fluxus* concerts, the New York *Avant-Garde Festival*, the Richmond *Bang-Bang-Bang Festival*, the Antioch *Super-Valu* series, the New York *Theatre Rally*, the Detroit *Red Door Gallery* series, The San Francisco *Performer's Choice* series, the Seattle *New Directions in Music* concerts, the Waltham, Mass., *Rose Museum* series, the San Antonio *McNay Art Institute* series, the Buffalo *Contemporary Music Festival*, and many smaller festivals scattered throughout the country. The ONCE and *Fluxus* groups have appeared in Europe as well.

Unscheduled activities may just occur when somebody says, "Why don't we do something next week?" or "I just got a great idea for a piece." Events just seem to happen in back-

The ONCE Festival holds the record for duration, with six series. The first question that occurs to most people is "Why is it called ONCE?" There are many answers. One story is that Sam Ashley, at age six, overheard his parents and their friends trying to name the festival. He suggested ONCE, which was more suitable than names like "The Ann Arbor Festival of Contemporary and Avant-Garde Music." Reasons came later from everybody else. The word "once" associates with phrases like "once in a lifetime," "once is enough," "once upon a time," "so who once it," and others which all seem to fit the spirit of the presentations. ONCE has had a distinctly non-historical, even anti-chronological approach from the start. The first five festivals included fifty-nine world premieres, representing 103 composers, 96 of whom are living.



ONCE activity has been inclusive: all types of music, including jazz and rock 'n' roll, contemporary classical music, and many aspects of theater, dance and film have been presented. In addition, the ONCE group has brought other ensembles from all over the world, and repeatedly gone on tour to all the established or pioneering centers of activity. In attempting to be equally inclusive, and faced with an overwhelming amount of material, we have decided to discuss other groups mostly in connection with ONCE appearances.

The first ONCE Festival was organized in 1961 by about fifteen Ann Arborites, only a few of whom are officially connected with the University of Michigan, the town's large cultural establishment. The Festival has been continuously supported by the Dramatic Arts Center, an independent group of townspeople interested in experimental artistic activity. The initial purpose of the festival was to present new music which would not ordinarily receive a hearing in the community.

The visiting American group that year was Merce Cunningham and his Dance Company. Merce Cunningham has been closely associated with composers for twenty years. In particular, John Cage has performed many premieres of his works with Cunningham, including the recent *Variations V*, in which Merce set off audio-visual instruments by riding a bicycle through a network of photoelectric cells. Cunningham prefers to work in the total structure of the musical composition from the start, rather than just use music as accompaniment to dance. In such early works as *Dream* (1948) *Experiences I* (1945-8) and *Root of an Unfocus* (1944), Cage and Cunningham worked independently to fill in the same rhythmic structures. In the *16 Dances* (1951) Merce

ordered the sequences of the dances by chance. In *Variation* (1952), each dancer moved individually on the stage, making what Merce has called an "open space in which anything can happen." The *Untitled Solo* (1953) focused on independence of movement for the parts of the body of one solo dancer. By means of chance composition, Merce has created the possibility of movements that are habitually restricted by personal taste. He thus emphasizes that the human body cannot help but be expressive. In his *Collage* assembled in 1953, he arranged for non-dancers to perform gestures from their daily life. *Story* (1963) enables performers to make improvisatory choices.

"Chance favors the prepared mind."

—Louis Pasteur

At the 1962 Festival, Philip Krumm came from San Antonio to join ONCE. He and Robert Sheff (who came to Ann Arbor the following year) had organized and presented an extensive series of concerts at the McNay Art Institute in San Antonio, beginning 1959. Their 1961 festival included a wide variety of compositions, and antedated many later similar presentations. Philip and Robert drew on the musical resources of soldiers in the army bases around San Antonio, as well as involving local performers and composers.

At the first concert of the 1962 ONCE Festival, composers LaMonte Young and Terry Jennings played some of their own works and other pieces mainly by New York composers. Young and other composers now living in New York have an interest in stripped-down, uncompromising events which may leave audiences at a loss. Young's 923 consists of the performer beating on a pot 923 times with an exact pulse. At the concert, listeners began to cheer and do confused countdowns towards the end of the piece. Henry Flynt's *Work Such That No One Knows What's Going On* con-

sists of the following text: "One just has to guess whether this work exists, and if it does, what it is like." At the ONCE performance, LaMonte announced the title of Flynt's piece, and then added "so we are going to play Terry Riley's Concert." Flynt has since ceased calling himself an artist, and has begun a protest campaign against *Serious Culture*.

Dick Higgins, another New York composer, is currently writing more in the manner of short plays than musical compositions. His many verbal pieces describe possible situations, which sometimes may be more reflective and aphoristic than practical. *Mrs. baal's happytime* (1961) is a short script for a character (whose husband is "no fun anymore") describing how she brushes her teeth. Written in Dick-and-Jane style, the whole affair ends "with much ceremony," a frequent conclusion for Higgins' earlier works. *Snake in the Grass* (1962) is an event for many people in a grassy area. Grouping themselves in a large ring, they advance slowly, chanting "snake in the grass" in low voices, with a cymbal crash at the end of each line. The piece ends when the circle is quite tight, and any snake caught is the property of the one who catches him.

Terry Jennings' pieces are musical sketches for extended instrumental improvisation. Written in standard notation, they are highly modal in style. Some pieces are for two players (solo and accompaniment) or for string ensemble. Others are meditative solo piano works composed of unbroken chords considered over very long durations. Ray Johnson, another New Yorker, writes few pieces but carries on an extensive mailing program with large numbers of people (whom he in turn asks to distribute things), exchanging material and making mailable collages (some stamped "not a work of art"), all "according to some unknown reasons," perhaps.

CONCERTO FOR KITCHEN SINK AND MONKEY ORCHESTRA

This piece lasts five minutes. For the first four minutes and last half-minute, the kitchen sink soloist hits the sink once every $3/5$ of a second with an iron pipe (100 times a minute). Loudness level is loud and unchanging. Behind the soloist on the stage there is a large cage with fourteen chimpanzees inside, each of whom has been giving an inexpensive musical instrument. The sounds made by the monkeys are picked up by a microphone over the cage, amplified, and played through two loudspeakers, one on each side of the stage. During the next-to-last half-minute of the piece, the cadenza, the soloist hits the sink every half-second, and amplification of the monkey's sounds is stopped and the interior of the cage darkened.

Henry Flynt.

Besides LaMonte Young's shorter verbal pieces (which, incidentally, are sometimes known as "process music" and "Music Without Notes," the latter a title for an anthology edited by Philip Krumm), he has written several extended works. Probably the simplest of these is the rich open fifth b-f-sharp held "for a very long time." A performance of this piece in New York included the burning of incense during a 45-minute string-trio double-stop on these tones. An early piece entitled *Poem for Tables, Chairs and Benches* has a complex score of instructions. In a performance in San Antonio, certain directions necessitated heading right into the seated audience, the presentation gradually becoming involved as members of the audience participated in their own version of the piece.

LaMonte's interest in Indian religion is reflected in presentations such as *The Tortoise Droning Selected Pitches From The Holy Numbers For The Two Black Tigers, The Green Tiger, And The Hermit*. He is currently involved in an improvisation group which meets regularly. Members bring melodies for improvisation, and the sessions are recorded. One tape of each session is sold, much as a canvas would be sold. LaMonte plays a unique style of jazz, mostly on a piano's black keys, one chorus lasting for six hours or more.

One could hardly discuss New York musicians and pass by Moondog, literally a street musician, who builds his own instruments. The mellow-sounding Oo, for instance, is built on a triangular wooden frame over which piano strings are stretched and struck with a six-inch dowel. Most recordings of his music are made outdoors, where his rhythmic lyricism may combine with ferryboat horns and sea sounds.

The New York composers discussed above, along with a great many others, such as Jackson Mac Low, Joseph Byrd, Robert Watts, Simone DeMaria, Yoko Ono, Nam Morris, Joe Jones, Walter DeMaria, Yoko Ono, Nam June Paik, George Brecht, Philip Corner, Malcolm Goldstein, and still more, form groups with overlapping memberships, to give concerts and other scheduled events. *Fluxus* was primarily a performing group, which also published annual anthologies of composers' and poets' work, sold assorted "constructs" (like Alison Knowles' tin of informative Bean Rolls), and invited other groups for concerts. *Yamday*, organized by George Brecht and Robert Watts, which officially took place May 11 and 12, 1963, was an occasion for "an undetermined number of new and lively works, perhaps presented as a continuous non-stop program of indeterminate length," and was extended throughout the U.S. by the mailing of calendars of events before *Yamday* and for several months afterwards.

XMAS EVENT

Give a yam this year

—George Brecht

For the 1962 ONCE Festival, Bob Ashley produced two new works. *Public Opinion Descends on the Demonstrators* and *Maneuvers for Small Hands*. *Public Opinion* has a complex score for electronic instruments and audience action. The sound material is grouped according to the size of the audience, as are the instructions for the placement of equipment and seats. The object of the placement is to put the audience in direct contact with the electronic sound-source; the performer regulates and selects sound material according to audience activity.

The six group sizes are: exactly six, from 15 to 40, from 41 to 273, from 274 to 12,816, from 12,817 to 28,278,465, and finally above 28,278,466. Ashley states that groups five and six are more theoretical than practical, but (given the advance of technology) are possible.

At the premiere and subsequent performances of *Public Opinion*, the evening comes alive as soon as the audience catches on to the fact that its own activities are influencing the course of the piece. Individuals react quite differently; the exhibitionists and shrinking violets show up early, and lively interaction starts.

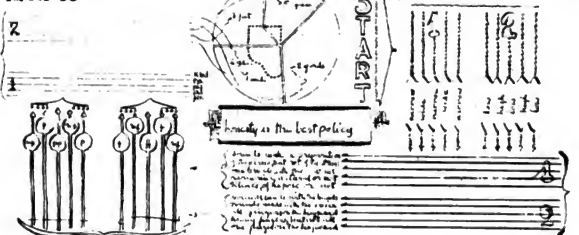
Maneuvers for Small Hands is a conveniently indexed series of 110 cards for performance; in effect, it is a portable recital for a pianist.

General notational symbols hold throughout, but individual cards have a life of their own. "Inconsistencies may be resolved at the performer's discretion." As for the order, "Begin at the beginning. Follow the numbers unless a better plan is discovered.

Of the following eleven audience activities to which the performer responds, all apply to size one, 1-6 apply to size two, 1-3 to size three, and just the first to size four.

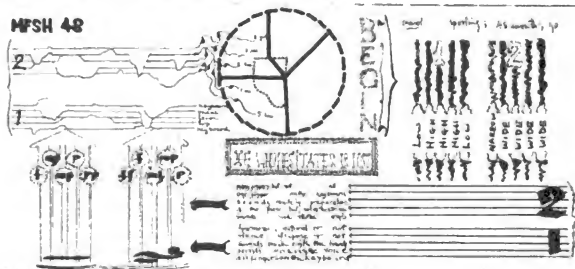
1. Leave the auditorium
2. Walk around in the auditorium
3. Speak aloud or laugh
4. Whisper (audibly or noticeably)
5. Make any kind of exaggerated gesture
6. Make any kind of secretive gesture.
7. Glance "meaningfully" at another member of audience.
8. Seek a remote visual diversion (through windows, about the ceiling, etc.)
9. Look toward a loud-speaker
10. Make an involuntary physical gesture (yawn, scratch, adjust clothing, etc.)
11. Show an enforced physical rigidity (waiting it out)

MFSH 43



Other MFSH pages are completely graphic, completely verbal, completely pictorial, completely blank, or any combination of these.

MFSH 48



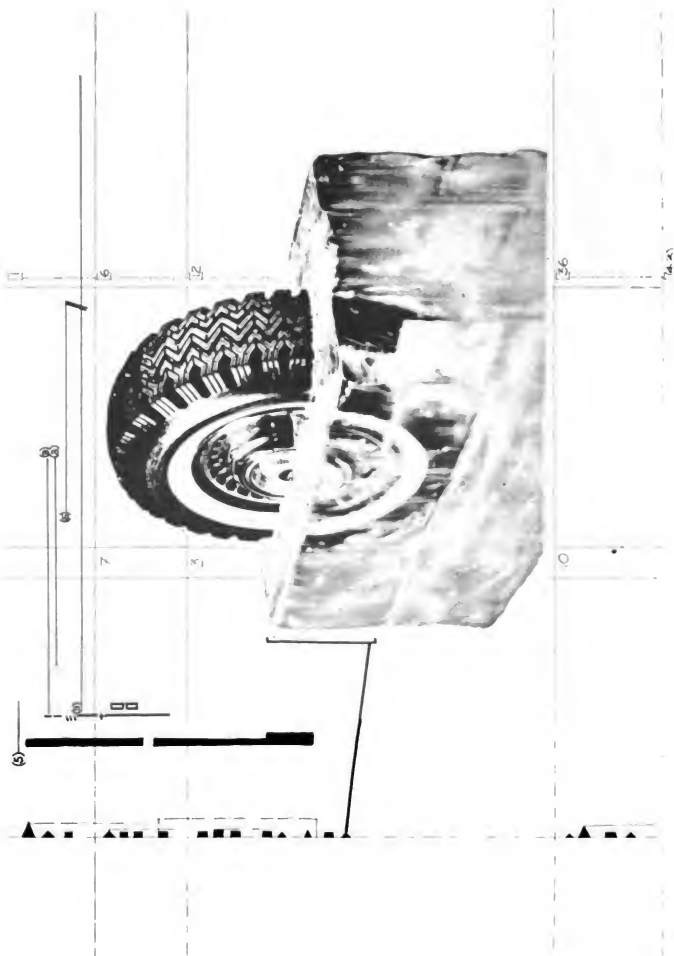
The sequence shown here is part of a larger series comprising MFSH 40-50.

MFSH 50



Two of Christian Wolff's *Duets* were also presented in 1962. Time in Wolff's scores is closely tied to the interaction of the performers, which is guided by graphic structures. While each player generally makes choices of pitches, durations and timbres, he must frequently time his entries to coincide or overlap with those of other performers, according to specific symbols. The choices one performer makes may affect some or all of the players. In a general sense, time in a Wolff piece does not come to exist in performance until somebody does something.

Robert Sheff's *Ballad* was first performed at the December '62 ONCE Friends Concert of *Real Music*. The basic notation of *Ballad* is assembled about three interacting vertical columns: numbers indicate events, their variation and their movements in space time, and calligraphy, pictures of ordinary situations and other material suggest intensity and various parameters. This notation is used to organize one performance activity (which is musical, cinematic, and so on or it left unmusical, cinematic, and so on or is left unobjects, and incidents from the same locale, so that a new field of presentation is created but the events themselves are unaltered; from events as distinctive from each other as possible, so that their presentation is their only organizing principle; from specific events chosen to present a "theme", a type of sound, to make a construction, so that their presentation is ordered by the idea of communicating a message, and so on. Several possible performances are described in the instructions; a player may create any instructions using the score. Other performances have been: *now that I am 66 years old a retired railroad engineer and at the end of my rope*, (event and film), *Penniless Australian Flies Home C.O.D.* (a news report), and *No Peace in the Valley*.



Premiered at the 1962 ONCE Festival was George Cacchioppo's *Two Worlds*, an ensemble work "contrasting the worlds of instrumental and vocal sounds." This short work contains new notations for novel manners of playing traditional instruments and for making performance time elastic. In the compositional process, acoustically derived aggregations of prime tones and their harmonics were sensitively distributed throughout the ensemble by slightly modifying standard notation. Both the motions used to produce the sound and the resulting aural sensation are represented in one symbol. For instance, the symbol for a cello to produce a gradual crescendo culminating in a gritty full arm-weight bowing is a single tone whose duration line gradually scatters over the page. The soprano sings only single vocables which extend into the instrumental textures.

3

The musical score is divided into two main sections, labeled 'A' and 'B'. Section 'A' is the upper part of the score, featuring a complex, multi-measure melodic line on a single staff. Section 'B' is the lower part, which includes staves for various instruments and vocals. The instruments listed are Violin (Vn.), Viola (Vla.), Soprano (Sopr.), Cello (Cello), and Piano (Pno.). The Soprano part consists of single vocables. The Cello part features a single tone with a duration line that gradually scatters over the page, representing a gradual crescendo culminating in a gritty full arm-weight bowing. The Piano part includes a series of notes and rests, with a duration line that gradually scatters over the page, representing a gradual crescendo culminating in a gritty full arm-weight bowing. The score is written on a single page, with the instruments and vocals arranged vertically.

George Brecht's *Motor Vehicle Sundown* (Event) was done in the summer of 1962 in the parking lot of the Ann Arbor Public Library. The piece calls for any number of motor vehicles outside, with instruction cards for each vehicle. The performers gather at sundown and simultaneously start their events, turning off their motors when done and waiting for everyone to finish. Events include horn, light, windshield wiper, motor, and other activities. Special lights and equipment (such as carousels, ladders, fire hoses) may be policeman gave him a ticket. Meanwhile, Philip Krumm did LaMonte Young's *Draw a* other activities. Special lights and equipment (such as carousels, ladders, fire hoses) may be used. While a group of ONCE cars was doing the piece, a policeman watched from across the street. When a library patron pulled off the lot, his car accidentally backfired and the policeman gave him a ticket.

In 1963, a group of musicians under the direction of Udo Kasemets began at the Brodie School in Toronto what is now virtually the only avant-garde series in Canada. Kasemets has recently received a Canada Council grant to present 10 concerts a year. At the latest of these concerts, Kasemets' *Trigon* was performed, with 3 action artists painting 3 vocalists accompanied by 3 instrumentalists. The largest orchestral performance to date of John Cage's *Atlas Eclipticalis* is planned for November.

A new series began in 1963, the annual Ann Arbor Film Festival. Open to both amateurs and professionals, the Festival is oriented towards experimental cinema, and awards prizes each year. Movies may be of any length and style; even sixteen-millimeter home movies are acceptable. Screened in 1963 with 70 other

June through August of 1962 was a summer spent in distributing propaganda. The ONCE Friends *Summer Studies in the Mass-Media* was advertised by a sheet listing two ONCE group events with other social happenings which occur annually anywhere.

1. 1 Fundamentals of Mass Communication" Buhr Park July 4 9:00 p.m. is self-explanatory.

No. 2 (a) Machine Arts and the Printed Word

(b) New Media (Olfactory Factors and Kinesthetics)

S. University, July 26, 9:00 a.m.

(a) was the annual commercial Street Arts Fair

(b) was an Armed Forces Parade

No. 3 (a) The Miracle of Radio

(b) World 8-mm. Home-Movie Film Festival.

9:00 p.m.

1009 Granger Ave. Aug. 24 were events which were presented for the first time anywhere, both of them in the Ashley's own backyard.

films were: Milton Cohen's *Love in Truro*, a film projected in black and white and simultaneously varied both visually (by superimposing moving color images) and aurally (by way of a live electronic sound network). George Manupelli's *The Bottleman* was shown in double-screen version. The film provides many episodes and possible endings in the life of a wayfaring bottleman.

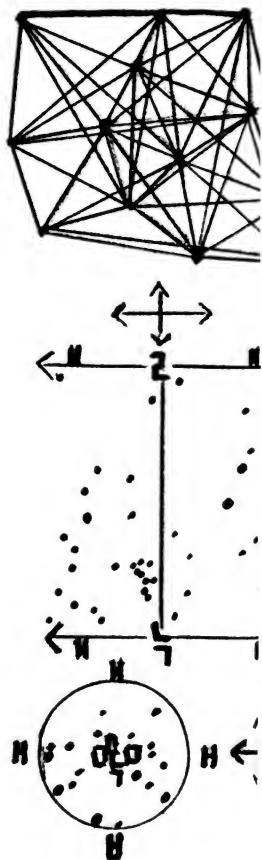


The visual part of Donald Scavarda's *Film-score for Two Pianists* was also screened. The film part serves as a score for the pianists; moving, expanding, disappearing, approaching, and receding configurations of colored spheres on the screen become mobile notational symbols for live performance.

In Detroit in 1963 a group of young artists, writers, and painters started the Red Door Gallery series of jazz, poetry, film, and assorted presentations. The ONCE people were invited to do a program of sporting events. *It matters not where the heart lies or/ladies and gentlemen the horses are entering the track* was a horse-race event with films by George Manupelli. For *All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy*, Joe Wehrer gave people materials and assignments as they entered the door, as a result of which the gallery was papered for the next event. Many people got absorbed in their work and stayed for hours. In Mary Ashley's *Walk*, the audience stepped into a giant ink pad and marked up the walls, now completely covered with wrapping paper. Some people managed to footprint the walls supported on each other's shoulders, some drew pictures, and two "maps" which had been made by slamming the ink pad against the wall were elaborately filled in. The event went as long as the tape of Mary's voice counting numbers, about two hours. Bob Ashley's *Boxing* match had participants, encased in cardboard boxes, sparring in rounds indicated by a bell. In the small space of the gallery, the sport became parties afterwards.

The introduction to the 1963 ONCE Festival was Ramon Sender's *Information*, which comes on a huge roll of plastic transparent material. It is set into motion by a number of people unrolling the score for the instrumentalists to follow. At the same time, one player improvises a great deal of informative material to tell the audience. Bob Ashley delivered the message by talking at length about the performance going on next to him.

Two pieces by Phillip Krumm appeared. *May 1962* was written on May 13, 1962, and consists of thirteen randomly distributed points



connected to form a geodesic structure which may be presented in any way; there are no instructions. *Music for Clocks* is a piece in C major. A conductor gives a steady beat (which may be different for each player), and the performers follow a score giving dots in geometric structures. The placement of the dots (notes) in the structure outlines dynamics and articulation.

April, 1964, was also the beginning of the BANG . . . BANG . . . BANG . . . festival produced at the gymnasium of the Richmond (Va.) Professional Institute. Organized through the efforts of Jon Bowie, Dick Carlyon, and many others, this first year saw performances of Folk Jazz Music, contemporary drama, three days of films by independent film makers, a symposium on "Pop" art, and a concert of events in the gymnasium staged by the ONCE group with RPI students.

Anne Wehrer, ONCE's woman-at-large, managed by tremendous effort to assemble an array of vendors, newspaper boys, and several catering services to sell things to the audience during the entertainment. A motorcycle club periodically roared around the area.

However, in the middle of the performance a fire began in the basement, and Joe Wehrer, who was giving directions and information to the audience as part of a presentation, instructed people to leave the building. Some of the performers (including Allan Kaprow, the namer and systematizer of the performance assemblages called "happenings") mistook the onslaught of the fire department for part of the general activities, and continued performing even while basement doors were being axed. Most of the vendors had scattered, but the audience returned, and the concert was a success, marking the beginning of co-operative efforts between the BANG . . . BANG . . . BANG . . . group and the ONCE people.

News Item:

Quick Thinking Averts Danger at RPI Festival

A quick-thinking man eliminated a potentially dangerous situation last night when he cleared the gymnasium at Richmond Professional Institute of about 500 students when a fire began. Joseph Wehrer of the University of Michigan was directing activities in which the audience was participating, as a part of a week-long arts festival. With the lights low and an act ending, someone told Wehrer of the fire. "He told us that our next command was to rise and follow him out of the building, and we all thought it was part of the program," several students said. Outside and waiting, Wehrer's next command, the group was surprised to see a half-dozen fire units. The fire, which started among a batch of rags in a woodshop and caused little damage, was extinguished quickly.

Every Saturday night at 8:30 across the nation, the A & P stores lower their prices on fish and produce which would spoil if kept over Sunday. Some customers arrive at the same time each week, knowing the timing of the manager's announcements of price reductions, and schedule their buying to get the best bargains. Activities of this type take on the characteristics of dance: Curt Sachs, in his authoritative *World History of the Dance* says, "it is almost impossible to define the dance more narrowly than 'rhythmic motion.'"

A group of young dancers from New York have helped introduce expanded notions of who and what can be included in dance. They are: Robert Rauschenberg, painter; Robert Morris, sculptor; Alex Hay, former long-distance runner; Carolee Schneeman, sculptress; and Judith Dunn, Yvonne Rainer, Steve Paxton, Carolyn Brown, Lucinda Childs, Anthony Holder, and Deborah Hay, dancers, some of whom have been associated with Merce Cunningham's company. The group has been known as the Surplus Dance Company (when they danced in a warehouse) and the Judson Dance Group (when they were based at Judson Memorial Church).

The entire repertory of these dancers is made up of their own dances, which incorporate traditional dance movements, ordinary gestures, traditional and contemporary music, speech; any type of sound or only the sound of the dancer's motions, as well as all sorts of constructions, props, and costumes are used. Game ideas, animate assemblage, simple commentary, improvisation, and poetic interests are expressed in works that have the spirit of play. Some of the pieces have scores constructed of magazine cutouts (among other things), and all of the dances have general instructions so that a dancer's understanding of the piece's working will enable him to create new situations in per-

News Item:

The New York Times

"Dance: The Avant-Garde at Judson Church. Each work complements the other in some inexplicable way. . . Here again the dance seems governed by effective and expressive form, even though that form was neither analyzable nor describable."

formance. Some of the following dance events were done at the 1964 ONCE Festival. These as well as other dances show the versatility that a troupe can have when artists go beyond individual "fields" to make creative activity a joint effort.

Yvonne Rainer produced a live electronic dance entitled *At My Body's House*. At pauses in a very strenuous dance to music by Bach and Buxtehude, Yvonne's breathing was greatly amplified by means of a throat contact microphone fed into a sound transmitter, whose signals were picked up by wireless equipment. Yvonne has also created a very lively piece called *Parts of Some Sextets* which is performed by a large cast bouncing on stacks of mattresses. *Three Seascapes* has pathways outlined by tape on the dance floor, and is performed with the sound of furniture moved about the dance area. Yvonne speaks of the feeling for improvisation as "spontaneous determination."

Alex Hay's *Colorado Plateau* is a task for one prime mover arranging inanimate dancers across a flat geographical surface. Each dancer is tagged with a number and the mover must position each dancer according to the pretaped instructions played over a public address system. The task becomes nearly impossible to fulfill as the instructions are given at an increasing rate, and many of the dancers are left lying on the floor. *Prairie* is an athletic event this manner until the end of the dance.



Bob Morris produced two works for the ONCE performances: *Arizona* and *21.3*. *Arizona* was a series of short episodes, each of which emanates danger. For example, Bob enters in one episode with a javelin which he displays at length with great formality and after an extended consideration thrusts the javelin into an awaiting target, and exits. The light dim, Bob enters again with a light attached to a cord which is swung in ever-approaching circles above the heads of the audience, but because of the autokinetic effect, the light seems to come much closer than it actually does.

Judith Dunn danced with Robert Morris in her *Speedlimit*, in which they matched themselves in a series of exaggerated gym events, thudding, rolling, and lying in still exhaustion. Composer Robert Dunn, Judith's husband, was responsible for classes given in 1960-1 to acquaint dancers with the inter-art applications of "new music" compositional techniques.

The best-known of Carolee Schneeman's dances is *Meat Joy*, which has been presented at the Judson Church and for many European audiences with varying shock. In preparation for the piece, Carolee drew up many possibilities of action and pliability of all sorts of fish, fowl, and other meats, with which performers in bathing suits assail each other. This piece is constructed so that every action has some effect on the surrounding movements, creating a "kinetic theater."

Lucinda Childs handles everyday objects in surprising ways. In one recent event, she placed a large roll of polyethylene on the floor while dressed in a cowboy outfit. While rock 'n' roll played, she walked slowly backwards across the room, pulling on two strings which unrolled the plastic. A succession of identical newspaper elephants appeared in the unfolding. At

The newest of Bob Morris's dances, *Waterman Switch*, is performed by two nude dancers who "switch" places by running and waiting among other (street-clothed) performers, and cling together in a slow dance.

The other performers walk about the area marking off connections which the two dancers ignore. The picture is from BANG.. . . BANG . . . BANG 1965.



the other end of the room, Lucinda continued producing elephants by attaching the strings to her feet and wiggling her toes. The piece ended when all the elephants had entered.

Bob Rauschenberg's dance event *Shotput* is like a mobilization of one of his paintings; he is able to present objects, portraits, and natural symbols (e.g. the American eagle) combined and left complete so that their placement makes a painting's message. In *Shotput*, all the events relate to electric light. During the whole piece, a tape is played with Oyvind Fahlstrom reading from *Faglar i Sverige* (Birds in Sweden). A work done in Sweden, *Elgin Tie*, involves a cow, which Bob decided not to ride offstage as he had originally planned because it was huge as a bull from Texas, his home state.

The *Spring Training* of 20 turtles carrying flashlights on their backs, a bride and her groom and their alarm clock, calisthenics fans, the automated sentiment of a crooner, a crippled narcissist spinning into oblivion, activities expressing the song *Cast Your Fate To The Wind*, and a man on stilts making his way through darkness, was danced outdoors atop an Ann Arbor parking structure. Performers in *Pelican* wear roller skates and parachute "wings", and are propelled by gusts from huge fans.

Besides dance, the 1964 ONCE Festival presented first performances of eighteen works. 1964 was also the year of the first New York Avant-Garde Festival, the BANG. . . BANG . . . BANG. . . and the ONCE appearance at the Venice Biennale.

Among the pieces introduced at the ONCE Festival was *Megaton for William Burroughs* by Gordon Mumma, a four to six-track tape piece with requirements of extensive live performance. The performers are on the

Simone Morris's dances are observations of the natures of everyday occurrences. These she calls *Dance Reports*, and they describe: a sprouting onion mounted on the mouth of a bottle gradually shifting its weight from bulb to shoot until it falls off; four boys on top of a snow-covered hill releasing a snowball which gains in size as the boys chase it downhill. . . it splits into two hemispheres and the boys climb onto the flat surfaces and rock about. . . and then they go away. In her *Dance Constructions* she creates situations of physical imbalance, confusion, and struggle: the entire role of one performer is to remain on the floor for the whole piece, the only objective of the other performer being to tie the first to the wall.

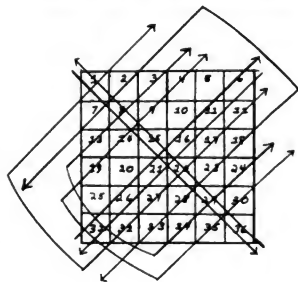
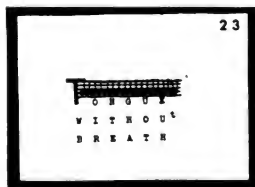
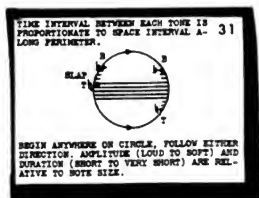
way to drop a megaton bomb, and manipulate all sorts of electronic equipment, modified instruments, and specially made metal constructions as they go. Blinking red lights high above the darkened performance area and the voices of pilots signalling to one another combine with live performance activities to generate intensity, ending in a blast of Air Force movie music.

Landscape Journey by Don Scavarda alternates music and film in an evocation of travel. The film contains no specific landscape images, but suggests a journey by a continuous horizontal motion of colors. The music (for clarinet and piano) is read from matrices which give generally open readings of unusual single sounds played continuously. The projector is switched off whenever the music is heard, and the instruments stop when the film appears.

George Cacioppo's *Advance of the Fungii* is named for a book of that title by E.C. *Fungii* is named for a book of that title by E.C. Large, which describes "various plagues that overwhelm plants and animals from time to time." The sound of the piece is based on clusters with various spreads and dispositions, both vocal and instrumental. Instrumental sound is vocally modified by the performers in specific ways; "this establishes a close color relationship between the male chorus and the wind instruments." The clusters are produced in soundblocks, marked off in phrases by the score. The conductor interprets duration; "he cues and shapes all sounds." Within each phrase, subtle shifts in density and distribution of sounds are achieved through particular vocal-instrumental notational symbols. The sound becomes ever more massive, while the phrases lengthen and the piece advances.

MATRIX

FOR CLARINETTIST

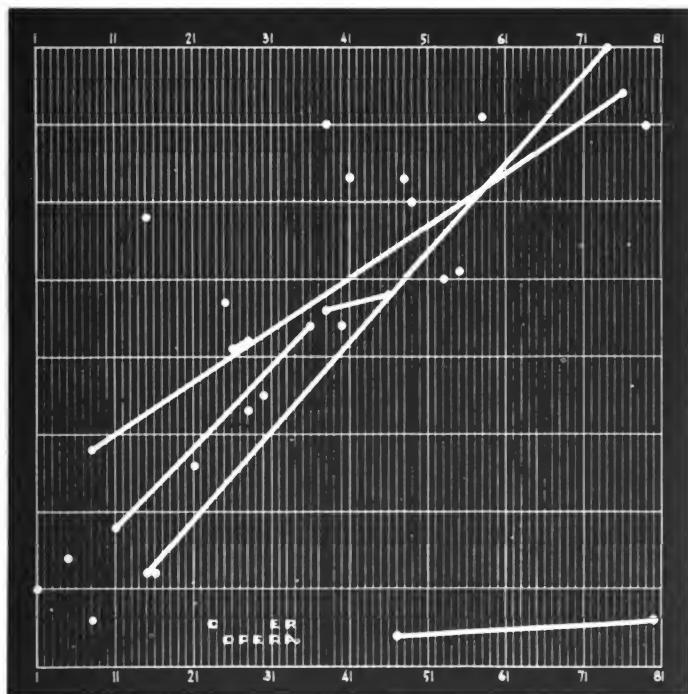


Bob Ashley's *The Wolfman* is a solo vocal spectacular. Taped and live sound are mixed in a single system pitched at the loudest sound possible without feedback. Although the level is constant, sound characteristics are to be constantly changed; the difference is justified by the gain control which the singer holds in his hand. The four variables of vocal sound are pitch, loudness, vowel formation within the mouth, and closure of jaw and lips. Changes are made as smoothly as possible. Each phrase should take up a full breath. At a St. Louis performance, the piece was combined with a rock 'n' roll presentation and titled *Night Music with the Sonics and the Wolfman*. The Sonics (Mary and Caroline) were dressed in black leather and plastic, and went through a smooth rock 'n' roll routine using appropriate gestures. One of the features of *Wolfman* is the continual transition from human to inhuman (animal, stage symbol). In the *Night Music* version, this is brought out by the wearing of sunglasses which obscure the performers' identity. Like *Crazy Horse (symphony)*, Bob Ashley's *in memoriam Kit Carson (opera)* is based on observation of social interaction: the first, on the early social order of American Indians, and the latter on the type of interaction presented by an Army group under Kit Carson. One is musically similar to symphonic structure, the other to the traditional concept of opera. Each has one basic notational ground plan, chosen for its possibilities of geometrical-ly expressing social phenomena. Thus, time and group activity are given as a circle in *Crazy Horse*. In *Kit Carson*, the sequence of "moments" and transference of action is notated by placing a grid of 81 vertical "moment" lines and eight horizontal spaces over charts of lines and points which represent single correlating events. "Moments" are not necessarily periodic; the performance proceeds from one "moment" to the next with some



events and persons coming to the fore and others returning "downstage." Events are the same or are as closely related as possible, and may last any length of time except when interacting with other events.

The pictured performance was a realization of *Kit Carson* using gestures from a well-known social phenomenon, the party conversation. This was realized for eight married couples to facilitate interaction.



The major event of the 1965 BANG... BANG
... BANG Festival was *Synthesis*, a total-
environment event dealing with war. The
audience involuntarily became part of a *war*
theater instead of watching a theater piece. CO-
theater instead of watching a theater piece,
COLORS: SILVER-BLACK-WHITE, RED,
WHITE, AND BLUE

3 MANNED AIRCRAFT... 2 FIGHTERS...

1 BOMBER

2 DRONE AIRCRAFT THAT TRANS-
CENDED THE LENGTH OF THE
CEILING (125 FEET)

1,000 SLIDES PREPARED FROM BACK
ISSUES OF POPULAR MAGS AND
MILITARY MANUALS

9 SLIDE PROJECTORS

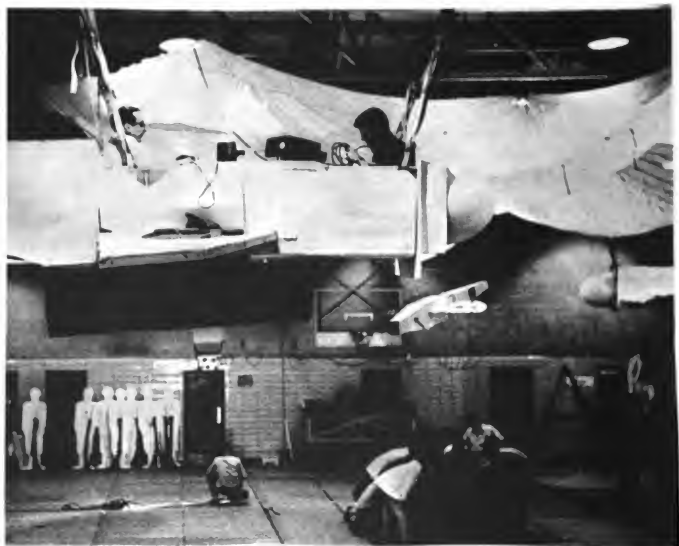
2 MOVIE PROJECTORS WITH 2ND WW
TRAINING FILMS

PROJECTIONS ONTO ALL OBJECTS

Notes by R. Carlyon and J.
Bowie outline the material:

THERE WAS CONFLICT
AND TENSION BE-
TWEEN CONVENTION-
AL ACCEPTANCE OF
AIRCRAFT AS BEING
MOBILE AND ACTIVE—
YET IN SYNTHESIS
THEY WERE LARGELY
STATIC AND FIXED. . .
IT WAS THE SOUND
TRANSMITTED THAT IN-
DICATED A TREMEN-
DOUS SENSE OF MOBIL-
ITY AND ACTIVITY.

IT TOOK 3 WEEKS 12
HOURS A DAY TO MAKE
AND RE-MAKE THE
TAPES.



AND PERSONNEL
 APPROX 100 PERSONS TOOK PART
 USED WHITE MESS UNIFORMS,
 WINTER COATS,
 SCARFS, GLOVES, SHADES
 3 BICYCLES
 900 STUFFED PAPER LAUNDRY BAGS
 DROPPED FROM CEILING AND USED
 FOR SIMULATED FORTIFICATION
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 THE AUDIENCE
 AND GOD KNOWS HOW MUCH
 PARACHUTE CORD-CABLE-WIRE ETC.
 15 ARMY COTS, 1 RED WAGON,
 1 8-YEAR OLD BOY
 1 48-STAR AMERICAN FLAG
 AND OTHER STUFF TOO NUMEROUS
 TO MENTION

It took the entire sanitation department of
 Richmond, Va. four hours to clean up. The
 audience was forced to shift about during the
 performance. The first picture shows rehearsal,
 the second shows the audience being moved at
 mid-point.

PAUSE

by Carl Spelbring



There were a number of new pieces at the 1965 ONCE Festival. Don Scavarda's *Caterpillar* combined images thrown onto a construct of grouped white cylinders with a tape describing the life and times of a caterpillar through the cocoon stage. At the stage of emergence, two new projectors flashed on with street scenes of Ann Arbor, particularly of Red's Rite Spot, a popular restaurant. The piece ended with a large red sign flashing EAT.

Richard Waters' *My Piece* was performed in slow motion behind a large plastic screen. Throughout the five parts of the work, performers lit candles and cigarettes, highlighting the semi-darkness. Two of the parts were titled: "But none of them has ever seen me in the nude" and "I gave my love a paper flower, and it died."

In *Time on Time in Miracles*, George Cacioppo continues his interest in subtle ways of deriving and notating new instrumental sounds, now applied to a larger instrumental framework. He is currently working on a composition with animal sounds.

Gordon Mumma's *The Dresden Interleaf* (13 February 1945) *In Memoriam*, was performed between two of Mumma's *Mographs*. Mumma has coined the work *cybersonic* to describe aspects of his audio experimentation: "a cybersonic procedure uses aspects (parameters) of a sound to reshape its own characteristics or determine characteristics of following sounds." *Interleaf* brings cybersonics into play to create a highly improvisatory live electronic performance situation.

George Crevoshay, whose piece *.pc* was played at the 1965 Festival, came to Ann Arbor from Oberlin College with Larry Leitch. At Oberlin, Crevoshay and Leitch encountered a great deal of opposition in trying to organize avant-garde

activities. Similar incidents have occurred at other colleges and universities across the country, resulting in a network of "underground" activities which receive little publicity or recognition.

The 1965 New York Theatre Rally provided a meeting-place for a large number of American performing groups. The great diversity of presentations pointed up the changes which have come about in considering who and what can be included in "theater." Theater can be official drama (Beckett, Ionesco, Albee and American Absurd Theater), happenings (Kapur, Oldenburg, Dine, Whitman), dance activities (Judson Company, Merce Cunningham, *Kitty Hawk*) theater pieces (*Synthesis*, the *Space Theater*), theatrical extension of concert situations (*Variations IV and V*, *Megaton for William Burroughs*, *Public Opinion*, *Lecture from Sunday Performance*), and public and household activities (*Truck*, most shorter verbal pieces, *Yamday*). It should be stressed once more, however, that no categories are fixed in theater, music, or dance, and naturally overlap. Activities spring from people's interests, which do not fall into tidy classifications.

"Never mean the name."
—Gertrude Stein

At the 1965 Theater Rally, ONCE presented two large new works, *Joy Road Interchange* and *Combination Wedding and Funeral*. *Joy Road Interchange* was a series of lectures, each named in honor of one of the Judson dancers. Each dancer could substitute a dance of his own or take a role in the ONCE presentation. Every lecture was informally informative. In the fifth lecture, ONCE members making their first New York appearance were statistically introduced and placed in a plastic specimen case. *Combination Wedding and Funeral* certainly fits no categories. A man was married and the bride was buried. The action was straightforward; there was no transformation of the activities. In the transition from wed-



ding to funeral, some unusual events did occur briefly. The performers had been previously instructed to continue regardless of what might happen, but a deep silence remained throughout the performance. Afterwards, ONCE members learned that the New York audience had drawn any number of philosophical and overwhelmingly psychological conclusions from *Combination*.

The Jelloman was premiered at the 1965 ONCE Festival. The Jelloman is an excessive narcissist who moves through a world of mute activities. Other characters stand for particular American types, some more degenerate than others, who wind up destroying each other. The soundtrack had songs by Roy Orbison and other entertainment. We have discussed a number of pieces which incorporate rock 'n' roll; there is a reasonable tie-in between the music activities presented here and the everyday world of R&B, jazz, and rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll has penetrated to more layers and age groups of American society than any previous pop music. The inventiveness and change of the new pop music have made it a major feature of American music. In terms of musical experimentation alone, the rock studios are engaged in some of the most interesting audio research anywhere. *Motown's* eight-track recording system is just one example of pragmatic large-scale electronic music development.

News Item:

Music may aid plant growth. Keeping your plants near the radio or hi-fi set may be added insurance for healthy, happy growth. Recent experiments indicated that some house plants and greenhouse plants respond favorably to either rock 'n' roll or classical sonatas, by growing more than they do without musical accompaniment.

The 1965 ONCE AGAIN Festival was held atop a city parking structure in the open air. The everyday atmosphere was continued by *Unmarked Interchange*, a piece done in the style of a drive-in movie theater. A twenty-foot scaffolding with sliding doors, louvers, and panels served simultaneously as a site for



live events and as a large screen for the showing of an old Fred Astaire movie, *Top Hat*. The activities were intended to look as if they came from a film of the '30's, and were presented cyclically throughout the showing. Events were extended and elaborated during the performance by means of backstage cues and a walkie-talkie system.

Unmarked Interchange again illustrates the interest of the ONCE group in community creation and performance of works. Everyone contributed ideas and took the roles they "always wanted to do."

Six of the (former) Judson dancers from New York presented *A Concert for Ann Arbor* at the festival. The huge performance area was bordered on three sides by the audience, and all the dances filled the space. Trisha Brown's *Motor* involved Miss Brown, a Volkswagen, and a skateboard in a tense few minutes of concentrated action. Steve Paxton's *Deposit* used the parking structure's road space for the mysterious unfolding of a sinuous plastic assemblage that housed the dancer and his assistants, a night flare, and an unoccupied chair.

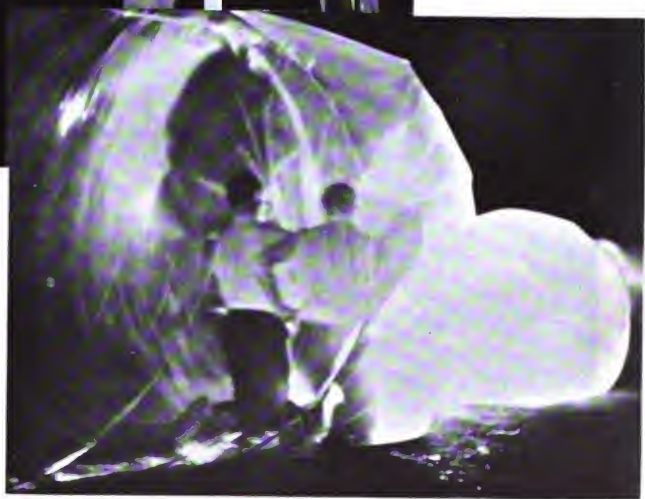
The Festival concluded with a John Cage premiere, *Talk I*, which projected conversation among friends into the night air and over the town by means of electronic channelling and modification of voices.

The ONCE AGAIN production marked the first time that this Ann Arbor series failed to go in the red. This was due to the enormous seating capacity of the parking structure and increased local interest, rather than to an all-out drive for profit. The community spirit seems to flourish best where there is no commercialism. Many of the composers and performers we have discussed throughout this article do not support themselves chiefly by music-making. Music is a spare-time activity for them, as it can be for everybody.

* * *

"Like most other composers, Schoenberg had more or less constant money problems. The thought arises whether these are not the true subject of music."

—John Cage





PIECES NOT MENTIONED (titles we hated to leave out)

Philip Krumm: *3 pages of sounds Curious Origins of Familiar Words, Especially Those Dirty Ones*; *10 Composes for YoRoonophone*; *Exciting Moments in the Life of Frederick the Great, Eden Fire*.

Morton Feldman: *Christian Wolff in Cambridge*

Bob Ashley: *Morton Feldman Says*

John Cage: *She is Asleep*; *The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs*, *Living Room Music*

Dick Higgins: *Voices Signaling Across the Flames*

Philip Corner: *this is it this time*; *Outbreak on the Dance Floor*; *The Passionate Expanse of the Law*

Mark Slobin: *Hot Tamale, or They Know Know Quality When They Taste It*

Harry Partch: *Castor and Pollux — a dance for the twin rhythms of Gemini*

Edward Zajda: *Do Not Attempt to Defeat the Interlock*

Fred Herko: *Once or Twice a Week I Put on Sneakers and Go Uptown (dance)*.

Robert Morris: *Morris Code*

Harry Partch: *Ulysses at the Edge*; *U.S. Highball, Ring Around the Moon*

Bob Ashley: *Yes, But Would You Want Your Sister to Play One*

Bob Sheff: *(we pick our own in) Potcet, Texas Peace in the Valley*

Mary Ashley: *Truck, a Dance* — John Cage
Dancing with Liz Taylor, Jackson MacLow
Dancing with Judy Garland, Yvonne Rainer
Dancing with Hieronymus Bosch, etc.

Jackie Mumma: *I spent the Whole Day Shopping*

Gordon and Jackie Mumma: *Three-legged event*

The Grate Society: *Stronger than Dirt*

PIECES YOU CAN DO AT HOME

Mary Ashley: *Hole (A Sculpture)* Walk backwards all day Saturday

Gordon Mumma: *Four Part Music*

1. Do anything you want
2. Do anything
3. Anything
4. Any

Marianne Babitch: *Making a Pecan Pie*

Make a pecan pie, singing the recipe to yourself all the while.

Mark Slobin: *Revolutions*

Play a piece at 16 RPM. Play it again, at 33 RPM. Play it again at 45 RPM. Play it again at 78 RPM. Decide which way you like it most, and play it again, for a friend.

Joe Babitch: *Cognitive Dissonance*

With a group of friends, start singing a song you like, each choosing his own song. See where it leads.

Anon.: *Early Morning Music*

TWEET

Bob Sheff: *Hum*

Hum is for anyone, anywhere, anytime.

Hum is as good as music.

Hum because it feels good.

Hum is something else.

Frank Ettenberg: *Barnacle*

A piece has concluded. Its composer may or not be in the audience. People are applauding. So stand up and bow to the audience.

(realization, Univ. of Mich. 10/11/65)

Grant Fisher: *Window Event*

On a stormy night, leave your window open. The next day give a party for all the things that get blown in.

Dick Steiner: *Optics*

I. Walking about the house with only

one eye open, hold entertaining discussions with the furniture; but you do all the talking.

II. Walking about the house with only one eye open, don't answer.

III. Walking about, sleep with talking eyes.

AUDIOGRAPHY

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Indeterminacy — Folkways
FT-3704

String Quartet in Four Parts —
Columbia ML 4495

Three Dances — Disc 643

Percussion Music — Time 58000

Cartridge Music — Time 58009

(with Christian Wolff pieces)

Aria — Time 58003 (with Berio
and Bussotti pieces)

Morton Feldman: *Durations I-IV* — Time
58007 (with Earl Brown
pieces)

Music of Morton Feldman
— Columbia ML 5403

Earle Brown: 3 pieces on Time 58007

Christian Wolff: 3 pieces on Time 58009

Harry Partch: *Works* on CRI 193; also five records available by writing to the composer, Petaluma, Calif.

Moondog: Two records on the Mars label
Tapes of many pieces discussed in the article, as well as of other pieces, may be obtained from the Ann Arbor Co-operative Studio for Electronic Music, Box 440, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Last night I had this
terrible terrible DREAM
and I don't know if you
be lieve in

PREMONITIONS

but I certainly do and
I'm so scared that I may
even run home to Mom and
Dad in

NEW FORK

and if I were you well I'm not
going on campus tomorrow be-
cause a monster is coming

MORROW

a veritable monster, a

GARGOYLE

or maybe a monstrosity

*as if you didn't know

*try the
canterbury
house
this weekend*

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per person*

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and
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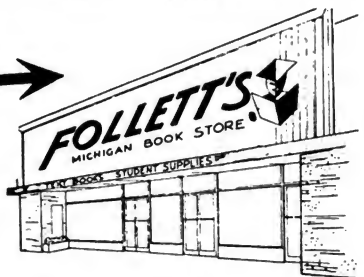
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EVENTS

NOVEMBER

- 17—Chamber Music, Stanley Quartet, Eugene Bossart, Rackham, 8:30
 - Auto de Fe, Tennessee Williams, Trueblood, 4:10
 - Henry VI, Part I, University Players, Trueblood, 8:30
- 18—Early Italian Music, Tudor Singers, Rackham, 8:30
 - Henry VI, Part I
- 19—Bandorama, William D. Revelli, Hill, 8:30
- 20—Henry VI, Part II
- 22—Henry VI, Part III
- 23—Henry VI, Part III
- 29—Henry VI, Part I
- 30—Henry VI, Part II

DECEMBER

- 1—First Annual A. and D. Art Show, Rackham Art Galleries
- 2—Original Plays, Trueblood, 4:10
 - Henry VI, Part I
 - Collegium Musicum, Episcopal Church, 8:30
- 3—Henry VI, Part II
- 4—Henry VI, Parts I, II, III
- 5—Ralph Herbert and Eugene Bozert, Rockham, 8:30
 - Henry VI, Part III
- 6—"Keep an Eye on Amelie," University Players, Trueblood
- 7—University Choir and Orchestra, Maynard Klein, Hill, 8:30
- 8—Chamber Music, Stanley Quartet, Rackham, 8:30
- 9—"Keep an Eye on Amelie," University Players, Trueblood
- 10—Hanging of the Greens, Guild House
- 12—Organ Recital, Robert Glasgow, Hill, 8:30

JANUARY

- 6—Organ Recital, Robert Clark, Hill, 8:30
- 7—Chamber Music of Beethoven and Brahms, Rackham, 8:30
- 13—University Symphony Band, William D. Revelli, Hill, 8:30
- 14—University Symphony Orchestra and Chamber Orchestra, Joseph Blatt, Hill, 8:30
- 18—Organ Recital, Carl Weinreich, Guest Organist, Hill, 8:30
- 22—Folklore Society Concert
- 23—Chamber Choir, Tomas Hilbish, Rackham, 8:30
- 25—University Woodwind Quintet, Rackham, 8:30
 - Louis Lomax, Writer in Residence, Hill, 8:00
- 26—Stanley Quartet, Rackham, 8:30
- 27—Louis Lomax, Writer in Residence, Hill, 8:00
- 31—Louis Lomax, Writer in Residence, Hill, 8:00

FEBRUARY

- 2—Louis Lomax, Writer in Residence, Hill, 8:00
- 4-5—World Fair, Union Ballroom
- 9—University Chamber Orchestra, Joseph Blatt, Hill, 8:30
- 13—Angel Reyes and Reid Nibley, Violin and Piano, Rackham, 4:15
- 15—Baroque Trio, Rackham, 8:30
- 18—University Symphony Orchestra, Hill, 8:30

Listings for February Issue are welcomed.

They can be made by contacting Helen Stane, GENERATION. copyrighted material

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NOV. 13, 14

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NOV. 17

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NOV. 20, 21

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DEC. 2, 3

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 (2:30) Sunday, December 5
- Benita Valente, Soprano
 Doris Mayes, Mezzo-Soprano
 Stanley Kolk, Tenor
 Malcolm Smith, Bass
- University Chorol Union
 Members of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra
 Mary McCall Stubbins, Organist
 Lester McCoy, Conductor
- PHYLLIS CURTIN**, Soprano of the
 Metropolitan Opera Company Thursday, January 20
- HERMANN PREY**, Baritone Wednesday, February 2
- RUMANIAN FOLK BALLET** Wednesday, February 16
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- MONTE CARLO NATIONAL ORCHESTRA** Saturday, February 26
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 MICHEL BLOCK, Pianist
- VIENNA OCTET** Tuesday, March 1
- RUDOLF SERKIN**, Pianist Monday, March 7
- I SOLISTI VENETI** Wednesday, March 16
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SPRING

1966

CONTRIBUTORS

BARBARA A. K. ADAMS is a senior English major.

MEGAN BIESELE is a junior in the English Honors Program.

ALYS CHABOT came to Michigan in June, 1964, after successfully wrestling her bachelor's degree from the hands of a reluctant college authority who disapproved of her agnosticism and her writing. Fear of becoming an academician prompted her to seek employment; dislike of nine-to-five living prompted her to return to school. She is presently finishing work on her M.A., after which she plans to return to low-cost living along Lake Michigan, to write and possibly teach.

MERRILL GILFILLAN is a junior in the English Honors Program.

CHRISTINE HOYT has studied at the University and at MSU. Several of her poems have appeared in *Zeitgeist*, published in East Lansing.

TWEEDY MacGREGOR, a transfer from Wellesley is a junior in natural resources.

RICHARD REICHMAN, a junior philosophy major, is playing Vladimir in the University production of *WAITING FOR GODOT*. *JOURNEY TO QUADANGH* was produced by the Student Lab Bill.

DOM DAVID F. K. STEINDL-RAST was born and raised in Vienna, Austria, where he studied art, anthropology and psychology. He holds degrees from the Vienna Academy of the Fine Arts and the Psychological Institute, and received his Ph.D. degree in experimental psychology from the University of Vienna. In 1953 he joined the then newly founded Benedictine monastery of Mount Saviour, Elmira, New York, where he received formal training in philosophy and theology. 1958/1959 he spent as Post-Doctoral Fellow at Cornell University.

Deeply concerned with the research for a spirituality that will meet the challenge of our time, and with the role of monachism as a bridge between East and West, Brother David has given lectures at the University of Michigan, Georgetown University, Fordham, R.P.I., the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, etc., published articles in various periodical, and contributed a paper on "The Biblical View of the Cosmos" to *Cosmic Piety*, Modern Man and the Meaning of the Universe, edited by Christopher Derrick, New York: Kenedy, 1965.

GEORGE ABBOTT WHITE, former editor of *Generation* and editor of the *New Poet Series*, wrote his (now-revised) essay on Roethke for his English Honors thesis. He currently manages *The Ark* coffee house and is writing a critical biography of F. O. Matthiessen.

RICHARD WIDERKEHR is a junior in the English Honors Program.

MARTHA MacNEAL ZWEIG, an English graduate student at the University, has won Hopwood Awards for her fiction and poetry (Special Award in fiction, 1964 and Minor Award in poetry, 1965).

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A PLEA OF A DIFFERENT SORT, AND SOME NEWS . .

Unless a magazine has a reputation like *Poetry's* (who claims it sees all of the potentially major poetry written in the country), it has stagnancy problems: of forms, ideas, and contributors.

I hadn't planned to launch a justification of any stagnancy of contributors. I think all of the material is good—we try to sort out the best, no matter who wrote it. We receive a great deal of good poetry that we just can't publish, fewer stories, and occasionally an essay. Anything else requires strong guts and nails to dig out. Which leads me to the fact that we need music and art editors who can convince composers, artists, et al that we are not stuffy and artistically reactionary.

Most of the material submitted seems to come up with the same ideas: loneliness, alienation. As an exercise in form, and if we dare, as an impetus to imagination, we are soliciting material for a section in our next issue that will employ our line down the middle of the page. It brought some ideas at a staff meeting: reality and appearance, the mirror, the visible and the unseen A sample page is set up on the page following.

The photographs were taken in India and Pakistan while Peter McDonough was in the Peace Corps. If I may be so bold, I suggest you look at them, then the poetry and fiction, and finally, read slowly and ponder the interview with Brother David and the article on Roethke.

A good part of our "hard-core" having disappeared some time before the second issue, a meager turnout for Anthony Hecht last semester, but fine turnouts for our poetry reading (next one: 25 February with Martha MacNeal Zweig) and for Robert Lowell's reading of his version of *Agamemnon* make me hesitate to make pronouncements on the state of culture in Ann Arbor. However. There is hope. The Creative Arts Festival promises to be good again. *The Daily Magazine* looks as if it's going to be rejuvenated (see the editor if you have ideas or material). GENERATION has open meetings every Thursday at 8:00 in the office. Come if you want to talk about "things," any "things." I only wonder how *Zeitgeist* sold 3100 copies in East Lansing, while we're publishing in the Athens of the Midwest.

David L. Birch

EDITOR/David L. Birch ASSOCIATE EDITOR/Barbara A.K. Adams FICTION/Megan Biesele NON-FICTION/Donald Rothman PHOTOGRAPHY/Gail Gutrad POETRY/Merrill Gilfillan, James B. Greenberg BUSINESS MANAGER/Anne Richmond COMPOSITION/Rayna S. Rapp PROOF-READING/Jessica MacKay PUBLICITY/Susan N. Hyman NEW POET SERIES/George A. White

STAFF Alys Chabot, Ellen Coleman, Sherry Ferdman, Marti Friedberg, Susie Ginsberg, Richard Hendrickson, Moreen Hirsch, Michael Hurley, Carol Kolodny, Monica Korzeniouski, Patricia Kwik, Ron Massey, Judith Meyer, Joanne Murphy, Denise Nowakowski, Linda Oldham, Ronald Peal, Wendy Rallin, Marge Rapaport, Susan Riebel, Ronald Rosenblatt, Linda Sherry, Leslie Simon, Helen Stone, Steven Zarit



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The University of Michigan Inter-Arts Magazine

VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 3

*You will ask: And where are the lilacs?
And the metaphysics muffled in poppies?
And the rain which so often has battered
its words till they sprouted up
gullies and birds?*

*I'll tell you how matters stand with me.
Pablo Neruda/A Few Things Explained*

FICTION

COME HITHER	MEGAN BIESELE	14
JOURNEY TO QUADHANGH	RICHARD REICHMAN	51

NON-FICTION

THE NOW THAT DOES NOT PASS AWAY	22
<i>An Interview with Brother David Steindl-Rast, Monk of Mt. Saviour, by Megan Biese</i>	
WEEDS TOO: THE POETRY OF THEODORE ROETHKE. GEORGE ABBOTT WHITE	56

PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTOGRAPHS	PETER McDONOUGH	33
-------------------	-----------------------	----

POETRY

THE NOTEBOOK OF JEREMIAH	ALYS CHABOT	7
LETTER FROM FROUST	MERRILL GILFILLAN	19
EVENING FRAGMENT	MERRILL GILFILLAN	20
BRIDGE TREMBLINGS	RICHARD WIDERKEHR	21
SOLIPSIST BEHAVIOR	MARTHA MacNEAL ZWEIG ..	27
IRRELEVANCE OF ANGELS	MARTHA MacNEAL ZWEIG ..	28
THE PAIN	MARTHA MacNEAL ZWEIG ..	29
QUESTION 1	CHRISTINE HOYT	30
THE INVOLVEMENT	BARBARA A.K. ADAMS	49
SILENT FOR THE MOON	BARBARA A.K. ADAMS	50

ART

WILLOW TREE	TWEEDY MacGREGOR	6
-------------------	------------------------	---

COVER by MARINA FARKAS



THE NOTEBOOK OF JEREMIAH

The Lord said to Jeremiah, "Before I found you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you, I appointed you a prophet to the nations." But the Lord also said, concerning men, "As for you, do not pray for this people, or lift up cry or prayer for them, and do not intercede with me, for I do not hear you." And Jeremiah, alone before God and man, was troubled.

I

What thin man am I,
a resentful rager, daring
to drag down a pillared faith,
to dent a roofed worship?

God's man: at best a wavering shouter,
mouthing the land's denial of the past,
willfully refuting the contract of this
land, these people.

II

Truth is a dream of men,
fat and thin alike.
Being a dream, truth turns
and visions become the word.
The word dreamed is but of men,
and I would have another,
another and a real Truth.

III

"Jeremiah, though thin
(from rage and grief and mind-scrimmages)
needs no woolen shawl, no feather fringes.
Gold is rust. Here iron prevails,
iron and a life already high,
already shown." Such
are the words of God.

Do arguments win? Do precedents
establish?
Light, all as light as the ages
upon which my father
and his father
and their great-grandfathers
pressed their enshrined and lusty bulk.

IV

What mind sees tomorrow?
Surely no mortal mind.
Or, if able to die, surely,
certainly, a mortal and more.
Man is not eternal.
It is his mind,
with all its gigantic turnings,
which lives, gives the faith
of a wind-strewn people
everlasting unity.
The mind,
and there is only
one true mind.
Not a scanner of goats' liver,
chicken wings, not
a whirlpool of blood and bone and sinew,
but the mind,
the thinking mind.

V

My strength, my own enemy,
 no emotion so clouds my view
 as my love for this lost people.
 Sterilized by human fault, my
 one leaning the painful
 ability of words,
 of forbidden plea.
 And what am I to do with
 my boundless pity,
 my infinite Lord?

Thinness fights for itself,
 wins, holds in two slight hands
 my own being,
 even within this God.
 For thin men
 even the Beginning
 and the End
 must change.
 And this God must care.

VI

A man given to God fights men
 given to themselves, wars
 with men who know and do not know
 the darkness and the light
 flashing in the twisted brain.
 The long stretch of memory
 goes with us always, and
 cannot be forgotten,
 must be considered
 when questions come.
 Questions.
 Brooding.
 Doom.

Turn heel on false voices,
hold off from kings,
until,
until,
doom is certain
and must be more than remembered—
said
and suffered.
And nothing is left. Nothing
but the man himself,
alone and professionless,
for profession is attachment.

VII

Thin men fear to be themselves in dreams,
content their days
with what might have been.
And I, must I dream and be,
know and burn?

I am too much of the universe,
too much.
Even the mad can see;
the mad condemn me.
Lunatics spurn my sound.
Jerking bodies and rolling eyes
deny
the unentranced fit
of my whole life.

VIII

No rightful judge,
a scorner of money
who once bought land,
who turns even on his own,
and speaks no desired truth.
And my pity—

a sprawling, loathsome condescension
of the weakness of sparrow bones
shattered on the broad slabs ascending.
A stronger man would pass temples
and not shudder
to hear the flat sound of coins,
the sly rustle of feathers traded.
And stronger men are blind on baking-day.
Forgetfulness a learned thing,
stronger men pass on. Am I
to have only this longing?

For one of them cries
and cries touch somewhere.
Some men cry.
Some men write.
Are the two so different
in their stretching out?

IX

What thin man am I, they say,
seized and not seized?
Proof.
All evasive mankind wants
is proof.
Air is here when
we are not.
Never knowing later, is that
not witness?
Our bond does not allow
argument with death.

But argument and weight
are too little seen by fatigue.
Tiredness runs from itself,
from God, from being.

X

God is a lonely commander.
No room in loneliness for
self-pity, self-hate, regret
of the womb.
And a thin man hates separateness,
wishes it gone.
Thin men fight even God
for air, air to breathe,
only to breathe.
To breathe and to die.
Not alone in the end.

Dreams wrap shawls round poor men only.

Wanting and not wanting,
fearing and daring,
a thin man turns as fox,
turns and slashes with ferality
at self,
a pinwheel of futile rebellion.

XI

And it will all cease to be.
Silence
falling in blizzards between
the poised phrases
of the noontime table.
Wind
wiping up the earth,

Weariness creeps into the marrow,
curls the cord, grates the skin
and stops,
shouting soundlessly.

twisting the green,
tearing the soft breath from
the not yet earthly mouths
of infants.
And unmasking rocks
to glare in the setting sand.

XII

The land without
the men.
Men may strangle,
smother for want of
some warm shoot growing.
For I myself am not
large enough for life
alone.
I cry and single men
everywhere
must die
for my stretched
but not far enough, life.
Thin man,
I regret that I am you,
that I in hell of view
must also contain the capacity
to be infinitely hurt,
always split
between my accused
and falling land
and my driving,
wrathful Lord.

(Awarded an Avery Hopwood Award in Poetry, summer 1965)

Alys Chabot

COME HITHER

"He dreamed that it was warm, secret, about the size of a clenched fist, and of a garnet color within the penumbra of a human body, as yet without face or sex; during fourteen lucid nights he dreamt of it with meticulous love."

Ficciones, "The Circular Ruins"

Jorge Luis Borges

He was bent over in the shallow water under the bridge, untying the raft. She studied his narrow brown back and watched for the bumpy part of his backbone to make taut the skin at his waist as he moved. Her feet were planted squarely in the mud and she stood passive like a cow in the river enjoying the coolness as the mud came up gradually around her ankles and calves. In a minute he had straightened up and had turned to face her. She was unable to fight down an enormous smile which broke out in warm entirety from her simple, sweating face and somewhere about the region of her heart. He grinned uncertainly, briefly, in return; they stood in the muddy shallows and he slap-slapped the creeper tie-rope wet against his small hard brown thigh and time went by with them just standing facing each other in the sun . . .

. . . I am a bulbous, faceless goddess with legs severed at the knees, an effigy in stone standing dreaming in the water, dreaming of the organic Perhaps, played about by water shadows flitting in the hurrying tiny wind which rises just at dawn. Water shadows skitter coltishly in the early cool, shine momentarily on the underside of my stone chin and slide across the smooth roundness of my stone belly . . .

It was early morning in midsummer. The banks of the river rose steeply, secret with jungle growth, up and away from them on both sides into a hot blue sky. Broad-leaved trees at the bottom of the ravine curled down their limber trunks and soused their branches cool in the muddy water. A fowl squawked remotely, but all else was continuous; the heat and the hum of insects throbbed endlessly in their ears and became indistinguishable from the internal drone of their summer blood. She looked at him and something rose and sang in her throat, but she only fixed more firmly in her black hair the white flower with its delicate splashes of red, and dilated her wide, flat nostrils to such in morning air . . .

. . . I sing a song of beginning, of things to come. I am the slow, pleasurable anticipation of stone stretching into life, of thighs which tease one another awake at dawn to find themselves in heat . . .

He ducked away from her gaze finally and she handed him the paddle. She knew he would feel better with something in his hands. They waded together out into the wide, shallow river, pushing the raft ahead of them. Out in the middle the water was only up to their waists, and the current

was slow because of the summer slack—unopposable but slow. They made a small pile of their clam-digging tools in the center of the raft and climbed on. He knelt carefully at one extreme edge and began to dip his paddle into the water at intervals, carefully guiding the raft down the central current. She was lying on the other side, trailing her toes in the water and watching the muscles of his brown arm flex and relax, flex and relax, in a motion which grew with her sleepiness to encompass the whole green world, as they glided down the silent river leaving not a single bubble to mark where they had come.

"We must be careful not to go as far as the Rim." The ancestral maxim, repeated by all who had to travel on the river, quivered like a water-shimmer into a palpable presence around them and fixed itself immobile, as if for long journeying. Which had said it, if either of them? Impossible to tell: the tacit agreement hung in the air between and above them as an intensification of their immediate atmosphere and demanded from them nothing, since acknowledgement was already given . . .

. . . . Three full-moons past we held funeral rites for our mother's father He was very old when he died, so old that in his last years he could do nothing but sit in the sun and dream, dream of the children he had fathered. He had to be carried outside the hut each morning to sit under a tree with his ancient dog the whole day long. At first he passed the hours with weaving but then his eyes failed and he did nothing but stroke the old dog, all day, sitting under the tree. He liked to stroke it in a special spot, on the neck behind one ear, and he did it until the spot grew silky from the rubbing. Gradually all the hair was worn off but our grandfather's fingers, clinging to their only habit, kept right on with their constant, wearing rub and relax, rub and relax. And then one day his mindless fingers went at last right through the old dog's skin and the blood spurted out upon the old man's hand. He choked and screamed a silent, lungless scream and the dog slunk away into jungle beyond the cultivations and did not come back. Our grandfather died the next morning, and while the men were in the jungle cutting bamboo for his burial cage they came across the carcass of the dog lying with its head in a pool of quickly drying blood, into which was falling slowly more blood drop by drop from the atrophied arteries of the neck behind one ear . . .

The body paddled on into the morning, his sharp young eyes watching ahead for submerged trees, so skillfully steering clear of them that the passage of the raft was smooth and liquid and never once challenged. It was an important raft—his first, built wholly by himself from selected green banai logs bound together with creeper and caulked by the secret process with gum. He could not risk collision on this, its maiden voyage . . .

. . . . "They say that an adulteress who does not admit her guilt before she goes to take Communion at the mission will choke to death as she attempts to swallow the wine."

"Yes, my sister, that is what they say. Do you not remember that our mother's sister stopped going to the mis-

sion with her husband and her children one day and never afterwards explained? The gods make punishment according to their own fashion."

"O, little brother, there are worse things . . ."

The raft glided on. Once a water snake menaced their shining path and with joyful and self-conscious mastery the boy flipped it with the paddle, writhing and coiling wetly, high away into the bright air. He glanced at his sister to see whether she had noticed, but she was sleeping now, her head sunk nearly to her breasts, which rose and fell evenly under the loving pressure of the sun. The Rim was remote and did not threaten, and they had many clams to gather on this day, so he settled back on his heels, calm but alert, to the flex and relax, flex and relax of his muscles guilding the raft down the silent river between the hot green banks.

At midday they beached the raft on a sandy shelf at a turn in the river. She sat in the sand and smiled as she watched him scramble to the top of a palm for coconuts. He came back to her with two huge hairy ones and they made holes in the ends and drank coconut cream until their bellies were full and they had to fall back in the sand, laughing for no reason at all. She stopped laughing first and watched his closed, giggling eyes, watched his long, muscular upper lip try vainly to hide the delight of his flashing teeth . . .

. . . The manager of the prostitute who lives at the edge of the village chants a spell as he passes bundles of aromatic herbs above her sleeping mats:

*She does not sit in the house,
She is ever restless, strolling up and down.
She itches all the time for men.
Sores do not afflict her, and her skin is without blemish.
Her skin shines and glows like a crimson Cordyline leaf
in a dark forest.
She arouses desire in the trees and in the stones.
She dreams of men always, knowing not night from day.
She needs no sleep, she feels no shame.
She draws men from their wives in the darkness and in
the sunlight.
She does not wait or pause, she is always ready.
And the youths desire her also . . .*

They dug a few clams at this beach, but there were not many to be found this close to the village. He helped her put what few they had found into the hemp bag, which they placed in the center of the raft. They prepared to shove off to continue down the river. This time they did not get out to the center before the current became too strong to stand, so they jumped on quite near the edge and for a few minutes he had to paddle hard to keep them from being swept into the bank by the sudden push and swirl of water. As they glided rapidly along the bank, by his efforts only just grazing it, something small and slender and green as a lime hurtled out of the thick grass at the river's edge and landed on the raft beside the bag of

clams. Distracted, neither of them took much notice until they were safely out into the center of the river.

It was a chameleon. The girl watched it scamper over the raft, nervous bright green-gold and faster than its own rapid heart-beat in its jerky little motions, flicking with each short run its tiny perfect green tail. When it paused for a few seconds to look around, she could see the tiny heart fluttering within the ribcage, stretching minutely the almost transparent, lime-colored skin. Alert to everything, its unblinking eyes jumped ceaselessly about, gathering hints of incipient danger. The slightest change in the world about it seemed to engender within the tiny lizard an inordinate magnification of itself, as if the animal's quivering receptivity collected and condensed, only to manifest through the changes of its narrow body in sharper accents, the thousand bits of intelligence arrowing each moment through the air. She watched it take fear at some motion of the boy, who was still unaware of its existence, and leap to the hempen bag. As soon as it left the green logs of the raft for the brown of the bag its color began to change: in a second the delicate skin approximated its new background and began to fade protectively from the probing of her eyes. She would not have seen it at all had she not been so close that she could watch it breathing, could watch the folds imperceptibly speckled, gauzy skin on its neck tighten and relax, swell and relax, as the air passed in and out over its slip of a hidden tongue.

Then she grabbed it. Imprisoned within the pinkness of the inside of her hand, it struggled for a moment and then lay still. She opened her hand and it lay in her palm, undamaged but yet inert. She stared at it for a long time while the boy, oblivious, kept the raft gliding smoothly down the middle of the brown river

*. . . . In the village, in the hut, in the corner, sits the image
of our father's father's father, everlastingly portending doom*

Silent minutes passed. The chameleon seemed to be making some sort of fantastic effort of will, lying there in her hand. It was still, with its eyes shut, gasping; its only other bodily movement was an occasional mindless twitch of its delicately protruding forelegs. And as she watched, its skin turned in rapid succession various shades of green and brown and finally a mustard yellow in the effort to match the pink of the inside of her hand. Suddenly it gave a tremendous jerk and righted itself, spilling between her startled fingers to her knees and to the logs of the raft in a headlong rush toward the river. When it reached the edge it flung itself unhesitatingly into the swirling water and as the raft passed by she watched the eddying current bear it down.

* * *

The river was still swifter now. The green profusion of the banks writhed closer, hung over the deepening channel of the river, brooding, dark in the late afternoon. Animals' trails worn down by countless comings and goings of hoofs and paws still led to tiny, undisturbed backwater ponds at the river's edge, but the water at the center rushed, mutely churning, on its course, and the overhanging jungle trees started to whisper and sigh as a hot grey wind began to sway their tops

*. . . . Beckonings. Come hither, my brother, my son, for I am
good. Do not be afraid that I will shut you in a dark prison in*

the jungle ringed about by a circle of white stones. Come hither and drink what I offer you from the shining cup of our ancestors. It is sweet-smelling and will bring you secret dreams of creation. Do not be afraid to drink. Do not be afraid to dream. Come hither and dream . . .

"We must gather in the clams quickly, my sister, and turn back. It is growing late and we must not be away from the village alone together when night comes."

She said nothing. He watched the bank closely for a place to beach the raft where they could wade ashore. But the banks were now too steep and the path along the river running back to the village wound high above them in and out among slippery bluffs of red mud. The water swirled still swifter, and where it flung itself around a bend in the river its chocolate brown churned into dirty white foam.

"I have never been so far. I do not know the river below here," said the boy loudly, nervously. There was simply no place to land. "We must get back. We must get back to the village," he repeated, over and over. The roar of water and the sweep of wind grew louder. The forward glide of the raft was swift, but smooth, strangely unturbulent. The girl knelt on the raft, her attention riveted forward, and she saw from the corners of her eyes the coconut palms of the riverbank go flying by, tossed by the strange hot grey wind . . .

. . . "Will you have me?"

"Will you have me, sister?"

The raft lurched suddenly and the bag of clams fell off into the foam. The channel narrowed and the brown water was choked with crazily spinning objects—a length of creeper, a broken branch, the shattered bow of a canoe . . .

. . . I am a stone goddess, turned to flesh; swept by hot thunder I am hurled and hurl myself through the storm blown from the mouth of the image of my father's father's father. . .

"I do not wait or pause, I am always ready.

And the young men desire me also. . .

In terr from the pitching of the raft, the boy flung himself upon her now, clinging and grasping and pinning her to the hard green logs as they spun dizzily down the river. One of her hands grasped the edge of the raft and with the other she found his knobby backbone where it tightened the skin at his waist and hung on nervously, mindlessly kneading, kneading the flesh with her fingers. . .

"The Rim!" they screamed into each others' faces at the same instant. Hthey had forgotten. . .

. . . Now. Come. Drink. Do not be afraid. . .

Before the onrushing raft loomed suddenly an awful emptiness. The boy and girl, bodies now clinging, arching tensely together, flung themselves or were flung into the thundering brown water as it broke over them and splintered the raft. Her mouth was full of the brown, foaming wine, and she was still smiling at him as they plunged over the edge. Attempting to swallow, she choked violently and clung tighter to the boy. But the brown young body was limp. He had already begun to dream.

Megan Biesele

LETTER FROM PROUST

Mother,

I cannot remember your face
sometimes between that Summer and this Fall,
and then I am drawn, quartered by disgrace
to face again that foreign children's tale.
I count, recount, the tired godless measure
and climb
dark stairs to my microscopic pleasure.

Your foolish son, stale Phoenix, dissects Time.
Kid gloves, the cloying night, a body's turn—
the obvious embraces, holds, denies
me; the root shies from intellect. I yearn
to undo those faces, these asthmatic eyes.

Mamma, begin the song; first
of our implacable context
then of our incestuous thirst.
Beneath the inevitable,
between the dying, Mamma,
we grow lyrical.
The pebble is far and worn;
it moves into my heel.
I retch. Wrap me well.
Mamma, begin the song,
Marcel

Merrill Gilfillan

EVENING FRAGMENT

The night is too tight with an old body;
the ears hang with force, dried apricots
waiting on either non-plussed side.
Time slips, the focus rots.

Weather discolours the scene outside,
presses gently inward, the air dull,
a tired subconscious song; bare feet
stacatto on the ceiling and down the wall.

And they come with disconcerting order:
church-school martyrs, masturbation,
the old woman weeding by the road.
They come, all, and each in turn
boils itself, to sleep, away.

The image preens, the childhood congeals.
Yellow impressions and the obligation to resent
before passing.

Merrill Gilfillan

BRIDGE TREMBLINGS

It takes time for me to trust them I said.
We had stopped at dawn on the Ambassador Bridge
to catch the slow smoke curling from Detroit
in dirt of white, grays, dims, dark ruined reds,
sulphurous swellings on dawn's edge,
when the bridge like a geometer's dead forest
holding us in God knows what postulate or guess
began to guess. You trusted my tremblings she said.

I tried to think of yesterday and our walking
her world's bridges through the willow
and the laurel and the green narrow ways.
We climbed the years back to her secret
childhood cave. She said come in.
We lit candles which the wind was to have
taken and went home feeling a new faith
she said, but I didn't know.

As now the sound of a distant cloud
was gathering its darkness, slipping the clutch
and coiling itself for the slow climb at us.
I started to close my eyes and hook the rail,
when like a wind it veered and left me
with her. Trust yesterday's tremblings she said.

Richard Widerkehr

The Now That Does Not Pass Away

*An interview with Brother David Steindl-Rast,
Monk of Mt. Saviour, by Megan Biesele, taped dur-
ing the International Conference for Alternative
Perspectives on Viet Nam, held in Ann Arbor Sep-
tember 14-18, 1965.*

"Man's existential confrontation with death," is for Brother David the clue to an understanding of the monk's attitude towards life. Exchanges during the Vietnam Conference convinced him that this view is valid also for Zen Buddhist Monks. He says: "If we bear in mind what monasticism means to the East, we might realize that the bond which is thus established between East and West must be of great importance to all of us at this point of human history."

The questions asked in this interview are for the most part based on a lecture, "Why a Man Becomes a Monk," given at the University by Brother David two years ago and printed in CRUX, the publication of the Ecumenical Campus Staff, Christmas, 1963. In his lecture, Brother David, Benedictine monk from Mt. Saviour Monastery near Elmira, New York, stated that "the first step towards understanding why a man becomes a monk, is that of facing the reality of death . . . Death is at the same time both ultimate passivity and yet a task to be achieved moment by moment throughout our life . . . Every moment has to respond to the inexorable question posed by our whole being's movement towards its absolute negation . . . This question of death becomes the challenge to live."

o o o

INTERVIEWER: In your lecture you discussed human physical deterioration and the ensuing consciousness of guilt as factors impelling a man towards monasticism. Could you further elucidate the experience which occurs when a man actually becomes conscious of this guilt?

BROTHER DAVID: This experience is, of course, difficult to pinpoint. It is highly personal. And is it a paradoxical experience. On the one hand we feel somehow that we "deserve" death, and yet we find this state of affairs highly "scandalous." Primitive man feels this strongly. Primitive myths about the origin of death are most revealing in this respect. But our own society betrays similar feelings by its efforts, sometimes rather grotesque efforts, to hush up the embarrassment connected with deterioration and death.

INTERVIEWER: Strange that it should be an embarrassment. But Thomas Mann expresses much the same idea in *The Magic Mountain*—the shame that is connected with rotting and deterioration. I wonder if it would be to the advantage of society, mentally and spiritually, if we could overcome this shame.

BROTHER DAVID: Not exactly. I believe that we should overcome the anxiety so often provoked by death, and that

we can overcome it precisely by squarely facing the paradox of death. But the shame and embarrassment provoked by death is an essential part of that paradox, and hushing it up will not help us overcome it. I do not believe in the Stoic attitude of taking death for granted. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Dirge Without Music" expresses what to me is a more truly human attitude: ". . . I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned." I do know people, and people for whom I have great respect, who say that life and death are merely two sides of the same thing, complementary aspects like light and darkness, waking and sleeping. I respect them, but I do not agree with them. Their view has a certain appeal, but it is deceiving.

INTERVIEWER: It seems that people who say this sort of thing may not have thought too deeply about the subject and may be speaking glibly.

BROTHER DAVID: No, these of whom I speak are not talking glibly. But no matter how sincere they are subjectively, they are closing their eyes to certain objective facts. The fact, for instance, that our human life, in the only form in which we know it, is bound for destruction; and on the other hand the fact that "all joy wants eternity," at Nietzsche puts it. Love wants eternity. All lovers spontaneously protest eternal love. Any love poem is proof of that.

INTERVIEWER: It has been said that Christianity is the only religion that gives a positive meaning to death. What do you think about the idea that acknowledgement of death frees us from preoccupation with death?

BROTHER DAVID: Yes, the right preoccupation with death is simply an initial stage on the road towards a greater appreciation of life. We cannot stress it too much that the Christian's main preoccupation is not with death but with life.

INTERVIEWER: In your lecture you figuratively connected the experience of death with the image of fire by quoting William Empson's poem "Missing Dates":

Not to have fire is to be a skin that shrills.
The complete fire is death. From partial fires
The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.

If I understand this poem correctly, it expresses the idea that whenever we do not give ourselves fully to life, that something within us which we withhold is left over and wasted. And every time we are not utterly alive a little more of this "waste," as Empson calls it, accumulates, until it overcomes us in the end. How does this tie in with the central concept of your lecture?

BROTHER DAVID: It is a magnificent image for the paradox to which the monk responds, or tries to respond. You notice how the paradox has entered into the very use of poetic imagery: on the one hand "fire" stands for life, and that part of us which we withhold from the splendid combustion of life, turns into poisonous "slag hills,"—"the waste remains and kills." But, on the other hand, "the complete fire is death." This "complete fire" which overpowers us from without is at the same time our last chance to give ourselves wholeheartedly to it, so that it can consume all the poisonous waste, make us fully alive. There lies the challenge of death which the monk tries to meet in a special way.

INTERVIEWER: Could you explain what you mean by this "special way"?

BROTHER DAVID: Well, in order to become fully human we must expose ourselves to the encounter with the "fire," encounter with that Mystery in which death and life coincide. And there are two events in our lives which can break open the prison in which we tend to lock ourselves up so as to shut out that "fire." One is the experience of love; one is the experience of death. Both destroy the illusion of a man's self-sufficiency. The two are closely connected, and to become fully human we must experience both of them. But the emphasis will vary. For the monk the encounter with death stands in the foreground. It becomes for him the experience which breaks him open for the "fire." For the Christian monk this "fire" is the mystery of Christ's death and resurrection; and his "special way" is a form of life oriented in every detail towards sharing Christ's passage through death into life. But by Buddhist monks too "Satori" ("enlightenment") towards which their whole life is oriented, is often compared with death. It was most interesting for me, by the way, to share some of these thoughts with other monks here at the Conference this week. And talking, for instance, with the Reverend Eido Tzi Shimano, a Zen Buddhist monk, I was struck by our deep agreement on the importance of death for the monk's outlook on life.

INTERVIEWER: Did you find in your talks this week that Buddhist and Catholic doctrines on the preparation for death like these on death itself, have points of similarity?

BROTHER DAVID: Yes. I think we could say that the spirituality of both Buddhist and Catholic monks lies precisely in this: we train ourselves from moment to moment for an ever more complete surrender to the "fire," integrating death into our lives so as to be more fully alive. We try to give ourselves to

what we Christians call "the sacrament of the present moment."

INTERVIEWER: Was it not in reference to this "sacrament of the present moment" that you quoted from Rilke's *Sonnets to Orpheus*

Be! —and perceiving in that which is being's negation
Merely the infinite ground of your fervent vibration
Fully achieve it this one irrepeatable time!

It seems though an acknowledgement that if one achieves anything it can be nothing but a magnificent momentary accomplishment which cannot endure.

BROTHER DAVID: Yes, it may well be that Rilke meant it in this sense. But I have an interpretation of which he may not have thought. And if it is good poetry, it should lend itself to many levels of interpretation. As I see it, Rilke, by achieving the full realization of this one irrepeatable moment, penetrates into "eternity." In fact, Rilke may have been aware of this when he wrote in another one of the *Sonnets*:

Change though the world may as fast
as cloud-collections
home to the changeless at last
fall all perfections.

INTERVIEWER: Do you mean that we can enter into the dimension of eternity the moment we give ourselves perfectly to the present moment?

BROTHER DAVID: Indeed. In Christian theology eternity is nothing but the now that does not pass away. If I would give myself utterly to this present moment, hold nothing back from the transforming "fire" I encounter in the "sacrament of the present moment," this would be death, for there would be no room for another significant moment. This would be the Now. This would be eternity. We can only hope to accomplish this openness in the hour of our death and train for it now.

INTERVIEWER: I can see that this is different from the Stoic attitude.

BROTHER DAVID: It is different because it leaves the paradox of death intact. And Ultimate Reality, ("God," if you want to use Christian terms,) must be paradoxical. The present moment is the threshold where Buddhists and Christians alike encounter Ultimate Reality. When we come to the moment of death it is only the fulfillment of many practice sessions, the blaze of that "fire" in which we become most perfectly ourselves, in that now which does not pass away.

SOLIPSIST BEHAVIORISM

Our skins, though we know
Only them of each other,
Intrigue ingeniously. Though you are not
Nearly so real as I am, I
Am easily taken in,

Absorbed by your
Unsubtlety, your sex, your making up
Of instant nonsense songs, your hairiness
And skill at skipping stones,
All wholly wonderful.

When I have a fit
Of fright about dying, it concerns
My own self exclusively, and yet you
Charm me as the stars do, that the dark
Should have such objects in it:

I should prefer to die
Fortunately, under stars, clear-headed;
Or if, as is probable, stars
Are not available, I should be well served
That you stand in my sight and perform, twinkling.

Martha MacNeal Zweig

THE PAIN

Suddenly waking to dark from a dream
Instantly forgotten,
I find my belly
Traversed by a small
Pain, back and forth, inside.
It has come upon me in my sleep.

It seems no indication, but
Fully established, and
Living there like some
Snail in a stump,
Going about its business:

In this featureless room, this complaint
Silence, and I not having kept watch,
It has come and got all
Time until morning
Allotted to its industry.

Martha MacNeal Zweig

IRRELEVANCE OF ANGELS

*(A radio preacher, having proved that
angels exist, declares that they are
also relevant.)*

Yet surely God knowing
Everything knows
The crush of significance, and sometimes
In the great grace of being beyond
Contradiction blinks for the span of a sparrow:

Knows that where laundry
Lines on pulleys thread upper stories
Of tenements, some errant
Milkweed puff hopping the windowsills
May light on a clothespin, all
Insensible of that innocence which has
No intent whatever, quite without
Referent, not necessarily
Seen.

Martha MacNeal Zweig

QUESTION I

Recognizing the impossible
Charm of repeatedly inquiring
About ultimate trifles, again,
Again, I request meaning's meaning.

Images present themselves
For cross examination.

Exhibit A: Excerpt From a Minor
Darwinian Play.

The stage is preset
As a rarefied landscape:
Assorted palm trees,
 glaciers,
 caves;
An occasional temple or monument;
 corpses
Casually strewn across the floor;
 a child heard
Laugh-crying in the distance.
Running madly from Stage-L-Stage-R
Is a red-green, oddly numbered
 mile stick
Upon which traverses a one way mirror
 spasmodically,
Controlled by sadistic stage hands
Having no conception whatsoever
 of actors
 in
Space.
(Curtain)
Only sign of LIFE: magenta jelly-fish
Projected on velvet blackdrop.
(Laughter)

Exit embarrassed Jelly-Fhish Stage-L.
Skeletal Structure appears
@ L. w/candle;
Grunts complex understandings.
Audience watches,
Feels the warm breath of eerie
Freezing its spine;
Closes its mind an instant,
And drifts south
Following albatross,
 highwinds,
 green salmon,
Mercury, gravity.
 Candle wins,
Captures retinas once again.
Audience opens one eye to greet
The ape, goes home
To grunt misunderstandings.

Exhibit B: Portrait of an Artist Defying Definition.

Absurd.
'Scumble: the reverse of a glaze.

Muddiness: the results which occur
When too man colors are mixed.

Affrondo Casoli replies.
It exists.
All 107, 653, 214
Shades.
He names it 'Opaque'.

His next
(Important) work
Will be an impastoed dictionary

Titled 'Plagiarism:

In art, the lifeless
Imitation of an original.'
Meanwhile

He awaits inspiration plucking daisies:
Art's art, art's not art. . .

Tabulation:

SOME IRREGULAR EVOLUTION OF REACTIONS
IS ALL WHICH EXISTS IN T,
Remotely resembling an answer.

Christine Hoyt

PHOTOGRAPHS

by PETER McDONO

UGH























ANNEX HOTEL
ROOMS, 50+
BEDS, 40+

ANNEX HOTEL
ROOMS, 50+
BEDS, 40+





THE INVOLVEMENT

Trees stand witnesses
to earth's involvement,
apart, aloof. A

sudden thing comes snow,
and, all enwrapping,
bears no witnesses.

The light, lover's touch,
tremulous touch of
feather-fallen snow,

quiver of the touched,
with warming breath, flow
and merge to oneness,

A sudden thing comes
blinding binding fast;
fleeing touch—to clasp.

Equal in beauty,
equal in torment,
glittering confines
weigh
branches to sagging breasts.

Barbara A.K. Adams

SILENT FOR THE MOON

It was soon but not yet soon but not yet
and tomorrow must come
and soon we must part but not yet

for tomorrow streamed vast. Gleaming
as tomorrow is always to be nibbled by dreams
ravished by life:
waiting—but not yet soon.

And moon dripped silver,
running together moonlight and bodies
twisted and streamed forged with fire
flaming from eyes, dancing on ceiling

and moon dripping silver
night needed no tomorrow.

A black riderless horse that came
from nowhere, went
to nowhere,
tomorrow caught me unawares,
hurtled, himself upon me,
and carried me off in his white sharp teeth
and carried me off to nowhere

Fierce for conquest: the two of us.

His teeth were white, foam-flecked with spittle
shone in the sun, whistled the wind,
but at night were dark and silent for the moon
had hidden beneath an island.

Barbara A.K. Adams

JOURNEY TO QUADHANGH

(A moving box car. Faintly we can hear the sound of its moving on the tracks and the actors are jolted by it periodically. On the floor are huddled Asiatic looking old men, women and children, some crippled, all wounded, all silent, filthy and miserable. Outstanding is an attractive young pregnant woman who is seriously wounded and sounds her pain whenever she is unfortunate enough to regain consciousness. There are three men standing. Two pilgrims dressed in rags carrying bamboo canes and dirty satchels are center stage. They are observed by a rice worker wearing army boots standing in the rear. After this setting has sufficiently oppressed the audience, the larger of the two pilgrims speaks to the smaller.)

- FALLS. Burton, your goddam stripes are showing again.
 (Silence. Burton closes the rags over his shoulder.)
- BURTON. How long do you think before we get to Quadhangh, Sir?
- FALLS. Couple of hours. Look at the map.
 (Burton reaches inside his costume and pulls out a flashy copy of "Cook's Guide to Asia.")
- FALLS. Put that goddam thing away.
- BURTON. You said, look at the map.
- FALLS. What the hell do you want to do? Look like a tourist?
 (A long pause)
- BURTON. Probably a long ride.
- FALLS. Yeah.
- BURTON. Maybe we ought to sit down, Sir.
- FALLS. What, are you crazy? In that filth?
- BURTON. Maybe we should talk a little quieter, I get the feeling—
- FALLS. Don't worry about it, Burton, these Gooks don't know any English.
- BURTON. I get the feeling there's somebody listening.
- FALLS. Yeah. I know. You're always getting some kind of feeling.
- BURTON. You know as well as me, Sergeant, these reds can be pretty bright cookies.
- FALLS. Damn straight, Burton. Don't you forget it.
- BURTON. *(After sneaking a glance at the rice worker)* I get the feeling that guy over there—

FALLS. You want to know what the trouble with you is, Burton? I'll tell you what the trouble with you is. You're always getting some kind of feeling. Always some kind of feeling. Like Port Yahnlí when you got the feeling there was a Gook hiding in the oil barrels with a grenade so you shot up the whole deck and there was oil floating around on the bay for a week and the men couldn't swim in it.

BURTON. He could have blown up the whole base, Sir.

FALLS. Yeah, but he wasn't there, remember? Just one of your goddam feelings.

BURTON. A little quieter, Sir, please—

FALLS. You know what you need, Burton, is a greater alertness. Your goddam feelings won't do you any good in espionage work. I like you Burton and I asked you to come along on this mission with me because I wanted to give you a chance to develop and enhance your greater alertness.

BURTON. Yes, Sir.

FALLS. Take it from me, Burton. You wouldn't think it of me because I make like a tough, stupid sergeant. I know the men call me brick-balls, I know that, but take it from me, I'm the kind of guy that's got eyes in the back of his head, so to speak. I'm on the ball. Jesus it stinks in here.

BURTON. You want another sniff of shaving lotion?

FALLS. Yeah. *(Burton hands him a bottle from one of the sacs from which Falls sniffs deeply, recaps and returns to him.)* You see, I'm more alert than the army intelligence men. I don't mean that to sound un-modest, but you see, if you take a quick glance over American military history, you'll come up like me with the realization that this country never fought a war before where they just couldn't find the Son of a Bitch enemy. They just don't know how to handle it.

BURTON. Who?

FALLS. The intelligence men. They look in all the wrong places.

BURTON. Look for what?

FALLS. Be alert, Burton. I'm talking about looking for the enemy. They look in all the wrong places, like on the front line. *(The woman on the floor groans. Burton turns and looks.)*

BURTON. That poor woman.

FALLS. I'll tell you something that I'm not telling anyone else, Burton, because we're pals and you'll understand. You'll believe me.

BURTON. And she's pregnant.

FALLS. It came to be in a dream Burton. It came to me in a goddam dream.

BURTON. What came to you in a dream?

FALLS. To look for the enemy base in Quadhangh. I went to see the colonel about it. I said Colonel, you want to find the goddam army base? You look in Quadhangh. He says to me, Sergeant Falls, when I want your goddam advice, I'll ask for it. So then I knew I had a duty to my country to take off on my

own and find it. And I know it's there. I know it's there because that's the most unstrategic place in this whole country for the enemy to build their base, and they knew we wouldn't look for it there. So they built it there.

BURTON. I hope so, Sergeant.

FALLS. It's got to be, Burton. It's goddam got to be.

BURTON. Funny thing about it, Sir. If it's not there and we get get back alive, we're court-martialed. If it is there, we're heroes.

FALLS. Don't worry, Burton, if it isn't there we could still be heroes.

BURTON. How?

FALLS. *(Slaps him on the back and laughs.)* We could get killed.

BURTON. *(Not finding it so funny.)* Yes, Sir.

(Silence. The rice worker in the rear crosses to the other side of the car. Burton watches him.)

FALLS. Jesus, it stinks in here. Like a goddam latrine.

BURTON. *(After watching the rice worker, turns and whispers anxiously to Falls.)* Sergeant, turn around and sneak a look at that guy over there.

FALLS. What about him?

BURTON. I think it's General Huan Li. Look at his face.

FALLS. *(Over does a casual glance over his shoulder then turns to Burton.)* I think you're on to something.

BURTON. I think so, Sir.

FALLS. *(Over does another glance.)* You're right. I've seen his picture a hundred times. Good boy, Burton, good boy, you're on the ball.

BURTON. But what's he doing here? Why is he dressed like that?

FALLS. Security precaution, Burton. Sneaky bastard communists have to hide from their own goddam mothers.

BURTON. But —

FALLS. Quiet, Burton. Be alert and play it suave, now. Don't let on we know anything. Make it look like we're not talking.

BURTON. Yes, Sir. What do we do?

FALLS. Play it suave, Burton. Yawn.

BURTON. What, Sir?

FALLS. I said yawn. A nice big one.

BURTON. *(Yawns)* Was that all right?

FALLS. Fake as hell, Burton.

BURTON. Sorry, Sir. Try it again?

FALLS. No. Don't look at him. I can feel him all right. He's back there.

BURTON. Yes, Sir.

FALLS. Stop shaking, Burton. You've got to play it suave.

BURTON. Yes, Sir.

FALLS. And stop answering me, for Christ sake. We're not talking, remember?

BURTON. Yes, Sir.

FALLS. All right, now we change our plans for when we get to Quadhangh. No need to go looking around for a base now. Ten to one he'll take us right there. Goddam, I just thought of something. I just thought of something. This could be part of his army right here. That's why we can't find the son of a bitch enemy, they're pretending to be the people. This is his army, right here, right under our noses all the time, pretending to be the people.

BURTON. Doesn't look like an army, Sir.

FALLS. That's the point, Burton, they're clever bastards. That's why you got to keep on the ball.

BURTON. Yes, Sir.

FALLS. And stop answering me. Now when we get off the train we'll follow him in hundred yard shifts. Get it? Hundred yard shifts. First you, then me, then you, then me. Get it? We alternate.

BURTON. Yes, Sir.

FALLS. That way if he spots us, he'll think we're different people.
(The woman groans)

BURTON. But what happens if he has a car, Sir?

FALLS. A car?

BURTON. If he's really a general, he'll have a car waiting for him.

FALLS. You're right. You're right. You're on the ball.

BURTON. What do we do?

FALLS. *(Thinks)* We shoot him. Let me have a gun.
(Burton reaches into the sacs one after another and turns to Falls.)

BURTON. They're gone, Sir.

FALLS. Gone?

BURTON. They took the guns.

FALLS. Dirty communist bastards. What have you left in there?

BURTON. *(Looks)* Just the explosives.

FALLS. Enough to blow up this whole car?

BURTON. I think so, Sir.

FALLS. All right, Burton, we'll do that. We'll light the fuse and jump off. That'll be even better. We'll get this whole goddam platoon too.

BURTON. What platoon?

FALLS. Right under your nose, Burton. This is a platoon. Dirty bastard communist trick, make the army look like the people.

BURTON. Yes, Sir.

FALLS. All right, Burton, set up the explosives. Keep it in the bag there. Work fast. I'll wander around casual like. Work fast, Burton, play it suave, and above all, keep it in the bag.

BURTON. Sir—

FALLS. Yes, Burton?

BURTON. I'm scared, Sir.

FALLS. That's the beauty of it, Burton. That's the goddam beauty of it.
(Falls wanders away while Burton fumbles nervously in the

bag. Falls looks around at the people on the floor and then stops by the woman, who is now groaning. He examines her carefully and suddenly an expression of horror comes over his face.)

FALLS. (In full voice) Burton. This woman is hurt.

BURTON. I know, Sir.

FALLS. Seriously hurt.

BURTON. I'm ready with the you know what now, Sir.

FALLS. Forget it Burton. Get the first aid kit. This is terrible. Terrible.

BURTON. But, Sir—

FALLS. The first aid kit! She's bleeding. Son of a bitch, she's going to have an infection.

BURTON. But don't you want—

FALLS. The first aid kit, quick, goddammit. (Burton, in total confusion, takes it out of one of the sacs and brings it to him.) Look at that. These people do nothing about it. (Starts to dress the wound.) Savages. Savages. Looks like a shell wound, doesn't it? Filthy. Filthy.

BURTON. I'm ready with the bomb, Sir, if you—

FALLS. Shut up. (Pours a bottle of iodine on her wound and the woman passes out.) All right, dear, this is going to hurt at first, but it'll be all right. I'll clean it out, Jesus Christ, these goddam savages don't do a thing about it. This woman is dying. There, it hurts now, dear, but it'll be better. It'll be clean. Bandage, Burton. Bandage. (Burton gives him one.) Now hold on, this will hurt too. (Bandages her wound.) There, you will be all right my dear, you will be— (Burton suddenly takes the first aid kit and rushes it back into the sac.)

FALLS. What did you do that for?

BURTON. The general saw the first aid kit. He'll catch on. (A smile comes over the rice worker's face.)

FALLS. You'll be all right. Sleep. Sleep and the pain will be gone. (Crosses to Burton) All right, Burton, we'll light the fuse and then run for the door.

(Burton inserts a match into the sac)

FALLS. Suave now. Suave. Now. Run for it!

(They both run for the door and are stopped by the rice worker who draws a gun, smiles and says:)

RICE WORKER. Wo jua ni. (Laughs) Mei gwo bing. ("I've discovered you, American soldiers." Mandarin) (Laughs and motions for them to sit down.)

BURTON. (The match still in his hand) The fuse! (Starts to run to the sac and Falls slaps the match from his hand and stops him even before the rice worker stops him.)

FALLS. It's all right, Burton. (The rice worker pushes them both to the floor.) He'll get his.

RICE WORKER. Mei gwo bing. (Most satisfied with himself.)

(Burton huddles himself and covers his face in vain preparation.)

FALLS. Relax, Burton. Play it suave.

(The rice worker laughs)

A STRUT FOR ROETHKE

*Westward, bit a low note, for a roarer lost
across the Sound but north of Bremerton,
bit a way down note.*

*And never cadenza again of flowers, or cost.
Him who could really do that cleared his throat
and staggered on.*

*The bluebells, pool-shallows, saluted his over-needs,
while the clouds growled, beb-beb, & snapped, & crashed.*

*No stunt he'll ever unflinch once more will fail
(O lucky fellow, eh Bones?)—drifted off upstairs,
downstairs, somewhere.*

*No more daily, trying to hit the head on the nail:
thirstless: without a think in his head:
back from wherever, with it said.*

*Hit a high long note, for a lover found
needing a lower into friendlier ground
to bug among worms no more
around um jungles where ah blurt 'What for?'
Weeds, too, he favoured as most men don't favour men.
The Garden Master's gone.*

WEEDS TOO: THE POETRY OF THEODORE ROETHKE

John Berryman's elegy, "A Strut for Roethke," was written after the death of the fifty-five year old American poet, in the summer of 1963. The explosive song of one dream writer to another,¹ it contains a line which suggests the essence of Roethke's gift:

Weeds, too, be favoured as most men don't favour men.

Roethke's poems enjoy an ever-increasing stature beyond the already considerable accomplishments of craft, of varied form (from terse, tightly-controlled lyrics, to expansive free-verse meditations and dramatic monologues), of evolving and compounding imagery and symbolism. For besides technical achievements and the rich and imaginative power of arresting the mind—describing and revealing—raising a diminutive incident to a highly dramatic and profound encounter, Roethke has the virtue of a particular angle of vision, a *voice*; a unique and unmistakable way of looking at and talking about the world.

In a New World in flux, American poets in their search for theme and language have constantly attempted to recover, to relate to the American past, through the discovery of a viable myth.² Their search, like Roger Williams' search for his God, has known neither labels nor boundaries. Hart Crane built his epic on Brooklyn Bridge; the images of field and farm, deserted house and isolated man of New England came to be Robert Frost's myth; John Berryman courted and paid tribute in his long poem, "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet," to that Puritan poet whose courageous life he made his myth; finally, Robert Lowell's poetry is rooted in an amalgam of Christian history, New England history, Lowell family history, that it comes to serve, to be used, as his own private myth.

Like these poets, Roethke has a central meaning-giving myth that nourishes, that orders his poetry, that serves as a link to the past and allows projection to the future; that gives his poetry, as the myths of the other poets have given theirs, power and authority, coherence, voice. Roethke's myth has its center in Saginaw, Michigan; his birthplace and the world of his florist-father's greenhouses. In a BBC poetry reading in 1953, Roethke described that world and translated it to significance:

It was a wonderful place for a child to grow up in and around. There was not only 25 acres in town—mostly under glass and intensely cultivated—but farther out in the country, the last stand of virgin timber in the Saginaw Valley, and elsewhere, a wild area of cutover second-growth timber, which my father and uncle made into a small game reserve . . . What the greenhouses themselves were to me I try to indicate in my second book, "The Lost Son" . . . They were to me, I realize now, both heaven and hell; a kind of tropics created in the savage climate of Michigan, where austere German-Americans turned their love of order and their terrifying efficiency into something truly beautiful.

There is little in Roethke that does not derive from one or another aspect of the experience he describes here or little that can be justly under-

stood apart from it. This experience—of place, of objects, of persons—constitutes his myth.

The central image of the myth—the Greenhouse with its wet floors, light and dark, warm, dense air—radiates in two directions: outward, to the landscape of Saginaw, to the flat fields and scrubble of the Michigan countryside (later, Irish shores, Puget Sound; the heaving of two oceans); and inward, to the landscape of the components of the Greenhouse—the roses, the stalks, the earth, the primeval slime, “the muck and welter, the dank, the *dreck*,” in Roethke’s words. Through the Greenhouse, Roethke discovers for himself and makes conscious to his readers a body of experience open to all, but which previously has lacked a spokesman, a poet. He names—celebrates, living and non-living in the same breath; raises the living to the spiritual, the non-loving to life. He registers the extremes and subtleties of perception and emotion. And throughout, captures the *nowness* of being.

The poems of his first book, *Open House* (1941) and his last, *The Far Field* (1964), show this unique angle of vision in progression. For the poet comes to his myth late in life and to recover what is authentic, must clear away much debris. Roethke both resists and embraces the central image of the Greenhouse, and to study the progression of the poems, of their making, is to study the journey of the Self and its definition/identification/fulfillment in terms of the world and the world of the Greenhouse. Such a study has its difficulties—the Greenhouse is an infinitely flexible metaphor which ranges, Whitmanesque-fashion, between cosmic and psychic poles; from pre-historical evolutionary beginnings, to post-historical, transcendental, eternal, ends. The tension is often unbearable, the encounter often confusing and exhausting. But the result at end, more than justifies the effort.

I

Open House, despite its technical resourcefulness, provides only intimations of what was to become the powerful myth of Roethke’s poetry. The title-poem with its regular end-stopping, sparse, carefully-rhymed stanzas, transparency of language, serves as a prologue to the rest of his work:

*My secrets cry aloud.
I have no need for tongue.
My heart keeps open house,
My doors are widely swung.
An epic of the eyes
My love, with no disguise.*

*My truths are all foreknown,
This anguish self-revealed.
I’m naked to the bone,
With nakedness my shield.
Myself is what I wear:
I keep the spirit spare.*

This lyric is significant beyond itself because we see in retrospect that the spirit at that point was indeed *sparse* (unconscious of its complexity, of the complexity outside it). Scrutiny of another lyric, the last poem in his last book, shows how far Roethke moved just from the base of the lyric. "Once More, The Round" shares the form, the simplicity of diction, but is enriched with allusion and the "echoes" of Roethke's major themes reverberating throughout:

ONCE MORE, THE ROUND

*What's greater, Pebble or Pond?
What can be known? The Unknown.
My true self runs toward a Hill
More! O More! visible.*

*Now I adore my life,
With the Bird, the abiding Leaf,
With the Fish, the questing Snail,
And the Eye altering all;
And I dance with William Blake
For love, for Love's sake;*

*And everything comes to One,
As we dance on, dance on, dance on.*

The poems in *Open House* lack a rewarding density, but worse, there is a sense of issues created and solved by "poetic formula." For example: Roethke despairs of wearing flesh; he writes "Epidermal Macabre," which concludes:

*Yet such is my unseemliness:
I hate my epidermal dress,
The savage blood's obscenity,
The rags of my anatomy,
And willingly would I dispense
With false accouterments of sense.
To sleep immodestly, a most
Incarnadine and carnal ghost.*

Which is a pretty conceit, verbally very pretty, but something essential is missing—as though the emotion has been exorcised to make a "proper" metaphysical poem. And although the forms are varied, there is also the sense of apprenticeship—as though the poet were doing his "five-finger exercises"; making order, but the order of artifice.

The poems that partake of the myth often do in ways that are evasive. This makes them thin and ineffectual. Relationships between the evolving Self and the world of the Greenhouse, and their "truth by correspondence," are either overtly implied (as in "Feud" with an almost awkward conceit):

*Exhausted fathers thinned the blood,
You curse the legacy of pain;
Darling of an infected brood,
You feel disaster climb the vein.*

*There's canker at the root, your seed
Denies the blessing of the sun,
The light essential to your need.
Your hopes are murdered and undone.*

or left so vague, as in "The Light Comes Brighter," where nature yields a secret analogy with human existence:

*And soon a branch, part of a bidden scene,
The leafy mind, that long was tightly furled,
Will turn its private substance into green,
And young shoots spread upon our inner world . . .*

and seems to leave its truth unformed.

But several poems "tap" solidly into the myth. "Interlude" succeeds simply by fixing with clarity on the mystery of an approaching storm, conveying the mixed emotions of fear and desire:

*The rain stayed in its cloud; full dark came near;
The wind lay motionless in the long grass.
The veins within our hands betrayed our fear.
What we had hoped for had not come to pass.*

"Mid-Country Blow" with its forceful similes, captures the invisible beauty and visible fury, mixed, in nature:

*All night and all day the wind roared in the trees,
Until I could think there were waves rolling high as my
 bedroom floor;
When I stood at the window, an elm bough swept to my knees;
The blue spruce lashed like a surf at the door.*

*The second dawn I would not have believed;
The oak stood with each leaf still as a bell.
When I looked at the altered scene, my eye was undeceived,
But my ear still kept the sound of the sea like a shell.*

The myth is viable in these, as opposed to the others, as it parallels, overlaps, aspects of the human condition. Perhaps the best poem, and one which anticipates the deep attachment of poet to place that is to develop fully in *The Lost Son*, is "Night Journey," a poem in which the poet tells of a train ride back to his native Saginaw.

The poem crackles with tension; with the human force of affection, the natural forces of wind and rain. Language and images are stark ("bleak

wasted places," "gullies washed with light") and the experience reaches the dramatic with the culmination of verbs like *thunder*, *rush*, *rattles*, *shakes*, *jerk*, into a statement by the poet in terse, short-breathed lines that communicate his feelings by revealing his fierce anticipation:

*Wheels shake the roadbed stone,
The pistons jerk and shove,
I stay up half the night
To see the land I love.*

II

Roethke's friends must have been surprised, and pleased to be surprised, with his second volume, *The Lost Son* (1948). It projects, unmistakably, the *presence* of an original poet. Between it and his first there is no transition, only an immense imaginative leap.

What initiated the leap is difficult, but not unimportant, to determine. Reading the poems, what arises as a strong possibility is the sense of abrupt confrontation in depth with death; the first level in an ascending series of similar confrontations from the "Lost Son" to "The Dying Man," "Meditations of an Old Woman," "North American Sequences," and parts of "Sequence, Sometimes Metaphysical."

"The Lost Son" was written after the death of Roethke's father; "Meditations of an Old Woman," after the death of his mother. Specifically personal parallels can be found in the poems, but this is of lesser importance. What is useful to remember is suggested by John Crowe Ransom in an essay of Roethke where he speaks of a "heightening of life" made possible by the "awareness of the immediacy of death."³ That there was such an awareness is clear.

In *The Lost Son*, Roethke discovered his role, his language and theme, by discovering, recovering and celebrating, the Greenhouse and the incidents and personages of his childhood.

A contemporary poet in an elegy for his grandfather said:

*The role of the poet is to celebrate the hero.
Neither the ancient mythic/legendary figure nor
the modern public figure is authentic for the
modern poet; frequently his ancestors are.*⁴

Similarly, Roethke came to his role by understanding his florist-father as his "hero." There were, however, complications. The father was too "close" to the poet, his significance too deeply imbedded in the unconscious for the poet to speak of him directly, and a stark separation of the man from the place in which he worked was impossible. Both, Roethke knew, gave life and endowed it with order.

This dilemma, personal no less than poetical, was resolved by focusing on the Greenhouse; by implication, by suggestion—later by direct statement—the father emerged. *The Lost Son* contains two major developments: the delineation of the Greenhouse, the recovery and celebration of fragments of the myth; and the emergence of the "lost son," the child/adolescent

suddenly thrust from his Eden ("the greenhouse, my symbol for the whole of life, a womb, a heaven on earth") into the world "fallen," into the world of good and evil in the classic search for a father and for identity.

The Greenhouse, the central image, the "world under glass," where Roethke grubbed, weeded, watered, pruned, transplanted, was a "womb, a heaven on earth," but also a "heaven and hell." Objectively, how do we describe it? It is not sheer nature, not a jungle; nor even regulated nature like a formal garden. It is not starkly unnatural like a factory. It is not a place of exhibition like an art gallery or a place of "historical storage" like a museum. There is a peculiar uniqueness about a greenhouse carefully considered: the delightful balance between the natural and the artificial, the controlled and the wild—and all about one, the lovely, straining green rising in the damp air from the dank soil, drawing life from beneath in some mysterious, invisible manner. It is as vibrantly alive as life, yet morbid (and dangerous) as the caged animals of a zoo.

The first act of the poet's recovery is the simple naming. We are aware of the immediate concrete objects: water, earth, sand, stones, bud, root, sheath, flower, rose; the lines move smoothly with a "Quaker" elegance. The next impression is the mystery, the "life force" that charges the air. Roethke brings this world, his world, alive, by subtly detailing its power. What he does is to fix his eye, closely and with great affection, upon a tiny incident, raising it to the dramatic in a careful series of progressions. We might see him as an Andrew Wyeth with words: stroke upon stroke upon stroke, until, full with detail, the picture assumes a life of its own and stands free from paint and painter alike. His world bombards our senses; we taste, touch, see, smell, almost hear "the dirt breathing a small breath." The affection for nature that poets like Wordsworth and Whitman felt, the sensitivity for nature that Hopkins recorded, Roethke makes intense and intimate:

CUTTINGS

*Sticks-in-a-drowse drop over sugary loam,
Their intricate stem-fur dries;
But still the delicate slips keep coaxing up water;
The small cells bulge;*

*One nub of growth
Nudges a sand-crumble loose,
Pokes through a musty sheath
Its pale tentrilous horn.*

More than merely "formal" personification. Roethke endows the objects of his world with the complexities of motive and emotion present in human existence. Whatever happens in this fertile and strange region *does* have its subtle parallels in the human region—but the poet's concern with the lives of plants, with the dirt, down to the smallest detail, is not simply an allegorical one; their lives are their own.

The horticultural aspects of Roethke's technique should be clearly defined. What absorbs his attention is *not* the intricate tracery of a leaf or

the blazonry of the complete flower, but the stretching and reaching of life, its green force, its invisible *becoming* (echoing the power and majesty of Dylan Thomas' "The Force That Through The Green Fuse").

In one of his most successful poems, this individual life, this *being alive*, emerges, as Roethke uses all the precision and force of his vocabulary and craft to celebrate the agony, the ordeal, of the Greenhouse in a storm:

BIG WIND

*Where were the greenhouses going,
Lunging into the lashing
Wind driving water
So far down the river
All the faucets stopped?—
So we drained the manure-machine
For the team plant,
Pumping the stale mixture
Into the rusty boilers,
Watching the pressure gauge
Waver over to red,
As the seams hissed
And the live steam
Drove to the far
End of the rose-house,
Where the worst wind was,
Creaking the cypress window-frames,
Cracking so much thin glass
We stayed all night,
Stuffing the holes with burlap;
But she rode it out,
That old rose-house,
She hove into the teeth of it,
The core and pith of that ugly storm,
Ploughing with her stiff prow,
Bucking into the wind-waves
That broke over the whole of her,
Flailing her sides with spray,
Flinging long strings of wet across the roof-top,
Finally veering, wearing themselves out, merely
Whistling thinly under the wind-vents;
She sailed into the calm morning,
Carrying her full cargo of roses.*

How perfectly we are drawn into this poem! And all the time, aware that in spite of our "stuffing the holes with burlap," *she* rode it out. The Greenhouse is not a structure, a thing; it has gender and personality and Roethke has given it more—life and purpose: the cargo of roses.

In spite of this surging life, the "sucking and sobbing" underground, the sprouts breaking through, "sheath-wet," the smallest buds "breaking into nakedness"—this heaven has a hell too. The Greenhouse world is not

all rosy, innocent, optimistic. On the contrary, it seeths with malevolent forces. It is a place of scum, slime, mildews, smuts, of slug-soft stems; a place rank and moist ("what a congress of stinks"), engulfing, horribly fecund. While the delicate slips sip water and the sprouts open to the light of day, we are made conscious too, of what lies out of our vision.⁵

The pre-conscious, the infantile, the regressive, the sexual, all are present. In "Root Cellar," the page squirms:

*Nothing would sleep in that cellar, dank as a ditch,
Bulbs broke out of boxes bunting for chinks in the dark,
Shoots dangled and dropped,
Lolling obscenely from mildewed crates,
Hung down long yellow evil necks, like tropical snakes.
And what a congress of stinks!—
Roots ripe as old bait,
Pulpy stems, rank, silo-rich,
Leaf-mold, manure, lime, piled against slippery planks.*

and the dark sexuality, the deep areas of the unconscious, implied, are made vivid in "Weed Puller":

*Under the concrete benches,
Hacking at black hairy roots—
Those lewd monkey-tails, banging from drainholes.*

If at one moment we witness a conception, a birth, in the next we are made witnesses to disease and death. Suddenly we are under ground, under water, in a grave, in a womb, in the deeps of the subconscious—plunged like Caliban into our creature-self; we endure the foetal throes.⁶

Death strikes us sharply in a poem like "Flower Dump":

*FLOWER DUMP
Cannas shiny as slag,
Slug-soft stems,
Whole beds of bloom pitched on a pile,
Carnations, verbenas, cosmos,
Molds, weeds, dead leaves,
Turned-over roots
With bleached veins
Twined like fine hair,
Each clump in the shape of a pot;
Everything limp
Everything limp
But one tulip on top,
One swaggering head
Over the dying, the newly dead.*

Who is not tempted to read Auschwitz in the first ten lines? And how much are we made to see and be glad in the midst of all that nothingness,

one tulip!

While Roethke focused on the life within the Greenhouse, he was not unaware of human personalities connected with it. He cannot yet speak of, much less, to, his father—though he reveals the immediacy of *agape* with two poems, superb elegies that anticipate the father, that only barely contain Roethke's love.

The "Old Florist" is but a "hump of a man bunching chrysanthemums," yet his hands, rude and calloused, sting the plants to life, protect them from disease, hover over them at night—"his feet blue in rubber boots." "Frau Bauman, Frau Schmidt, and Frau Schwartz," is a major development in language and technique. Roethke's first free verse, each line seems as certain of its shape as an opening leaf, but more, as the opening leaf of understanding:

FRAU BAUMAN, FRAU SCHMIDT, AND FRAU SCHWARTZ

*Gone the three ancient ladies
Who creaked on the greenhouse ladders,
Reaching up white strings
To wind, to wind
The sweet-pea tendrils, the smilax,
Nasturtiums, the climbing
Roses, to straighten
Carnations, red
Chrysanthemums; the stiff
Stems, jointed like corn,
They tied and tucked—
These nurses of nobody else.
Quicker than birds, they dipped
Up and sifted the dirt;
They sprinkled and shook;
They stood astride pipes,
Their skirts billowing out wide into tents,
Their hands twinkling with wet;
Like witches they flew along rows
Keeping creation at ease;
With tendril for needle
They sewed up the air with a stem;
They teased out the seed that the cold kept asleep—
All the coils, loops, and whorls.
They trellised the sun; they plotted for more than themselves.*

*I remember how they picked me up, a spindly kid,
Pinching and poking my thin ribs,
Till I lay in their laps, laughing,
Weak as a whiffet;
Now, when I'm alone and cold in my bed,
They still hover over me,
These ancient leathery crones,
With their bandannas stiffened with sweat,
And their thorn-bitten wrists,*

*And their snuff-laden breath blowing lightly over me in my
first sleep.*

There is an understanding here of initiation, of entrance to another world. One might choose to see the old crones as old witches of some fairy-tale, although the sexual associations in the poem deny the two-dimensional characterization of most fairy-tales. More reasonable, more true to the poem, is the rich metaphorical remembrance of these old women that combines the natural ("quicker than birds") with a hint of the demonic ("like witches"), finally achieving a kind of compassionate, mythic stature: "they plotted for more than themselves." And each night they visit the poet with the scars of their love, of his past, lulling him to sleep.

With respect to the Greenhouse, Roethke's passionate and near-microscopic scrutiny of the chemistry of growth extends beyond the "lives on the leaf" to the world of what he called "the minimal," or the "lovely diminutives"—the tiniest of creation, including "beetles in caves, newts, stone-deaf fishes, lice tethered to long limp subterranean weeds, squirmers in bogs and bacterial creepers." As we have already seen, these creatures are vibrantly alive—still wet and glistening with the waters of their beginnings—and Roethke has given them voice. At or below the threshold of the visible, they correspond to that darting, multitudinous life of the mind under the floor of the rational, in the west dark of the unconscious.⁷

Examination and celebration comes to be identification as well. The poet defines the Self as he relates it to mineral, vegetable, and animal nature. Self further discovers itself by passionate identification in the later poems, with the beloved and with God. But for the present, the identification is less spiritual than psychic.

III

Roethke's immersion in these dark waters led to what Kunitz described as "his most heroic enterprise"—the sequence of interior monologues which he initiated with the title poem of *The Lost Son*, which he continued in *Praise to the End* (1951) and *The Waking* (1953), and which he persisted up to the very end in returning to, though with a variety of modifications and emphasis. Ralph J. Mills comments:

*The hostile powers of the unconscious had at last to be dealt with, and are dealt with in the astonishing sequence of interior monologues which record the poet's odyssey through subterranean regions of the psyche, a spiritual journey that remains one of the boldest experiments in modern American poetry.*⁸

"Each poem," Roethke once wrote, "is complete in itself; yet each is in a sense a stage in a kind of struggle out of the slime; part of a slow spiritual process; an effort to be born, and later, to be something more."

These poems deal with complex experiences and their method is corresponding difficult and involved. Rather than being strictly logical, they often make their own logic—the logic of the child, of the unconscious—

through association, allusion, fragment. They shift in and out of childhood, in and out of primitive states of consciousness, and even attempt the synesthesia of infancy.⁹ Motifs are introduced as in music, with themes often developing contrapuntally. In his "Open Letter," a preface to these poems in *Mid-Century American Poets*, Roethke stressed the importance of hearing them:

Believe me; you will have no trouble if you approach these poems as a child would, naively, with your whole being awake, your faculties loose and alert. (A large order, I daresay!) Listen to them, for they are written to be heard, with the themes often coming alternately, as in music, and usually a partial resolution at the end.

With the rhythm, Roethke was after "the spring and rush of the child and Gammer Gurton's concision: *muterkin's* wisdom." These poems also draw upon techniques he was using and would use in his "nonsense" poems; poems which incorporated the folk line from ballads and nursery rhymes, the sharp characterization, the quick shift of scene. There are echoes of counting rhymes and play songs, of Mother Goose, of the songs and airs of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, of the taut lyrics of William Blake. But the poems, original and incomparable, belong to the poet and his myth, not to his "influences." They are richer because of their echoes, not in spite of them. Roethke has made their grace his own.

In his essay, "Roethke: Poet of Transformation," Kunitz likens Roethke to Proteus. The comparison is helpful in understanding Roethke's dark journeys into the underworld of the Self and the myriad shapes and roles he assumes in the interior monologues. The quest for identity is simultaneously a flight, for like the protagonist in Dostoevsky's *Notes From The Underground*, the further he pursues a question, the blacker the answer. He is thus pursued by the man he has become: inexorable, soiled, confused, lost. The journey is exemplified by a poem in the last volume, "Journey to the Interior," where the first line contains the paradox—"In the long journey out of the self . . ."—which we are to understand as a losing one's self to find Self—for the poet knows more about his Self by re-enacting all the transmutations from conception to his maturity, transcending each stage, gathering the knowledge of each succeeding change. The poet then, is like Proteus in the "Greenhouse" poems—there we have seen him play all the roles of that world as its speaker.¹⁰ Though now the roles are both broadened and deepened as Roethke becomes organism and child, suffering with the anguish of a child, re-experiencing painfully (and with adult sensitivity and sensibility) the fears and defeats of childhood.

"The Lost Son" is very likely the most distinctive poem in Roethke's work. The situation and its communication is vivid and complete. While he will later demonstrate greater constructive and imaginative power, the impact and immediacy of this piece (paralleling Eliot's "Wasteland") is never equalled.

In five parts, the first, "The Flight," reveals the hallucinated protagonist regressing metamorphically,¹¹ sinking down to the animistic level, as the loss

of the father and an overwhelming sense of alienation from life force him to beg from the sub-human, some clue to the meaning of his existence:

*At Woodlawn I heard the dead cry:
I was lulled by the slamming of iron,
A slow drip over stones,
Toads brooding in wells.
All the leaves stuck out their tongues;
I shook the softening chalk of my bones,
Saying, snail glisten me forward,
Bird, soft-sigh me home.
Worm, be with me.
This is my hard time . . . ,*

and ask direction:

*Tell me:
Which is the way I take;
Out of what door do I go,
Where and to whom?*

The rhetorical question is a favorite device of Roethke's, part of his "prophetic" stance. In the second part, "The Pit," he uses it to initiate the dark sexual turmoil of the protagonist:

*Where do the roots go?
Look under the leaves.
Who put the moss there?
These stones have been here too long.
Who stunned the dirt into noise?
Ask the mole, he knows.
I feel the slime of a wet nest.
Beware Mother Mildew.
Nibble again, fish nerves.*

The turmoil becomes more violent in part three, "The Gibber," where the protagonist is anxiously alone and the images of his condition are sharply dramatized:

*At the wood's mouth,
By the cave's door,
I listened to something
I had heard before.

Dogs of the groin
Barked and howled.
The sun was against me,
The moon would not have me.*

The sense of alienation first physical, becomes spiritual and the questions end

abruptly as he loses all contact with reality and feels himself falling through a void:

*These sweeps of light undo me.
Look, look, the ditch is running white!
I've more veins than a tree!
Kiss me ashes, I'm falling through a dark swirl.*

The terrifying hallucination ends, the fall through nothingness stops, in the fourth part, "The Return," when the protagonist begins to seize upon bits and pieces of his myth and uses them as stays, as spiritual "ballast." He comes home.

*The way to the boiler was dark.
Dark all the way,
Over slippery cinders,
Through the long greenhouse.*

While the way is dark and difficult, it is at the very least, direction. The frenzied cry at the end of part three ("Kiss me, ashes, I'm falling through a dark swirl.") is a plea of nature,¹² that is not answered in terms of itself, but in terms of a past. The motif is picked up and altered in the fourth part with roses likened to bloody clinkers in a furnace with a corresponding transition from the situation of ashes (with overtones of the depth of alienation that attends Job as he sits in ashes) to the awareness of steam knocking in the steam pipes, heralding the coming of order, the coming of father (who appears to knock *his* pipe aside workbenches, as if in acknowledgement and answer).

The final section amplifies the emerging syndrome of illumination and order that has come from the darkness and chaos, through "white flashes," to dawn, to salvation. Its opening ("It was beginning winter,/An in-between time . . .") suggests the "unfinishedness" of the mid-stage of Eliot's "Four Quartets." The calm after the ordeal is part of the new maturity the Self has achieved through its confrontation with and recognition of death. But it is a tentative, qualified calm; a calm "in parenthesis." The poem ends with this calm that is not final, that is hesitation, preparation, for another confrontation; a variant of Eliot's religious patience and vigil more in keeping with Roethke's myth and the knowledge it affords:

*Light traveled over the field;
Stayed.
The weeds stopped swinging.
The mind moved, not alone,
Through the clear air, in the silence.*

*Was it light?
Was it light within?
Was it light within light?*

*Stillness, becoming alive,
Yet still?*

*A lively understandable spirit
Once entertained you.
It will come again.
Be still.
Wait.*

The language in these important monologues alters along with the style and technique (in the section quoted above, we should note the "successive shortening of the line," a mannerism which is Roethke's signature in these and later monologues). Where language in the earlier poems bore a more conventional relationship to the subject (calling little attention to itself; describing flowers, greenhouses, storms, in an "objective" relationship), here language and subject collide. And merge. What we observe is a language Roethke created for a subject which ordinarily does not have a language: the irrational, the prerational. In Roethke's creation of an "intuitive" language, we can see and hear a more "infantile" variant of Dante's search for a "noble" vernacular; a more specialized variant of Wordsworth's stress upon the universal nature of rusticity;¹³ a more accurate attempt to capture the kind of experience Joyce suggests in the opening pages of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

This new language is in harmony with the erratic, disharmonious journey of the child. The mysterious forces of the Greenhouse provide the power that propels the language, that makes the metaphors whorl alive, the rhythms wrench themselves out of the neat patterns of the earlier poems and become protean, incantatory, bardic. As Kunitz observes: "What will not submit to him, he takes by storm—if he cannot first take it by magic."

Roethke's own explanation of his "cyclic" method of narration in the interior monologues, a method that depends on cyclical recessions of movement instead of linear advances, is worth noting:

I believe, that to go forward as a spiritual man it is necessary first, to go back. Any history of the psyche is bound to be a succession of experiences, similar yet dissimilar. There is a perpetual slipping-back, then a going forward; but there is some "progress."

For Roethke, the "going-back" in each monologue is a return to the past seen in terms of his myth: the objects, persons, experiences of the Greenhouse. The "experiences" have their similarity in that they are grounded in this myth. The return then, is a kind of spiritual homecoming. "Progress" in each return can be measured by the successive stages in the growth of the Self, its understanding of its own complexity and the complexity of the world outside.

In *The Lost Son*, it was the pre-child and child; growth was from the experiences of loss of the father, of the home, of alienation and fear of death.

In *The Waking* (1953), growth is from adolescence to manhood, though not to full maturity. For that, the maturity of the Self, one must wait for *Words for the Wind* (1958)—where the poet is capable of expressing a more complete understanding of the earlier experiences, an understanding in terms of the whole of his experiences. And for understanding beyond the rational, for the end of the journey—the extra-rational, we must wait for the final poems, *The Far Field*.

IV

The love poems between the interior monologues of "The Lost Son" and "Meditations of an Old Woman" in *Words for the Wind*, are more than an interlude. They represent another stage in the journey of the Self; an alternate period of joy, a peak between the troughs of despair. Roethke was forty-four when he married, and his love poems reflect the happiness he found. They are daring and buoyant, bawdy and erotic—almost as if he had sprung from the *dreck* into the light, dancing like the bear in one of his poems:

*In the same way: O watch his body sway!
This animal remembering to be gay.*

This new relationship adds another dimension to the Self and is revealed by the language of his myth. His beloved is a shapeshifter like himself¹⁴ and she takes the forms he took: "Slow, slow as a fish she came." He celebrates her and she assumes a stature of complexity in terms of his myth: his love is a leaf, a lily, a rose, a dove, the wind. But his celebration, as it progresses, achieves a wise balance. That is, he begins by believing naively that his "several selves could perish in love's fire and be one, that the dear and beautiful one could lead him, as Dante taught, to the very footstool of God." This is quickly given the lie by the realization that during, after, union,—the poet is even more alone than before. And rather than being "made" whole, he is even more aware of his separateness.

The poetry shifts, the poet does not love any less, but the object of his love is placed in a larger perspective; love itself is placed in a larger perspective—one more inclusive, one that finally confronts and defeats death. The love poems dissolve into "death" poems with the observation that "all sensual love's but dancing on the grave."

The five-part "Meditations of an Old Woman" that concludes Roethke's selective volume, *Words for the Wind*, is almost wholly concerned with death and the search for God, —and has been noted critically as a response to "Four Quartets."¹⁵ In it, we find many echoing passages, many lines which pick up Eliot's words for refutation or amplification. Roethke is not repeating here. He is not re-phrasing. Although he may borrow Eliot's "stance" (as he did Yeats' in "Four For Sir John Davies"), the tone is his own. He will accept the formulation of the questions, but not the answers. When Eliot tells us:

*Sin is Bebovelly, but
All shall be well, and*

All manner of thing shall be well.

Roethke parallels quite differently:

*It is difficult to say all things are well,
When the worst is about to arrive;
It is fatal to woo yourself,
However graceful the posture.*

All things may be well for Eliot in the next world, but Roethke finds himself very much in this world and prefers, "Instead of a devil with horns . . . a serpent with scales." For Eliot, ends are beginnings, but Roethke rejects the dialectic and cries:

I'm released from the dreary dance of opposites!

and continues his journey.

"Meditations" are a return to the cyclic method of the earlier monologues. In the First Meditation, the Old Woman introduces the theme of journeying:

*All journeys, I think, are the same:
The movement is forward, after a few wavers*

then comes the "regress" Roethke spoke of:

*And I seem to go backward,
Backward in time*

The poem contains much despair, evil, nothingness; all that retards the forward progression of the Self. But behind the "mask" of the Old Woman, there is *some* progress, the poet moves on, readying himself for the greater confrontations—echoing Paul Tillich's *The Courage to Be*:

*The self-affirmation of a being is stronger
the more non-being it can take into itself.*

We see the Old Woman finally affirming non-being (winter, aridity, still and muddy waters, holes, pits and caves, dust, desolate landscapes)—the life-denying, by bringing it together in her mind with the life-giving and the sacramental. By will and grace she makes her world whole and celebrates:

*The sun! The sun! And all we can become!
And the time ripe for running to the moon!
In the long fields, I leave my father's eye;
And shake the secrets from my deepest bones;
My spirit rises with the rising wind;
I'm thick with leaves and tender as a dove,*

*I take the liberties a short life permits—
I seek my own meekness;
I recover my tenderness by long looking.
By midnight I love everything alive.*

V

The major achievement of *The Far Field* is a large poem, an interior monologue, "North American Sequence." A work similar in end to "Four Quartets," it presents, in six wonderfully sustained subpoems, the arrival of the Self at its desired destination and its ultimate recovery and understanding of the past. Here the echoes, the parallels to Eliot's poem, help to announce the arrival by comparison to Roethke's earlier sequences—"The Lost Son" and "Meditations of an Old Woman."¹⁶

In "The Lost Son," Roethke was not content to merely echo Eliot; he quarreled and rejected, refuted and amplified. In "Meditations," further growth of the Self was evident as the rage mellowed and became half-humorous, half-serious, in the face of death. "North American Sequence," an attempt by Roethke to bring the Self to the journey's end, a spiritual end, is completely in his voice and it is a voice humble and purified. Made up of subtle landscape descriptions, similes or symbols for the spiritual condition of the speaker of the poem, it culminates in the simple statement of a final calm. Death is confronted as before, but rather than avoided (misunderstood by a child's mind, compartmentalized in adolescent shock), it is seen with Hardy's "full look." Each poem is a terrible journey:

*The way blocked at last by a fallen fir-tree,
The thickets darkening,
The ravines ugly.*

*I dream of journeys repeatedly:
Of flying like a bat deep into a narrowing tunnel,
Of driving alone, without luggage, out a long peninsula,*

✧ ✧ ✧

*The road changing from glazed tarface to a rubble of stone,
Ending at last in a hopeless sand-rut,
Where the car stalls,
Churning in a snowdraft
Until the headlights darken.*

the poet struggles to find his way — accepts, and finally, transcends:

*I learned not to fear infinity.
The far field, the windy cliffs of forever,
The dying of time in the white light of tomorrow,
The wheel turning away from itself,
The sprawl of the wave,
The on-coming water.*

Both the speaker of "Four Quartets" and the speaker of "North American Sequence" affirm a still center: the one, the intersection of eternity and time wherein God shares himself with mankind through ecclesiastical and sacramental extensions of the Incarnation: the other, the equipoise of body with the other forces of nature and the transcendence of soul. In this quiet fullness, the speaker of "North American Sequence" repudiates his previous rage and comes to terms with death in a manner far different from the previous two major sequences. In the earlier two, parts were juxtaposed rather than linked—like a building without stairs, leaping was the way from story to story. In this sequence, transitions are as clear and gentle as its predecessor's were obscure and harsh.¹⁷

But there is no loss of power. Out of the center arises a new vision of Self and its identification/definition/fulfillment in terms of the natural, the myth, the Greenhouse. The Self comes to reclaim the disparity of the present by the remembered, recovered, natural unity of the past. The physical presence of the body is no longer a burden. The Self is identified again and again (without fear) with the elements of the Greenhouse:

*I'd be beyond; I'd be beyond the moon,
Bare as a bud, and naked as a worm.
I would be a stream*

* * *

A leaf, I would love leaves.

And these elements are seen as part of the calm, part of the new vision as in the third and final section of "Journey to the Interior":

*I see the flower of all water, above and below me, the never
receding,
Moving, unmoving in a parched land, white in the moonlight:
The soul at stand-still,
At ease after rocking the flesh to sleep,
Petals and reflections of petals mixed on the surface of a
glassy pool,
And the waves flattening out when the fishermen drag their
nets over the stones*

*In the moment of time when the small drop forms,
but does not fall,
I have known the heart of the sun,—
In the dark and light of a dry place,
In the flicker of fire brisked by a dusty wind.
I have heard, in a drip of leaves,
A slight song,*

*After the midnight cries.
I rehearse myself for this:
The stand at the stretch in the face of death,
Delighting in surface change, the glitter of light on waves,
And I roam elsewhere, my body thinking,
Turning toward the other side of light,
In a tower of wind, a tree idling in air,
Beyond my own echo,
Neither forward nor backward,
Unperplexed, in a place leading nowhere.*

*As a blind man, lifting a curtain, knows it is morning,
I know this change:
On the one side of silence there is no smile;
But when I breathe with the birds,
The spirit of wrath becomes the spirit of blessing,
And the dead begin from their dark to sing in my sleep.*

In the final poem of the sequence, "The Rose," the poet culminates the journey with the identification with and celebration of a rose, a natural organic being that parallels the function of the rose for Eliot (though *it* is an icon of the supernatural) as a link between physical and spiritual, the temporal and eternal.

It begins, as do the others, with *place*:

*There are those to whom place is unimportant,
But this place, where sea and fresh water meet,
Is important—*

then comes the kaleidoscope of images, suggestive of the disarray of the mind and its inability to focus, then the step to the "edge":

*I sway outside myself
Into the small spillage of driftwood,
The waters swirling past the tiny headlands.*

This first part ends in an empty silence. The second begins with sea-imagery, with a journey, a ship moving slowly, but "rolling slightly sideways"—moving, but without direction. Suddenly, the speaker seizes upon the rose:

*But this rose, this rose in the sea-wind,
Stays
Stays in its true place,
Flowering out of the dark,
Widening at high noon, face upward,
A single wild rose, struggling out of the white embrace of the
morning-glory,
Out of the briary hedge, the tangle of matted underbrush,*

and the images of the past appear and unify:

*And I think of roses, roses,
White and red, in the wide six-hundred-foot greenhouses,
And my father standing astride the cement benches,
Lifting me high over the four-foot stems, the Mrs. Russells,
and his own elaborate-hybrids,*

and there is understanding:

*And how those flowerheads seemed to flow towards me, to beckon
me, only a child, out of myself.*

The clear, calm imagery of the Greenhouse comes and sets in order the fragments, flooding the speaker with warmth, power, growth; uniting all with its benefactor—the Greenhousekeeper who now can be spoken of,¹⁸ the father of terrible order, the Father and maker of all order:

*What need for heaven then,
With that man, and those roses?*

Yet the speaker moves on. In the third section he asks:

What do they tell us, sound and silence?

and in an obvious tribute to that maker of the "American" bible, proceeds to make a catalogue of American sounds, from bobolink to bulldozer, which, in the fourth and final section, becomes a catalogue of images of the American landscape.¹⁹

By suggestion, by indirection, by juxtaposition of normally unrelated and unrelatable objects, Roethke has achieved a controlled flow of association that reaches a climax, a resolution, a *unification*, in the steady, strong, illuminating symbol of the rose:

*And in this rose, this rose in the sea-wind,
Rooted in stone, keeping the whole of light,
Gathering to itself sound and silence—
Mine and the sea-wind's.*

The journey of the Self that began as a series of flights from ordinary reality into the irrational, the animalistic, the inanimate, finally, the "void," —is redeemed at end, by the remembrance and recovery, the acceptance of the myth of the Greenhouse. The poet retains his full sense of Self, hard-won, but defers to created order; affirms that part of the myth where the Self was in union with the natural. The journey of the Self ends in a vision, a vision of wholeness that allows Roethke to celebrate life, to pronounce in Blake's words: "Everything that lives is holy." As with Blake, there are no distinctions; the rose, Roethke's icon, gathers sound *and* silence, allows him to celebrate all.

VI

If the journey of the Self has resulted in a world vision—still, it must be remembered that that "world," the world of the myth, the Greenhouse, is a limited one.

Roethke may suggest inclusiveness, but he cannot justly claim it. His poems do not display the catholic world vision of a David Jones (with recovered myths that are truly archetypal), the intense examination couched in the proper philosophic terminology of an Eliot, the aesthetic sensibility of a Stevens. What they do display is the sensitive record of a journey of the Self, a difficult, completely detailed one,—that comes to terms with the components of the poet's world and places them in the proper perspective.

A world unto itself, the world of the Greenhouse lacks "no trespass" signs; has its correspondence to "truth." What Roethke has done is to give it voice and it in turn has functioned as his myth, giving him life, his poems coherence and meaning. The poems are the fulfillment of the poet's highest task: the salvage and celebration of life. Roethke has salvaged what is worth keeping in his world and affirmed the worth of its existence by celebration. It is a catholicity of sorts: he celebrates between "minimal" and maximal." He celebrates not only what many feel repulsed by, but what many are not even aware of. Soiled, he sings, still dances, and is "gay."

The few objects that define his Self—earth, water, wind, sunlight, stones, insects, fish, birds, trees—tell an entire story; project a contemporary "garden." The changes and similarities he finds in this garden are his poems. They are simple, tragic, profound, and joyful. What Roethke has done is to make these changes and similarities, these poems, a permanent part of our perception of reality; we have been thoroughly instructed by the Garden Master.

For this we should be grateful,—both as readers of poetry, as human beings.

GEORGE ABBOTT WHITE

NOTES:

(1) Jonathan Cott. "Two Dream Poets—Theodore Roethke and John Berryman." In *On Contemporary Literature*, edited by Richard Kostelanetz. New York: Avon Books, 1964. p.520.

(2) Stanley Kunitz. "No Middle Flight—Homage to Mistress Bradstreet," *Poetry*, 76 (June 1964). p.244.

(3) Mr. Ransom's essay, which appears in *The Contemporary Poet As Artist And Critic*, continues; "Poets discover how much is added to life by the premonition of death. The best moments of life are the poignant and clinging ones which are most informed of the fact of death; life is being rescued by death from what would have been its pure indifference, void of history and drama, a mode of action which would be unconscious, physiological, mechanical."

(4) Tony Stoneburner. "The Funeral of Hosea Victor Stoneburner," in *Generation Magazine*, 17 (Fall 1965). The section quoted differs slightly from the published version, but can be found in the original, mimeographed version distributed at the funeral.

(5) Stanley Kunitz. "News of the Root," *Poetry*, 73 (January 1949). p.223. Kunitz is easily Roethke's best critic.

- (6) *Ibid.*
- (7) Stanley Kunitz. "Roethke: Poet of Transformations," *The New Republic*, 152 (January 23, 1965). p.24.
- (8) Ralph J. Mills, Jr. *Theodore Roethke*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1963. p.11.
- (9) Stanley Kunitz. "Roethke: Poet of Transformations," *The New Republic*, 152 (January 23, 1965). p.24.
- (10) *Ibid.* p.25.
- (11) *Ibid.* p.25.
- (12) Kenneth Burke. "The Vegetal Radicalism of Theodore Roethke," *Sewanee Review*, 58 (Winter 1954). p.93. Burke's essay is the most acute of the early essays on Roethke. Although it is often quite thick going, it discusses an aspect of Roethke's work that has not, even now, been seriously considered.
- (13) *Ibid.* p.77.
- (14) Stanley Kunitz. "Roethke: Poet of Transformations," *The New Republic*, 152 (January 23, 1965). p.26.
- (15) Harvey Gross. *Sound and Form in Modern Poetry*. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1964. p.287. Gross' book, in its attempted clarification of metrics, often travels far afield. But it is in these very travels, in his close reading of particular poems by modern poets—especially Roethke—that he is most interesting and most valuable.
- (16) Tony Stoneburner. "Ardent Quest," a review of *The Far Field*, which appears in *The Christian Century*, 81 (September 30, 1964). p.1217-18. Much of what follows in respect to "North American Sequence," both in substance and tone, draws heavily upon Mr. Stoneburner's review and subsequent comment and conversation with the author.
- (17) *Ibid.* p.1217.
- (18) Roethke wrote an early poem about his father, "The Premonition," but did not include it in his first book, *Open House*. An examination of the poem reveals essentially the same sort of linkage made in this poem, but lacking, of course, all that had gone before. Why Roethke held the poem back is a question to be explored once Alan Seager's biography of Roethke is in print—it is interesting to note that in another section of *The Far Field*, Roethke celebrates his father directly, in a poem simply entitled: "Otto."
- (19) The author acknowledges this insight and thanks his two sources—Jerome Badanes and Austin Warren.

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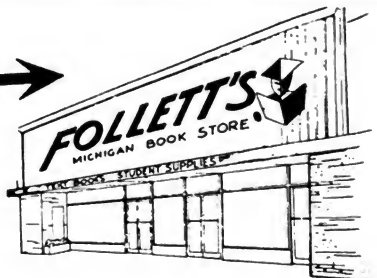
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Bob Durgy discussed Kafka on Jan. 12;
Toby Hendon reviewed the radical idea of **Summerhill**, Jan. 19;
Jerry Badanes discussed "Poetry, Now?" on Jan. 26;
George White is interested in Kazantzakis, will "have the
floor" on Feb. 16, 23, and March 9;
Jim Torrens wants to talk about Kirkegaard March 16.

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FEB. 24, 25

THE PURITAN

(1957) Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Fresnay, Vivane Romance. Banned by the N.Y. Board of Censors as "Indecent, immoral, sacrilegious, tending to incite crime and corrupt morals."

Short: "Case of the Mukhanese Battehorn." With Peter Sellers. The only filmed "goon show."

FEB. 26, 27

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY

(1952) Jacques Tati. The great French comedian's funniest and finest film.

Short: "Her Boy Friend" (Larry Semon).

MAR. 10, 11, 12, 13

Fourth Ann Arbor Film Festival

Programs not repeated. Winners shown at 7:00 and 9:00 Sunday. ADMISSION: 75 cents.

MAR. 17, 18

BUSBY BERKELEY'S

GOLD DIGGERS of 1933

Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Ginger Rogers, Ned Sparks. The wildest of B.B.'s musicals, ending in the extravagant "Forgotten Man" number. Madder than the Marx Brothers. Pre-Hays office censorship.

Short: "That's Me." Academy Award nominee.

MAR. 19, 20

ROMAN POLANSKI'S

KNIFE IN THE WATER

(1961) Leon Niemczyk, Jolanta Umecka. By the director of Repulsion.

Short: "In the Park" (Marcel Marceau).

MAR. 24, 25

FEDERICO FELLINI'S

VARIETY LIGHTS

(1950) Giuletta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla Del Paggio. The great "lost" film of Fellini, with unsparing details of backstage life.

MAR. 26, 27

ROBERT SHERWOOD'S

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

(1936) Humphrey Bogart, Leslie Howard, Bette Davis. Gangster melodrama.

Short: "Dylan Thomas" (Richard Burton).

MAR. 31, APRIL 1

SATYAJIT RAY'S

TWO DAUGHTERS

(1961) By the great Indian director of the APU trilogy. "His films have an essential poetry seldom attempted in modern cinema."

APRIL 2, 3

RENE CLEMENT'S

FORBIDDEN GAMES

(1952) Brigitte Fossey, George Poujouly, Grand Prize, Venice Film Festival, other international awards. Two small children act out their elder's crimes and ceremonies.

Short: "Saint Louis Blues" (Bessie Smith).

APRIL 7, 8

KIND HEARTS & CORONETS

(1948) Alec Guinness in eight roles, Dennis Price, Valerie Hobson, Joan Greenwood.

Short: UPA cartoon.

APRIL 9, 10

VITTORIO DE SETA'S

THE BANDITS OF ORGOLOSO

(1961) Michele Cossu, Peppedu Coccu, Vittorina Pisano. Winner, Robert Flaherty Award.

APRIL 14, 15

ROBERT BRESSON'S

A MAN ESCAPED

(1956) Francois Leterrier, and a non-professional cast. A member of the French underground attempts escape from a Nazi prison. "Icy tension." Short: "Eugen Atget." Music by Satie; a nostalgic view of Paris.

APRIL 16, 17

CHARLES DICKENS'

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

(1947) Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Stanley Holloway, Bernard Miles. Excellent adaptation of one of Dickens' most challenging novels.

Short: UPI cartoon.

APRIL 21, 22

THE 5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T.

(1953) Produced by Stanley Kramer, from the story of Dr. Seuss. A captivating nightmare for children and adults.

Shorts: "Family Circus"; 2 Bugs Bunny cartoons.

APRIL 23, 24

THE NAVIGATOR

(1924) Buster Keaton. Buster and his girl friend stranded on a run-away steamship. Great fun.

Short: "Dangers of Helen, Chapter 33," "In Danger's Path," starring Helen Holmes.

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EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor. Soloist: MONTERRAT CABALLE, Soprano, singing Donizetti and Bellini arias. Orchestra performs: Handel Concerto for Orchestra, and Symphony No. 2 in D major (Sibelius).

FRIDAY, MAY 6, 8:30

EUGENE ORMANDY, and THOR JOHNSON, Conductors. GYORGY SANDOR performs Bartok Concerto No. 1. Orchestra performs Concerto for Orchestra (Kodaly). UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION sings Kodaly "Te Deum" with soloists: JENNIFER VYVYAN, LILI CHOOKASIAN, WALDIE ANDERSON and SHERRILL MILNES.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 2:30

WILLIAM SMITH, Conductor, JOSEPH de PASQUALE, soloist, in Concerto in B minor for Viola and Orchestra (Handel); "Lieutenant Kije" Suite, Op. 60 (Prokofieff); and Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5 in E minor.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 8:30

EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor. All-orchestral program honoring Mr. Ormandy in his 30th anniversary year. Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Bach—Ormandy); Symphony No. 5 in C minor (Beethoven); and Symphony No. 2 in D major (Brahms).

SUNDAY, MAY 8, 2:30

THOR JOHNSON, Conductor, CLAUDIO ARRAU, Pianist, in Concerto No. 2 and Totentanz (Liszt). UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION performs "Chichester Psalms" (Bernstein); and "Requiem" (Delius) with soloists: JENNIFER VYVYAN and SHERRILL MILNES.

SUNDAY, MAY 8, 8:30

EUGENE ORMANDY, Conductor. Orchestra performs "Music for a Great City" (Copland). Symphony No. 9 in D minor, Op. 125 (Beethoven) with UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION and soloists: JANICE HARSANYI, LILI CHOOKASIAN, STANLEY KOLK, and YI KWEI SZE.

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SUMMER

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CONTRIBUTORS:

ROB POUTASSE is a senior in English. JOHN CONRON is a graduate student in English. He received his B.A. from Brown, studying under John Hawkes, after which, he served in the Marines for three years. SOPHIA STERIADES is a graduate student in comparative literature. MAEVERNON VARNUM is a senior in English. JUDY STONEHILL is a junior in American Studies and is studying at the Free University. H. RAMSEY FOWLER has received degrees from Princeton and Harvard and is now working on his PhD in English at the University. STEVE BRONSON's first book, *Hard Road Nowhere*, has just been published by *GENERATION*. He received his B.A. from the University of Illinois, has studied at Columbia and Michigan, and has worked on construction throughout the United States. STEVEN KAGLE received his bachelor's from Cornell and won a major Hopwood for his fiction. He is currently working on his PhD in American Studies at the University. KONSTANTINOS LARDAS' first book of poetry, *And in Him, Too; In Us* was published by *GENERATION* last year. He is now finishing his PhD dissertation. ALVIN FRITZ is a grad student in comparative lit. He won a major Hopwood award for his poetry last year. MARINA FARKAS lives and goes to school in Detroit. FLORENCE W. ROHN received her B.S. in Design from the University and is completing the work for her M.F.A. in Creative Painting. She has exhibited frequently in the Michigan area and is represented in numerous private collections in the country. JOAN E. ROSENSTEIN received her B.S. from Skidmore College and will receive her M.F.A. in Creative Painting this spring.

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The University of Michigan Inter-Arts Magazine

*There is a sweetness in the air
That bloomed as soon as time began,
But now is dying everywhere.*

Edwin Muir/OUTSIDE EDEN

VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 4

FICTION

THE DOG	ROB POUTASSE	6
THE SCRAP COLLECTORS	JOHN CONRON	27
IMITATION	SOPHIA STERIADES	52

THE LINE

THE YOUNG GIRL PASSENGER	MAEVERNON VARNUM	13
QUATRE CARTES POSTALES	SOPHIA STERIADES	18
THE MODERN LINE	JUDY STONEHILL	20
TO SUSAN, AGED TEN	JUDY STONEHILL	21
THE POEM DEFINES ITSELF	JUDY STONEHILL	22

NON-FICTION

REVIEW: JONATHAN EDWARDS	H. RAMSY FOWLER	56
--------------------------------	-----------------------	----

POETRY

HYMN OF THE CITY	JUSTIN VITIELLO	23
NEW WORLD	STEVE BRONSON	25
PASSION	STEVEN E. KAGLE	49
KNOWLEDGE	STEVEN E. KAGLE	50
XYPNOTIC	KONSTANTINOS LARDAS	51
DETROIT: CHRISTMAS 1965	ALVIN FRITZ	54
MICHELANGELO'S PIETA	ALVIN FRITZ	55

ART

BY MARINA FARKAS, FLORENCE W. ROHN, AND JOAN E. ROSENSTEIN	33
COVER: FOUR FIGURES BY FLORENCE W. ROHN	

The Dog

"A gray shadow detached itself from the general grayness like a protozoa budding. It streamed out alone, seeming to flow across the plane of white, and merged into another, smaller, shapeless shadow. If I had been that smaller shadow, I would have been a low brittle shrub. If these were buds in that dense tangle, there was no evidence of them; if I would bloom that spring I had no foreknowledge. I would be able to make out that flowing shape next to me was a wolf, gray and harsh, in its way, as my branches. It would be still, but straining forward, one front paw cocked up, nose low but neck level with the back, and tail level out behind. I would not be able to define the strain: whether it was only that the lines of the body suggested tension, or whether the animal quivered imperceptibly. The head swayed around toward me, an eerily smooth motion, as if it were counterbalanced. There was a delicate diadem of rime on the muzzle. Something happened in the nostrils, and the head swung back. One step, a pause, then four legs worked evenly, accelerating effortlessly, as the wolf paced off across the steppe, leaving beside me three pocks in the snow: prints, blurred by the paws' movement."

"Peter, you've drunk too much." McGraw, the host, laid his hand on Peter's arm. Peter had drunk too much, perhaps, but it did not show on his face. It was dark and feral, and you could see no flush in the cheeks, no alcoholic laxness about the mouth. On second thought, his eyes might be a little bloodshot, reflected the man facing him at the bar. His drink was old, and still a third full, so he allowed himself the right to judge. His shoulders are hunched a little, thought the slim pretty girl a few feet away who was coming for a refill, but he can't be any older than forty. There was a man behind Peter but he was thinking about the girl. People stood all around the bar but none of them were noticing Peter particularly. A racy wood and brass stereo console was mindlessly functioning: a record was passively emitting sound. Peter was facing the console as he stood

sideways at the bar, but he wasn't looking at it now. He could not have seen it anyway, because several couples were dancing between him and it. He was looking at the carpet. It had a certain self-satisfied resemblance to alpaca, but Peter had decided it wasn't. A wet stain darkened the carpet near the corner of the bar.

Though Peter was not looking at the record player, he had given it some thought. He had transformed it into a brassy, pine-panel-and-pipe professional bachelor, and the record into a well-grooved career girl. She was not in her jacket at the moment and "I blush to think of it," Peter had mentally minced, then laughed sardonically. The man beside him was talking to a woman and he looked up at Peter, peturbed, he hadn't reached the point of his joke. In defense, Peter had cocked his head as though he were listening to the man, then had returned to his lovers. But he found he had lost the story, and he drained his glass. That was the next but one to the drink he was presently being refused.

The girl ran up to the bar, gave a startled hop. "Oooh!" she made her face like an old mandarin and leaned against the bar, on the other side of the joker; Peter couldn't see her. He wondered how she fit on the scale: Tall girls' breasts go over the bartop, short girls under, just-right girls come smack against the ledge. They are the winners. Earlier, Peter had devised a little puddle on that section of the bar, right on the edge and dribbling over. Leaning girls got wet bosoms. Only one girl had won so far, that Peter had seen. The joke-teller had come between Peter and his puddle. But he eventually won too. At the point of his joke, he slid his arm back right into the liquid; it was then that Peter requested his next-to-last drink. "To a winner," he had raised the glass. The man thought he was toasting his story; the woman turned a lurid smile on Peter. She must have enjoyed the joke. Peter wondered if he were the conception of a suburban love affair. He turned them into biological minutiae, and the room into a great panelled womb. The other people became—what? Conceptions unconceived, zygotes of Christmas past, present and future hovering. What was he, then? Probably a germ, he decided morosely. He bit his olive hard. The upper half shot out between his teeth and rolled onto the floor. He bent to retrieve it. The backs of his fingers felt the rug was damp and clammy; it was the spill. Right where the girl had jumped, so startled. The hair on the backs of his fingers blended with the dark spot. This is how a gorilla stands, on the back of his forepaw, other hand, with a glass. Of course. Peter snorted a little, being a gorilla. There was a shoeless foot. He looked up: it was the girl. She must have stepped in the wet spot. Poor girl. Poor indeed, she was one of the losers. He could see her bosom was definitely above the bar. No points.

"Hey, are you OK down there?" The girl looked down, over her bosom, sighted along Peter's long nose to the olive. "Here, let me help you." She bent quickly, Peter noticed. He knew that women always knelt quickly in tight dresses: they are taking a large risk. To bend down is so like a good bullfighter's pass. Hemingway would love it: so little cloth between flesh and the goring or horny eyes. The olive was between his fingers but he let it go. She picked it up. "Want it?" He opened his mouth, very close to her face. She saw thick black hairs in his nostrils, but she wasn't afraid. She thought he was drunk. He knew what she was thinking. He knew

what nearly anybody thought at any time. Provided he could see them, because, admittedly, a man thinks different thoughts in his robe than in his dinner jacket. Peter never claimed to be clairvoyant; he did have to look at his subjects. This girl was thinking he was drunk, he could tell because her face was open to him. If she had believed he was sober, she would have composed her face for him. But it would be no use trying to warn her. Peter decided a woman's face is a musical composition. It has parts for the whole orchestra of life, and each event, each movement in her life can be read off her face an instant before it is played. The woman is an artist; she composes her face. Unfortunately many women are poor artists and their craft shows. Women who are great lovers are great composers: Pompadour the Beethoven of physiognomy. Women next to this girl, for example, is a specific type of music; her life might be four sides of Bessie Smith, because she is torchy and American, but with a suggestion of tragedy. Peter felt generous when he saw tragedy in a woman. He saw tragedy often; he had always been convinced he must be a very gratifying lover.

This woman was the recipient of the bar-stander's joke. The bar-stander was not leaning on the bar anymore, he was holding his arm with a disturbed expression. Peter knew why: there was a wet mark on his sleeve. The woman said, "George it's getting late and the babysitter is only fourteen and we stayed out til one on her last time." George and the babysitter. It was evident that these were not suburban lovers.

The girl was standing a few feet from Peter. She had noticed his shoulders first, then the blue of his shaven jaw. He looked a little jowly if you looked too closely. The host, who had told Peter he had drunk too much noticed Peter's jaw because he wanted to punch it. He saw the girl looking at Peter, and he saw all that Peter knew. He was a bachelor like Peter and like his record-player. He had found with affluence that he wanted to play records. He had left his wife; she was getting old and scratchy. But now it seemed to him tht Peter was spinning a record he had his eye on. He felt the skin tighten in the corners of his mouth all the way to his ears. He looked across the room at the bearskin on the wall. He had shot the bear during a trip to Alaska three years ago. He had loved Alaska and loved the control he had had over the bear just before he had killed it. Now he spent a week of every year there. The room was decorated with Alaskan artifacts: the bear, a piece of a Northern Indian totem pole, an antelope hide, a fox hide. A pair of snowshoes dangled next to a massive curled contraption of rust-brown steel. It was a bear trap, the heavy old-fashioned kind and its jaws were clamped shut. He had never gotten it open, but you could see how large the teeth were, and how thick the metal. He liked to tell how it could cut a cocker spaniel in half. Beside the bear trap hung two others: a wolf-trap, and a beaver-trap. A little one, for rabbits, hung below them, for irony.

The man beside Peter at the bar, George, decided that the host was drunk. His eyes were strange, he didn't seem to be looking at anything. George's wife had disappeared. He hoped it was for their coats; he wanted to leave. What was in his glass had long gone warm.

Peter knew McGraw was not looking at nothing. He was looking at the girl leading Peter away from the bar. Peter was facing away from the bar, but in the back of his head he felt his host was looking at the girl's

buttocks. McGraw was always a man to the point. Peter and the girl were going through a forest of people. The forest was alive but the treetops were bare, that is, the faces were barren. It was because he didn't know anybody here. They had come to a couch. It was probably vinyl, but it was grained like leather, very intricate graining. White vinyl leather. Beside the couch was a lamp made of a twisted gray chunk of driftwood. The girl held Peter's right hand. She was standing over him. "Don't go away, now, I'm going to the little girls'." Peter watched her bottom disappearing into the forest. He was as much to the point as McGraw. Their points would cross, he knew.

There were magazines on the table beside the lamp. He picked one up. He felt the slick pages with surprise: his fingers had not lost the sense of an icy glass. It was a hunting magazine. There was a dead deer on the cover. The teaser underneath said in red letters: Hunt Record Deer in Alaska. The next line was: Siberian Wolves, Last Stand of Trappers. Peter flipped pages. He wondered if the girl would get back. How long was he supposed to wait for her? How long had she and all these people waited for McGraw to get back from his vacation this time? Last time he had brought back an antelope hide. This time he had brought back nothing. The season was bad, he had had a legitimate excuse. But he had brought back his guide. The guide ran a successful hunting service in Alaska. Men like McGraw paid well to kill animals, and a good guide became more than a hunter; he became an equal, in the eyes of men as big even as McGraw. But it was not good for him to be equal. The guide was a wolf, living darkly in a pack of dogs, but if he called attention to himself, tried to become a dog, they would turn on him. A guide who had made his money either changed occupations or lost his trade quickly. On the page open before Peter a dead wolf lay in a track-scarred snowfield. One paw was twisted in the curved jaws of a steel trap. Men stood over the animal's body, with the brutal-dog faces of photographed killers. To become men they kill animals, but then they turn into dogs. That is the pinocchio's nose of it, thought Peter. He swung his head, he felt momentarily dizzy; McGraw might have been right. A couple was dancing right before him. Peter turned them into snakes with bedsores: they couldn't make it lying down. The girl was undulating delightfully. Her bottom was square; she would be a good matron someday. They were doing some new dance, probably Peter had heard of it. It it had a name. But it would have to have a name. If it didn't it would be obscene; give it a name, it becomes a dance. But this was not generous; if it were fifteen years ago or if he had been fifteen years later, he would not be satirical. Why do people have to be too early for their births? After a certain age, everyone begins to suspect he was born too early. Then he begins to understand the pain he caused his mother by not letting her bear him longer. Everyone is too impatient to get born; if they would only wait they should be expelled as easily as ripe seeds from an autumn pod.

"Peter." He recognized the voice of his host. Peter rose, conscious of his composure, of the fact that he rose fully erect, back not curved, belly not out, good shape for his age. He walked on the balls of his feet to the bar.

The girl watched him. She was at the bar already. He was gliding through the gray-faced forest. His walk made it easy to imagine him naked she found, and was angry to feel herself blush. He should not have made her

do that. It was because he didn't need to feel his movements, he was lubricated to the core, that was why he walked so. She protected herself.

"Peter, do you want another drink now?" McGraw was sugaring his tones, Peter felt the glad response to challenge in his chest. He looked at the man; he knew his gaze would answer for him. McGraw understood. He fetched a glass from the tray under the bar, sloshed into it something amber. He poured an equal amount into another glass and held it up. Peter drank with him. One swallow, rapid. Now the points were crossed. He didn't look at the girl; she would be staring at him, trying to make him see her. If he didn't, he would win; he set up the game for himself. He watched McGraw fill the glasses again, put them side by side on the table. Then he bent down under the bar, reached with both hands, and stood up. He was holding a wolf-trap. Peter looked at it. He had seen many such traps, but this was definitely the one from the panelled wall. How did it get to the bar? He didn't glance at the wall, but at the girl. She tried to prevent it, but he caught the small widening of her eyes.

"Peter," said McGraw aloud, for the entire room. "Here is what we'll do. You know what this is." Well, hold it up, Peter thought, if you're going to make it public. If you don't I will. Peter lifted the trap over his head. He was facing the bar, but he could feel the eyes, like ants, run over his back and the trap. The chain on the end of it dangled down his wrist. The coldness of the links made them seem slimy. "It's a wolf-trap!" McGraw tried to regain control with the announcement but Peter had stolen his scene. He was tight all over his face, Peter had seen the look before, on the day of the bear. "There's a way to open it" said McGraw, and opened it. The edges of the jaws gleamed happily. "This is the trigger." A disc of metal, between and slightly below the arc of the jaws. "Step on that, blam, it closes with enough force to break your wrist. You know about that, Peter. Did you ever trap wolves? In Russia? Peter is my hunter in Alaska," he announced, "his family came from Siberia. Is it true they feed boy-babies on wolf-milk there, Peter?"

Get on with it, if you want."

"Well, it's a game. A hunter's game. Invented by myself. We are going to try it out, Peter and I. This disc is sensitive to pressure. So. We put a glass containing a little of this on the trigger. Bait. We reach through the mouth, through the teeth, pick out the glass. Drink it. Take turns. Till somebody leans too hard on the trigger. Like Russian roulette, Peter, ever play that? You don't have to do this, you know."

"Look, McGraw, this is stupid, you know that trigger needs a lot of weight to slip it off. We'd practically have to jump on it."

McGraw stared at Peter. Deep inside his eyes Peter could see the bear reflected from the other side of the room. He could feel the warm girl next to him.

"I filed it," said McGraw, "it's hair-sprung. Then we refill the glass, and put it back. The same way."

"Load one up."

It was as if the forest had turned to stone, and all that were in the room were Peter, McGraw, the girl. And in the corner the record player and record, self-absorbed, spinning out their lives, noisily. It balanced on the outside the roar behind Peter's ears, inside. He felt the fur stand up on the back of his

neck. A hand slid into the moon-shaped maw of metal. His or McGraw's? It came out with the glass, slowly, the coat-sleeve brushing a shiny point. Peter did not take his eyes off the trap, but no glass came to his mouth—it had been his host's hand. Peter watched the next hand more carefully. His sleeve burned his arm where he felt it touch the steel. The drink was cool on his palate and hot in his throat. Two more hands made the journey, two more swallows, and a coat came off. A gold cufflink was laid aside noiselessly. "What is it, a funeral?" Peter was angry at himself for speaking. An instant afterward he could not remember if he had said it or only wanted to. He looked at McGraw as he dragged his hand between the thick jagged bars, the glass clinked against the metal and the girl gasped. The sound made Peter cold; he wishes the girl were on his opponent's side of the bar. McGraw slid his hand in gingerly. Both men were leaning on their other hands, hoping no one would notice. Both felt a tingle in the leaning hand each time the game hand touched the glass on the delicately poised trigger disc.

Bang. Thud in his chest, Peter's whole back became wringing wet. He loses, he thought. McGraw held up his hand. There was not a sound in the room. Not a scratch on the hand. Then breaths, the entire audience. He had dropped the glass on the trigger from above. The trap was lying on the floor, where it had flunk itself, gnashing its teeth. Peter saw it was near his wet spot. It was picked up by a man who was very frightened. Perhaps he was George, but he no longer looked like George. The man offered the trap to McGraw; McGraw drew back involuntarily. Peter took it, set it on the bar, grinning a taunt he did not really feel. The metal was still cold. A tiny scratch appeared on his thumb.

McGraw filled a glass, put it on the trigger, with a wedge in the jaws so they did not close. He pulled out the wedge, reached to take the glass from the again-dangerous teeth. "No, my turn." Peter knew his voice was calm, he was proud. His host withdrew his hand.

He was looking at the bear in McGraw's eyes; he was surprised to see that by some optical quirk, the grinning bear suddenly turn into a dog-face. So he didn't see what happened. The girl didn't see because she was looking at Peter's face, how it was not moving. She was for some reason noticing that the few whiskers Peter had missed under his nose were gray. George didn't see anything because he was looking at his watch. But everybody else saw McGraw's leaning-arm flash up and hammer Peter's hand into the trap. The girl saw that nothing changed in Peter's face except his eyes, and she broke into tears to see them. Everybody saw Peter's arm swing wide with the momentum of the springs and the weight of the trap clamped over his hand, and keep swinging as he whirled around once or twice with pain, his lips drawn back exposing his teeth. His whirling carried him to the door and he vanished. McGraw stood not-quite-straight, and it was the first time anybody noticed he looked like a beagle. The wife of George observed that to her husband, as she peered into the mirror over her vanity table when they finally got home. She observed it to any number of people for days after that. She said, "that evening made me positively gray." It was as good an excuse for going gray as any.

The Young Girl Passenger

The light was failing, the air of the room hung heavily about the brocaded drapes. Martha, in a patient lethargy, moved toward the window, her white lace gown and petticoats gathering around her legs.

Her eyes circumspectly searched the growing darkness of the room and the last light of the window. Below, in the yard, an opaque image brooded across the pale grass.

Martha, upon seeing the image, smiled; she waited, her hands folded complacently in her dress's lace.

Far off, she could hear her family talking; their voices swam unconnected to their dim bodies. The closed car and the surrounding darkness made the voices intense and urgent. In the front seat her mother and father were bickering, the bickering which didn't change from trip to trip.

"Bob, this isn't it, it isn't the highway. Route Thirteen on the map goes north; this is west, Bob." Her mother's voice was shrill enough to cut any of Martha's stillnesses; and her father's voice always sounded patient and "put upon."

"O.K., Ruth, O.K., but we can't be sure. There were no signs for the turnoff."

"Bob, I'm sure that Thirteen was five miles back. It's so dark. Route Thirteen would be well lighted. The children get frightened in the dark; I do wish you would stop and ask." As she talked to him, her mother fumbled in the glove compartment, scraping and arranging until she found whatever it was she wanted.

"Where can I ask?" Martha's father didn't seem to be conscious of his responses.

"There must be a farmhouse around here somewhere. Why don't you ever want to ask?" Martha's mother knew the game.

"Ruth, stop worrying; I can take care of it. Just stop worrying. Martha, are the children asleep?" He tried to change the pattern by turning back to Martha.

In the back seat the children had been shifting their feet in their sleep, trying to stretch out their legs against the sides of the car; but now they were quiet on the vinyl seats, tangled in the pillows, coats, and comic books which traveled with them.

"Yes father, they're asleep."

After the image had gone, taking the rest of the day with it, Martha gathered her gown into her hands and left the closeted room of the old house, and headed toward the shore. This evening the beach was clear: all the bathers had gone home; it was cool; and a wind lifted off the sea. She was very enervated by the day and lay down on the still-warm sand, spreading her skirts in a semi-circle of lace. Beside her a child played with the sand, throwing handfuls of it so that the last light caught in the grains. But as the night's coldness began to oppress them, the child became sleepy and crawled into the protection of her skirts; there to sleep. His power gone, his god gone, he slept.

The younger girl, Cindy, had been awakened out of her vinyl-sleep when the car jolted over a crack in the highway. She struggled out of her nest of wrinkled clothes and sat next to Martha, unsteady in a half-awakenedness.

"Mother, I'm hungry."

"Cindy, we're all hungry."

"Couldn't we stop?" Now that she was awake, Cindy demanded entertainment, even if it was just being answered.

"Cindy, you know there's no place to stop. I haven't seen a single sign for a restaurant." Her mother's voice was indulgent toward her youngest child.

"Aren't there any restaurants in the Dark, Mother?"

"Yes, dear, but we don't even know where we are. Your father refuses to ask." Her voice was even and practiced.

"Mother, I think I'll die if I don't eat soon." Cindy was now whining: her eight years and the day of sitting in the car had defeated her.

"Die quietly, dear, Brian is still asleep."

It was morning; and the mists diffused off the beach. Martha turned over in the sand, feeling it wet upon her face. The child had gone, but its handprints were still modeled in the neighboring beach.

She rose and tried to smooth the wrinkles out of her dress; but the air was still moist and the wrinkles ran in lines over the surface of her gown. She wondered which way to go—further along the beach or into the headlands. Her hesitation was not long; she turned to the headlands, and soon in the confusion of growth she discovered a path that ran parallel to the sea, hidden from the water yet within hearing distance of the waves' break and fall. Druidical trees lined the path in even intervals, their trunks, branches, and leaves distorting the early light.

Ahead in the path, indistinct in the splintered dawn, a young boy stepped, his arms open and his face smiling. Martha started running, stretching, pulling, wanting to get to the boy before it was time. Her gown was too slow, it entrapped her legs, her progress was thrown into chaos. There was a curious mixture of laughing, crying, and clumsiness; but still she ran, trying to reach him before he too disappeared. "It's been so long," she cried. He smiled.

"Mother, I want to stop."

"Can't you wait, Brian, until we find a place?"

"No."

"Brian, there has to be a place near here. Just a few minutes and we're bound to come to a populated area."

"I can't wait."

"Bob, we have to stop. The child is in agony."

"Can't he wait?" Martha's father's voice was tired. The tension of the long ride had begun to weigh upon his patience.

"No, Bob, we have to stop now."

"All right, all right, Ruth. But this is going to hold us up."

Her mother turned to the back seat and searched for Martha's face in the reflected glare from the headlights.

"Martha, help him put his shoes on."

"It's so dark, Mommy; I'm afraid."

"Martha will go with you."

Brian and Martha stepped out into the dark. It was filled with wood noises and wood's faces, and Brian pressed close to Martha.

As she ran along the path, an early morning rain followed her; the closer she came to the boy, the closer the rain followed, swirling the trees, until it reached her and enveloped her in a moment of moisture, saturating her skirts and making them cling to her legs. The boy stepped out of the pathway and she thought she had lost him. She slowed and allowed the rain to soak her dress and skin. There was no reason to run now.

But he called; she heard his voice and saw him ahead in a low pasture, still sodden from the rain, yet almost free from the corpulent clouds that passed overhead. As she followed him into the pasture, the cloud shadows moved ponderously over the field and then were gone. The yellow-gray of the sunlight broke onto the field. The boy ran ahead shouting profanities to the new sun and she ran after him, exultant at his coltishness. He spun, ran, jumped, figured in an exuberant choreography . . . she followed holding her skirts high so that her legs were free to dance. Their marionette bodies cavorted the length of the field, flirting with the sun and with each other. He gathered some distance and then ran and jumped over a low stump—she did too, catching up her skirts, but freeing them too soon, so that a pattern of lace was left on the stump. Then he broke and ran, calling silly names after him, and she followed shouting ahead teasing names, and they both giggled at their recklessness.

It was becoming harder for Martha to hear what her family was saying. In the hobble of their conversations, she could hear "dark," "hungry," "stop," and "ask" over and over again with verbs and adjectives sparsely holding them together; there seemed to be a unity of urgencies in which she was not included.

"Hey, Dad, how far away are we?"

"Your father doesn't even know where we are, Cindy. Does anyone have any trash for the litter-bag?" Her mother was getting tired again.

"How many hours, Dad?"

"About six hours, Cindy."

"Bob, don't tell the children how many hours, they get restless." Her mother's voice cut down as it always did; she had gotten the litterbag and was passing it over the seat.

"Oh, Dad, it's so dark." Brian and Cindy were leaning forward into the front seat, trying to pick out objects in the forward window, but they encountered only night.

"Hey, does anybody see that light?" Cindy pointed to the left side of the car where a light was becoming increasingly visible to the entire family.

"Hey, look, it's a town; and we can eat and go to bed—I get so tired of this car."

"It is a town, Bob; I'm so glad; the children are so nervous, we really shouldn't go this far with them like this."

The children were getting excited; bouncing up and down on the seat and singing little ditties about food they had seen on television. There was general tugging for coats, shoes, and scarves.

"It's a town," the children chanted.

As the car came nearer and nearer to the light, the town began to take shape, rising wholly developed from the plain—distinguishable with churches, and shops. It seemed to erupt from the night—Brigadoon

Martha ran after the boy, singing with him, allowing the throat of her gown to fall away and the sleeves to loosen. Her hair, half down from the rain, lost its hair-pins one by one and flew behind, first in bunches and then straight and free, swinging side to side succinctly with her skirt in a rhythm of movement. She knew her joy was near and that her day had come. She shouted this to the boy and he answered, "Yes, yes."

When the car had sufficiently approached the town, it stopped at the first traffic signal. The light was long and the children used the time to look forward down the main street to the lighted shops and probable restaurants.

Martha, while all their attention was diverted, unlocked the door on her side of the car and stepped out into the night, the hem of her gown collecting gravel in the lace.

Maevernon Varnum

QUARTE CARTES POSTALES

Let me scream now. Please, let me scream now. Just a little. Just for a little while. A little, ah! One tiny little scream. Warrant firman of grace! Concede! Concede! Let me scream now. Please . . . let . . . it won't be long . . . it won't last long . . . a little . . . just a little . . . pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeease. I am awaiting your reply most patiently.

We walked for three days and three nights through the dense forest until we came to a small hut surrounded by a fence. A woman was beside the fence: Old, bent, gathering herbs, putting them in a large basket. She had cotton-candy hair and we asked her. But after answering she raised her head and we saw, then, her great, protruding, gold-green frog eyes. Lidless.

Now you can see sunbathers on the flying trapeze, carving an arabesque of smoke into the light. Here, rococo sculptures on reverberating green mark time well measured. Listen. You will hear an orchestra of hearts beneath the stone. And if you let your eyes invent blue balustrades, —up! high!—corsetted, crinolined, peruqued, an oriental monkey blows you a kiss, behind a parasol. Villa Giulia.

I wanted to tell you of a train in the night. I wanted it because it sounded so smooth from such a distance. It sounded smoother than the silence before, which was full of bumps. So the train passed by, and as it drew away its tail became full of knots. Eventually, it fizzed out rather nicely. Then I tried to recapture the sound that was so smooth, and I imagined myself close to the tracks. Maybe too close too close too close too close until the train—an immense light at the speed of light—passed through me, splintering my spine, and instead of that smooth sound there was an inability to swallow.

Sophia Steriades

THE MODERN LINE

Picasso broke me
to crawl inside infinity
in a fit of classic rage.

Whitman, in a state much
like rage, opened me to touch
the green heart of his age.

Wilson blasphemed me
to save democracy.
Each man sees himself a sage.

I grow tired of this world
separate, stretched, screaming.
Give me a fresh page.

TO SUSAN, AGED TEN

sky

touch

higher

higher

bounce

ball

make your

Susan make it

your

Ask me why recess
means the last chance to
soar, little susan,
to play your games
with boundless smiles
on clear, crisp days.

I'll tell you this:
Too soon clouds
hide you sky
when your energy sinks
upon the realization
that life's an endless game
lacking crisp infinity.

Judy Stonehill

THE POEM DEFINES ITSELF

I

am not

what I

seem to be:

Harmony

rather I

am

hot

chaos

pressed

unflinchingly

beneath

a

cool
black
line

Judy Stonehill

hymn of the city—over Kansas

—Well, I am, who I am.

—what does it matter

who I am

if I'm a man?

I lived on the outskirts.

Biting the ice upon the water,

I saw absurd things.

I, congealed tongue of lion cub

lashing his nature with bellows

against the cigarette market, the people's new currency;

and bargaining with the babbling brook

to split his throat's dam.

Flying without bed left him powerless,

but a disjointed course is narcotic of the mind.

His companions were the clouds,

depositing a chaos of shadows

upon the sandstone and yellow earth,

painting the brick-laid plain

a more color-sated sobriety,

spurting trees crowned with gravity,

embracing the river's sweep with somber foliage.

And he, stretched across a clearer sky,

loosened from the scratching lint

of the universal terrain's desert navel,

grasped the breath of new red pastels

awaiting his landing to autumn.

To live amidst cans of molten tin,

so ashen, so wearied,

with solitaire anxieties for cold silver?

To be tickled with the freezer's splinters,

and spat to the cistern of clinking ghosts,

and luke-warmed to the swirl of clanking butts?

To settle, a man of hastened fashion,
with the screech of orchestral rabble without coda?
Or not to moan, a savage without claws,
but to profit by the guitar's new prayer of silence,
to climb the scale of gay-conceived moments,
to play with soiled but still delicate hands?
You tell met it might be possible
only if the chains of memory broke from you?
only if the visionary dream were shattered on you?
I tell you, no, this is laughable,
the tamed beast now believes in gracious glory,
near-held efforts, a gray whirlpool that gushes.
Home again to the city of soot, our courage flashing,
engaged in the street of riot, our creation surging,
it's not so bad, my man.
We toast with the last drops of twilight
and we greet an expectant dawning.

Justin Vitiello

NEW WORLD

For our Mentor

REALM

Always light also dark in human mind,
the same one at rest, even unawakened,
that sinned
and learned
most inner word, his own cross borne,
not learned
or sinned
without, He the same one at rest awakened,
neither always light nor dark human mind . . .

... THEY WERE SORE AFRAID

Ones only once on an earthly hill
tending to herds through the still, starred dark,
all you men's sons, worship Him—
gloria word your holy terror,
humbly come on Bethlehem,
His manger His cradle—your lives only worth
afterward dreaded winterkill nights
Him one with you son, ever at birth.

FRONT RANGE

North Inlet trail work up above timberline
cairned granite boulders every quarter mile,
snowfield cascades down twelve thousand feet earthbound
sea levels, windwhip twisted pine scraggle,
lemming whistles, dogtooths off across tundra
along cirque brink, Chaos Canyon glacier
midday meltwaterfalls, awake dreamer's face
turned east, then westward, nonexistent sight
oceans, thunderhead scud hailstoning the divide
this one crew foreman hired on not just to work trail
set off on his own toward Ptarmigan Pass midst His.

ORGANIC

Electron in mind
orbiting in atom of brain
momentum thought,
this given, men,
of ourselves the world for us
light that never is,
no right to birth,
nor to father's blessing, or curse,
both 'scaped goat hair shirt
when woken, scared, scarred
then, how dread is His sacred place!,
who dares make words clearer than
"Ours barely, just human loves weigh . . ."?
None such a ways off.

SONS

First light on the mounts
her filled with child, spirit quest
His love ours, in flesh.

The Scrap Collectors

The old man sensed it far out and building, and he started towards it. A current of cold gray-green water tugged at his thighs as a broken wave drained off the beach—an instant of stasis and silence; then sea pebbles clattering; then the current pulling at his trousers, filling his shoes with sand, sucking holes at his toes and heels. He was drawn to his waist before he could brace himself, legs apart, and lean into the under-tow.

He could hear its whisper, like linen tearing.

The moon had dimmed; black light seemed to shrink the sky. The tearing got louder. Suddenly the lip appeared, perched over tons of lifted water. It brushed the sinking moon and turned slick like amber. He could see dark kelp streamers drifting in the wave wall.

Slowly the sputtering lip curled towards him, bobbing on air currents. He saw the kelp sucked up and over the humped back as if to be vomited. Foam-water swirled around his hips, pulling him deeper. The arched wall towered over him, closed on him.

As the lip cleared his head, he heard a voice screaming in anger and saw a bottle hit in front of him—a tiny bubble of glass that skittered down the wall, grazing his arm as it passed. His feet were gripped and pulled from the sand; he felt himself ascending the slick wall into an echoing silence.

Then the ceiling shook and collapsed: sprayed splinters; then percussion. The bottom came crashing up to him. A geyser lifted him. Salt fingers jammed his throat.

A face, green face pieces intersected with streaks of jet. Green ice bubbles. Stretched eye and mouth cavities swallowing the whole jaw and flaps of ears. Corded muscles, root-like, yawning up a shaved skull. Cloud film staining face; ground crystals shining, gray light. Crab shapes.

Roiled foam water chilled his knees and worried his trousers and feet as it drained. He felt sand pellets gouging a cheek. Wine and vomit filmed his tongue and burned his stomach like acid. He was heaving. Sand fleas stung his neck. Blood on his tongue. His throat ached.

A blue-green crab, claws poised, scuttled by his face. He watched its legs pock the hard sand.

II

Sand rimmed the old man's damp clothes and one side of his face. He scratched a shallow bowl at the foam-streaked tide line; waves filled it, and he stooped to wash. In somnolent rhythm his arms drifted down between bent knees and cupped hands lifted water to his face. He was dressed only in ragged chinos patched with tape and black, high-topped sneakers, unlaced and with tongues lopping out. Beads of water skimmed his oily trunk.

He looked fifty, straining in this posture; had the scarred face of a cur: nervous, black-pocketed eyes, scars on cheeks and nose like thin welts, seamed and dessicated face. Slack flesh bulged and rolled in layers as he moved. Arms and head were mahogany; but the trunk, from a ring at the collar bones and lines at the shoulders, was white and mottled with thin blue veins. A crab tattoo decorated the back of his right hand. Both hands were scarred, fingers blunt and yellowed. The right index finger was gone—a stump like a livid mushroom.

Before rising he rinsed his mouth with salt water, rubbed his gums with the stump of his finger, spat and rinsed again. Coppery wine fumes kept burning his stomach. He almost toppled getting up. Carrying his sweatshirt he shambled off down the beach.

Soon he had a fire going in his charred cooking pit. A stew of clams and mussels simmered in a coffee can banked with glowing cedar roots. Coffee began to boil in a pot. A package of Ritz Crackers lay open on a cleared patch of granite and next to it—half in its shadow—a red plastic plate and battered soup spoon. While he waited for breakfast he poured water from an expeditionary can and drank deeply.

The coffee and the rich, salt-tanged broth warmed him, and afterwards he sat on the lip of his shell-littered cave with the padded beak of a boat-swain's cap shading his eyes and smoked and wrote in a blank page of his Bible:

August neap—Got drunk, got rolled last night. Why are all thorns? Lord visit me as He promised for third time. But why. I am thorn too not seed.

An onshore breeze set the beach grass clacking at the top of the sandstone cliff over his head. Gusts bellied into rising waves in front of him, tearing ribbons of spume from the crests. He rose and stretched in an orange light that coated and discolored and warmed; it streamed in horizontal rays from the rising sun. It would be a hot day.

On a length of tar-splotched manila he hung his damp blankets. Impulsively he dug a pit and buried all the accumulated litter of cave and table; then scoured his plate and spoon with sand and rinsed them. After washing again, he picked up his bag and moved off down the beach, stopping once at the tide line to stare back at his cave, the low grass-browed cliff, and the sere brown hills beyond.

III

As he topped the barrier dune, the old man saw that Earl had already arrived. The sight of the figure below—sprawled on the canted running board of his battered station wagon—brought a tic to the old man's mouth. He stopped at the crest, lit a cigarette and looked away as if he hadn't noticed the younger: looked out at the bay and the dredge.

The wind was down; warm drafts like breaths came sporadically across the marshes to his rear. Heat began to rise from the sand, jellying the air. The bay pulsed with slick swells that drifted and broke soundlessly and left steaming welts on the mud flats. Beyond, Galilee was almost lost in the pall of its fish-canning factories.

The dredge was anchored a hundred yards offshore: a platform with a canted engine house and a rusty derrick pump, like the metal skeleton of a great bird. The platform was tethered to the shore by a glistening aluminum pipe that arced between the pump and an A-frame sunk above the tide line. An elbow joint bent the pipe up the steep dune and another at the top bent it down the lee. Three more frames kept it anchored to the slopes. Under the pipe's maw a deep channel gouged by spewing silt fell to the bottom, a dune-ringed bowl filled with a lake of cracked mud.

As the old man watched, the engine house of the dredge gave off three tentative puffs of gray smoke; then the labored cranks of a starter; then the loud rhythmic heartbeat of the pump. Magnified, the sound seemed to come from the bay itself; the waves seemed attuned to its slow pulse.

Figures reclining in the shade of the deck house roused themselves and collected by the pump. He could hear voices, bits of conversation, laughter. The old man mashed his cigarette underfoot, scraped at it until tobacco spilled out, kicked sand over it. Then he descended.

Near the maw, he set down his bag and unpacked: a stiff, reeking pair of coveralls; cotton gloves with thumbs peeled back; a red bandana rolled and knotted into a skull-cap; a plastic jug of chlorox; a stiff burlap bag. He said nothing to the other; didn't look at him. It was hotter in the bowl than on the dune crest, and as he moved about, a film of sweat formed under his dark clothes, soaking armpits and cuffs and a strip down his spine.

Gnats and flies coagulated on the cloth's large white-ringed stains and settled around the beads on his face, hardly stirring at his impatient swipes.

From the other end of the pipe the chuff of the pump began again. The flow and scrape of slag grew gradually louder and closer. As the old man dug his screen out of the scorched sand at the foot of the last A-frame, a chilly, sulphurous draft of air began to issue from the maw. Turning momentarily to watch, he could see it spread—an almost tangible eddy of stillness in the shimmering air.

As if by signal, gulls with brown-crust ed underbodies collected overhead; and out on the crust ed surface of the slag lake swollen rats issued from seams and cracks, scurrying towards the far shore. The worrying of flies increased in pitch, but the old man no longer bothered about them. He looked at Earl.

The younger man had come only a week before. Racing his battered car on ballooned truck tires, a rooster-tail of gold sand spewing behind, radio blaring hillbilly rock, he spotted the operation and stopped to watch. For an hour, chain-smoking and sprawled indolently on the torn red and yellow plastic front seat, he squinted through a dust-filmed windshield and then gunned his engine and sped off. He drove up the next morning, late, wearing maroon coveralls, lettered on the back: Matteo's Body Shop. They were too small for his bearish frame.

When the old man got screaming angry, Earl bristled: chafed the knuckles of a hand; turned aside to spit; cocked his head and stared through tiny astigmatic eyes. They faced off like two curs, growling and sniffing, sizing each other up.

The younger ended it without a fight. He wasn't going to play no games. The old man hadn't no claim to it all. Hungry's hungry. They could both take their chances or the old man could find himself some other stakes. But he was staying.

IV

Bay water, then a widening stream of yellow-brown mud, issued from the maw. The old man, grinding out a cigarette on the pipe, felt its cool skin tremble. Both men climbed into the channel, the old man nearest the mouth on the right side, Earl downhill, on the left. Braced against the current, they set their screens to the angle of the dune and leaned into them to keep them set. The slick mud rose to their knees, then to their hips. Flies droned in clouds.

The haul was meager. Once they heard the clatter of something heavy coming through. It dropped into the channel with a high splash, and the old man sidled to his left to trap it. Furious, he felt the object brush past his foot and saw, from the corner of his eye, the dark figure tense and then reach down for the catch. A coated arm brought it up and hefted it to the bank: a small generator.

"How bout that," Earl laughed. "Thirty pounds anyway."

Silence.

"Lessee. Thirty and bout fifteen. That's near three bucks. How bout that."

The old man slowly lifted his bulging screen; a skein of slick kelp ribbons, bits of crab and clam shells, a Nu-Grape bottle, small lengths of wire and copper tubing, lead sinkers, a struggling rock crab—all coated in yellow mud. He held the screen flat and shook it to let the mud strain through, set it on the bank and picked off the kelp, then shook it again. Then he separated the bottle, metals, and the one crab and pitched the rest back.

"Lessee." The voice was mocking. "That makes four bottles and . . . Whatta you say, old man . . . bout nine, ten pounds? Give you eighty cents." The old man met the challenge—spun around and glared, hefted a length of tubing in his hand.

"Why, don't you . . . don't you raise . . . don't you threaten me, you old son of a bitch. Cause I'll hurt you, hurt you bad."

The mud-daubed face contorted; the tubing shook. The voice was slow and quiet at first, then a quick, harsh rasp through clenched teeth:

"Shut up! You were the one horned in. All takers. Get what you want. Shut up, you hear." Then a querulous shout. "You keep them cross-eyes on yourself."

"Talk about hurtin people. That all you know?"

Earl dropped the screen and started to come at him, then checked himself, stopped and spat. "Speak for yourself, old man. You ain't give me the time of day since I been here. This ain't your world."

Earl turned back, looking for his screen. He had to squat neck-deep in the flow to find it. He looked suddenly tired.

Still roused and muttering, the old man climbed back down.

At noon the pump stopped. The old man picked up his chlorox bottle and, shaking still, climbed over the dune to the shore line. Fully clothed he rinsed himself in the bay, then took off the bandana skull-cap and unzipped his coveralls. With a chlorox-soaked rag he swabbed his crotch and the webs of his hands, wincing at the sting. He ate the last of his crackers and drank tepid coffee from an old catsup bottle as the clothes dried on his back.

Earl had removed his maroon coveralls and after rinsing them out sat hunched in the pipe's shadow, dozing. The old man belched and tasted bilious coffee. Salt coated him like a stiff skin.

V

At one the ritual began again: action at the pump, the heartbeat; then the flow and the collection of scavengers. The men got up.

With a wind-shift, offshore gusts came up; teased the brittle clumps of beach grass and sea plums and brushed swirls of sand from the undulating dune crests. They did not penetrate the stagnant bowl. Ripe smells of rot gagged the old man. Heat shimmers blurred his sight. Gull cries and pump beat came to him swathed, as if through cotton.

The mud flow seemed to coagulate as soon as it fell from the maw. The movements of the scrap collectors were dreamy, listless: mud and sweat clogged distended pores; movement chafed stinging flesh.

The old man began having a run. Soaked and trembling he was sifting out a growing mound of car parts—an exhaust pipe, metal rods, part of a fender, slivers of chrome. As he worked, he caught glimpses of the sullen

figure standing idle behind him, watching the pile grow. Elatedly he sensed the effect of his catch on the other. He had to laugh as he belied his weighted screen to the bank; laughed as he sorted his take. He threw the waste across the channel into Earl's path. It was shrill laughter, almost like sobs.

Movement was costly. He stopped often, rasping. When he glanced back, laughter shook him like blows. It all set him off: the spurting pipe; the foam-bracketed channel banks; the clouds of flies worrying shattered bubbles. He threw bottles and small bits of scrap into the flow and laughed as the other brought them up, an arm coated to the shoulder with yellow mud, an ear daubed. He had to fight himself for control.

Finally there was more than he could carry away. He laid his screen on the scorched sand, rubbed clotted mud from his hands and lit a cigarette. The laughter was gone. He had a headache and the taste of blood in his lungs. He coughed as he inhaled. Sweat stiffened and burned on his face as he sat hunkered by his pile; with the finger stub he wiped salt crystals from his eyes, then closed them. In darkness he sat back heavily in the sand.

A shadow on his face woke him. Rubbing a hand across his forehead, he snorted and looked up. Earl stood over him, a length of pipe in his hand. His face was strangely twisted, neck muscles bunched like cords.

For a moment the old man stared; then suddenly—as if struck—he cringed and doubled up.

"What you . . . what . . . what the hell are you doing?"

No answer.

"What do you want? What are you doing?"

The old man scuttled crab-wise down the slope and got to his feet.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy? That's mine. That pile's mine. We struck a bargain."

Then he fell silent. Silence muted even the chuff of the pump. They stood on the bright sand facing each other, hunched like mongrels, waiting. Earl stood looking down at him, head cocked, his tiny eyes almost sealed under squinting brows.

Earl raised the pipe and came in like a charging bear, loping, hissing at the nostrils.

Now; now at last, the old man thought. A bunched fist rammed his chest. His shoulder seemed to explode. Sand and the edge of a looming shadow came crashing up to him. Far off, he could feel tiny shocks like drumtaps on back, arms, kidneys.

He was spinning; something was crushing him. Falling—the earth falling, tearing him loose. No hold. Black; splashes of green and yellow. Twisting him.

Then, abruptly, it stopped. Fingers and toes screeched. His head was melting. A beating, a beating. Again.

He felt himself lifted, felt his head being cushioned. Earl's thick hand was wiping his forehead and cheeks. Tears rimmed the tiny eyes. The old man began to swear. A drop of water rolled off the bridge of his nose. He turned his head away. Then—slowly—back.

John Conron

ART FOLIO:

PLATES ONE THROUGH SEVEN: MARINA FARKAS

PLATE EIGHT: *Hero of the Past*, Florence W. Rohn, Brush and Wash Drawing, acrylic, 18" x 24"

PLATE NINE: *Conglomerate Image of Expanding Aluminum*, Florence W. Rohn, Brush and Wash Drawing, acrylic, 15 3/4" x 22 1/2"

PLATE TEN: *Figure Configuration*, Florence W. Rohn, Lithograph, 21" x 29"

PLATE ELEVEN: *Space and Texture*, Florence W. Rohn, Wash and acrylic, 13 1/2" x 22"

PLATE TWELVE: *Stonebenge*, Joan E. Rosenstein, Etching, 5"

PLATE THIRTEEN: *Flight*, Joan E. Rosenstein, Etching, 7 1/2" x 5"

PLATE FOURTEEN: *Hiroshima*, Joan E. Rosenstein, Etching, 7 1/2" x 5"

PLATE FIFTEEN: *After the Battle*, Joan E. Rosenstein, Etching, 7 1/2" x 5"

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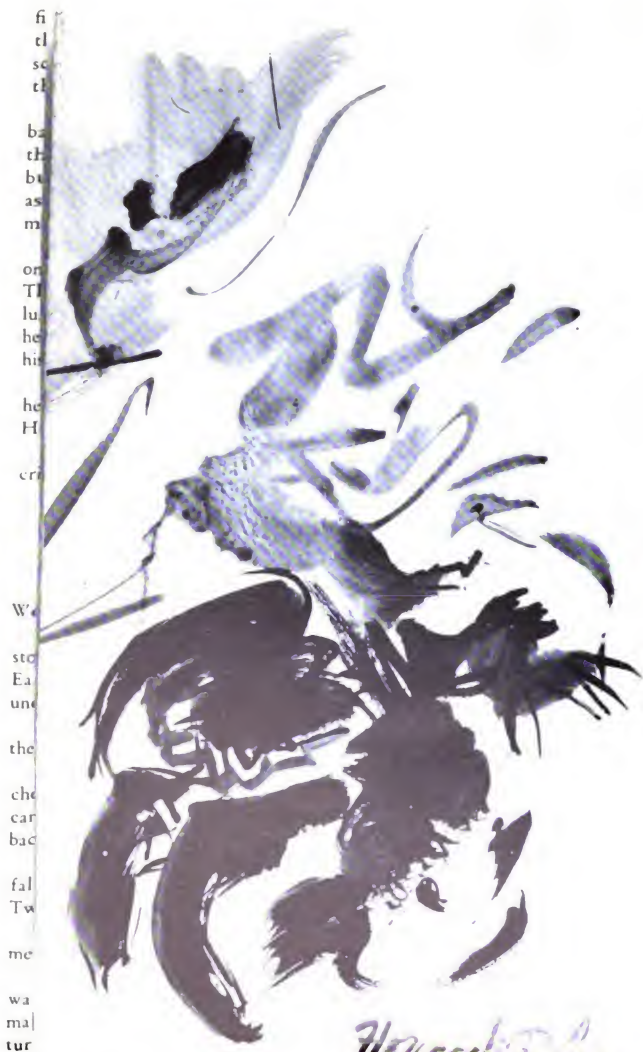


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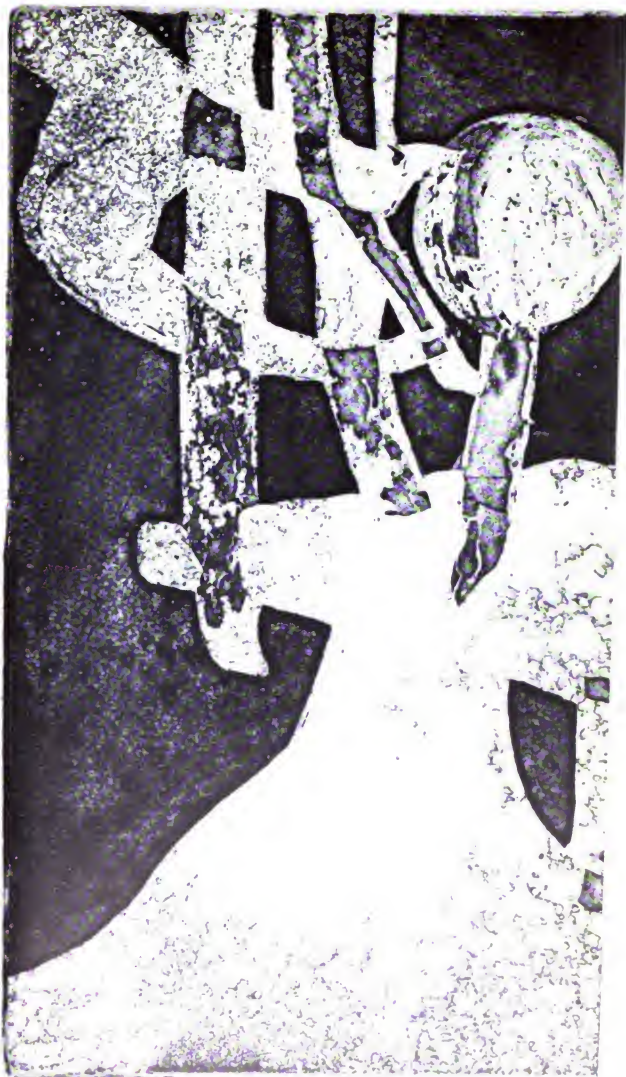


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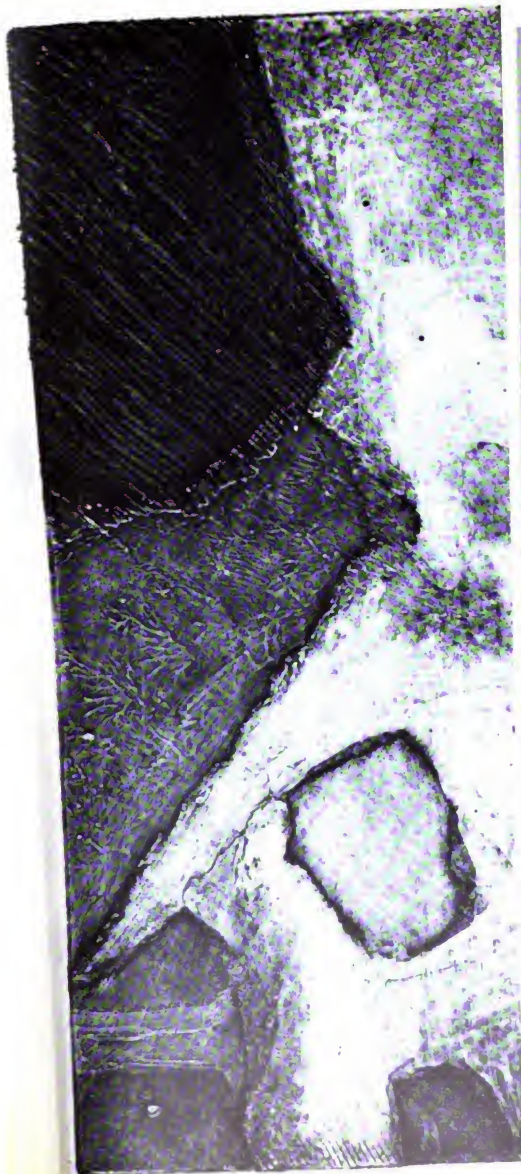


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Specimen 1005

Oct 10 1905

PASSION

No gift
 afraid now of fire
 two hands
fingers licking at complacency
and the joy
 that you turned
 TURN to torture
even now deceased
and if thrust to life
 would taste
 hand
 palm
 fingers if I could
gain mastery of wrists even
 and arms
 bare arms
 and thighs
and after
sweetly suffer
 such a death.

Steven E. Kagle

KNOWLEDGE

I

Apollo

in you resplendent
carried by the night's adornment
to ravish

fleeting breath
the warning
capturing the night

in morning
... until by death

awakened

We

APOLLO

smile on smile
awake
tomorrow to take

a grace
with ease
from conquest

and submission
to the East.

Steven E. Kagle

XYPNOTIC

These spillings of quick death in me,
black-gypsy-smithed; and gentle
through the years that wrought huge hand
hypnotic to curled hair, 'dear'-called,
and shoulder touched, and pressed;
till, blindingly, extractions spurt
wild blood: seep, swallow to our sleep
and stain.

These spoilages were our submission
to emitted pain. Out now.
Root out base derilictions of the mouth:
and, ah, those pillagings and these,
such missioned colonies expand
invisible, extractorless, extreme
. Such giant seas of pus

. Such moorings. Such exactions.
Sure
they shall drain us, wretch;
sure, flooding
deaths be ours;
sure, wasting thicknesses
in tongues, in phalluses, in frames—

These spillings-of; these, merely,
violations, are the body's.
Calm, give them up: these ghosts: forge
fired-abandonment; abandon death; all this
quietus, ban. My hands', my dear heart's all
xypnotic smitheries strike formal feelings
(baneingly), inviolate to call, in violence,
to come.

Konstantinos Lardas

Imitation

In the forest there is the lady.

The forest is quiet and dark, yet light enough to give an impression of color; a hazy, indeterminate impression, neither brown nor green, —more like an afterimage, now petrol, now rust-red, now berry-blue. There are no color patches or specks anywhere. This could be the true color of a forest at lightning, but the muffled, uniform surfaces of the foliage lack the blinding brilliance which is characteristic of such moments.

It is night, of course.

The lady is walking in the forest under very tall trees. There is no sound of foot-steps, however, either because the ground is damp, or because the lady is barefoot.

She wears ankle-bracelets of colored beads, and in spite of the distance she must have traveled, the red dye on the soles of her feet seems to have been applied recently and not to have worn off.

It is the left sole which is more visible, however, because the weight of her body is almost entirely placed on the right foot, which is seen from the instep side. The left foot seems about to rise off the ground, though only approximately one-third of it is left uncovered by the hem of the skirt.

The lady has reached the river-bank and is now turning right. But this, of course, is merely an impression enhanced by the fact that while the feet are seen sideways, parallel to each other and pointing towards the right, and the pelvis, under the rich garment, faces front, the bust is now turning three-quarters to the left, and of the face only the right profile can be seen. It is possible that the lady has been walking alongside the river all the time, and that now something is forcing her to turn around.

One does not notice at first that such a position must require an extremely supple spine, because the pivotal motion it entails is distributed very evenly over the entire body. Such motion could not have been hurried.

Besides, there is no expression of either surprise, fear, or expectation on her face. It is also doubtful that some animal noise has caused her to turn around because the purple-maroon night shades of the forest seem to inspire a certitude that all animals are sleeping.

It is raining.

All living things must be asleep now. There are, of course, three almost white birds perched on the trees, but they may be of the kind which look awake when asleep.

(Blossoms like grapes hanging from thick lianas spiraling up tall trees breathe in the rain like dreams.)

The lady's garments are not wet. The full skirt, held up with the left hand so that the right calf shows almost to below the knee, is of a bright orange-red lined with a gold embroidered ribbon about an inch wide. The long-sleeved bodice which stops just below the bosom is of the same, though slightly darker; sea-blue silk of which the veil has been made. It is a long veil and wide, which curves around the head, covers the right shoulder and arm to the elbow, drapes softly over the breasts, ascends again over the other shoulder and falls to the ground behind her.

The right forearm, —palm out, fingers perfectly straight, is held perpendicular to the ground.

It is not clear why the lady would have lifted her arm in such a manner, nor even that there might be some significance in the gesture. A snake crawling from behind the trees seems to be approaching her, and since its position—before she turned her head—would be behind her, it could be imagined that it is the serpent's sibilant sound—which has to be posited first—that arrested the lady. But she is not looking at it, nor at the ground. There is a second snake directly before her, and this one—with raised head, its body in an S curve—seems to be leading the way. This second—or first—snake would certainly confuse such a conjecture.

In a forest, on a misty night luminous with silent rain, not falling, rising from the silent earth, sybiline, moving smoothly through layered afterimages, an Indian goddess, almost floating in her solvent silks, wave upon wave of silence, echo of golden apples in a violet dusk, she carries nothing, changes nothing in her passage.

To meet a god. Perhaps.

The right forearm comes down, the fingers relax. The head turns slowly back, the right foot leaves the ground. A step.

The lady walks in the forest. There is silence.

Sophia Steriades

DETROIT: CHRISTMAS 1965

The single dimension
of the black prairie,
earth, grain, and oil
spew: the moon spawns
in the eaves, the doorways,
in the pockets
of the rich, gold
of brick intelligence
where wheels begin
in the pockets
of the poor, wild
butterflies
of gasoline smears
that float downriver:
the mother center of birth,
the pain again, and
the unnoticeable joy.

Alvin Fritz

MICHELANGELO'S PIETA

Not that life is apparent,
but that death is evident,
although his muscles waver
like reeds in water
that ripples beyond itself
and increases the shore.

Suppose she is serene
under her shawl, that
he lies along her like mountains
where her grief sighs,
for the angels are nothing now.

Alvin Fritz

REVIEW: JONATHAN EDWARDS

Jonathan Edwards. *Freedom of the Will*, ed. Paul Ramsey.
New Haven, Conn., 1957.

Jonathan Edwards. *Religious Affections*, ed. John E. Smith.
New Haven, Conn., 1959.

The Yale University Press is now preparing an edition of the complete writings of Jonathan Edwards. Two volumes have appeared to date, the *Freedom of the Will*, edited by Paul Ramsey, and *Religious Affections*, edited by John E. Smith. The editions are meant to be definitive and each has been based primarily upon the first edition. Spelling and punctuation have been modernized considerably, though the aim has been to violate Edwards' style as little as possible. Each book contains a historical-theological-textual introduction.

It is as the preacher of "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" that Edwards is seen in the imaginations of most. This hellfire and brimstone cliché is most inaccurate. Slender and ascetic, theologian and metaphysician, and the possessor of only a thin, undramatic voice, Edwards was given to spending thirteen hours a day in his study, exploring, revising, and refining his thoughts, on paper. A most serious reader, "he was all his days," we are told by Samuel Hopkins, Edwards' greatest disciple and first biographer, "like the busy bee, collecting from every opening flower, and storing up a stock of knowledge, which was indeed sweet to him, as the honey and the honeycomb." It is to Hopkins, too, that we are indebted for the picture of Edwards alone on horseback, in solitary recreative contemplation, slips of paper pinned upon his jacket, notes to remind him of thoughts he wished later to explore. Edwards was a contemplative, and though he could ill abide the idle chatter of the 3:00 pastoral call, still he was a pastor. His closely reasoned sermons were always written out; his pulpits were in the sanctuary and the study; and his ministry lay greatly in his pen.

Jonathan Edwards was born in 1703, at Windsor, Connecticut, and died in 1758, at Princeton, New Jersey. Graduated from Yale in 1720, in 1726

he accepted a call to assist his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, in the church at Northampton, Massachusetts, where he remained until 1750, when dismissed by his congregation over a dispute concerning qualifications for church membership. He then accepted a call to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as missionary to the Indians, a call he pursued until 1758, when he accepted the invitation to the presidency of the College of New Jersey (now Princeton). He died that same year of a virulent smallpox vaccination.

The two works now published by the Yale University Press are among Edwards' greatest and spring from the two periods of his ministry, Northampton and Stockbridge. The *Religious Affections* (1746) was written in response to critics of The Great Awakening, an extensive colonial religious revival active in New England from approximately 1740 to 1745, and is an essay into the nature of true religion. The *Freedom of the Will* (1754) is a defense of God's absolute moral sovereignty, and of theological determinism. The *Freedom of the Will* is a defense of doctrine; the *Religious Affections* is an exploration of the state of the soul in quest of salvation as defined by that doctrine.

The complementary doctrines of God's absolute sovereignty and the innate total depravity of fallen man are as central to Edwards as they were to Calvin. Let one deny the soul, by nature, any possibility of performing works or willing deeds that merit grace, yet still hold open to it the possibility of salvation and a peace which passes all understanding, and one drives that soul, by necessity, upon a lonely and anguished contemplation of its wickedness and into a total dependence upon the unmerited grace of a God whose will in the matter is past all human comprehension. Justification is by faith alone, but faith is a gift of God. The distance between the soul and absolute isolation from blessedness is measured by the unknown and unknowable will of a God known to be rigorously just to all, believed to have been merciful to some.

Joseph Hawley, Edwards reported in *The Narrative of Many Surprising Conversions*, had killed himself. Such are the consequences of despair. For Edwards, however, for whom sovereignty, yet salvation, were understood and accepted, the effect was poetic. Describing his own experience, Edwards writes,

I walked abroad, alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious *majesty* and *grace* of God, that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them in a sweet conjunction: majesty and meekness joined together; it was sweet and gentle and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

The oxymoron is a paradox, and in paradox is poise. The experience Edwards describes is not ecstasy, but release, and the resolution lies in mercy. That God should be gracious to some when all deserve damnation is a beautiful doctrine, for God is the moral governor of the world. Mercy is not "reasonable," and the contrast between what justice demands of men and what mercy reveals of God opens the dependent soul to love.

The Freedom of the Will is an apologetic. John Calvin had first published his *Institutes of the Christian Religion* in 1536, but as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, Jacobus Arminius, a Dutch theologian, undertook to prove that human freedom was not incompatible with divine sovereignty, that men could, by their own choices and deeds, be said to merit grace, in a limited way. This doctrine not only undercut Calvin's doctrine of double-decree predestination, but was dangerously close, in the eyes of the orthodox Calvinists, to the position adopted by the Roman Church at the Council of Trent in the mid sixteenth century.

The Arminians argued that if men were impelled to acts of will by any necessity, they could then not be considered free moral agents performing acts of will that merit either praise or blame. Necessity, they argued, would remove any reason for the soul to attempt to improve itself, or to undertake any good action. A doctrine of necessity would destroy moral law. The only freedom consistent with any notion of morality is complete freedom to make any choice—a freedom of indifference.

Edwards argues that freedom of indifference can never exist. Voluntary action, he says, is as the greatest apparent good is or as the last dictate of the understandnig, and this implies an inclination directing the soul, prior to the act of volition. If there were complete indifference, there could be no choice at all. And were there complete indifference, there could be no morality, no possibility of blame or praise. The self is worthy of praise or blame to the extent that it is engaged in the act. Such engagedness can only exist when there is a causal connection between the choice itself and the inclination of the soul making that choice. Were there complete freedom, the soul would be completely disengaged from the choice and the self would then merit neither praise nor blame, in men's eyes or in God's. Arminian freedom would render the pursuit of virtue quite impossible. "Yea, on these principles," Edwards writes,

it will not only follow that men can't have any reasonable ground of judgment or conjecture, that their means and endeavors to obtain virtue or avoid vice, will be successful, but they may be sure that they will not; they may be certain that they will be in vain; and that if ever the thing which they seek comes to pass, it will not be at all owing to the means they use. . . . A . . . biasing the heart in favor of virtue, or by bringing the will under the in-

fluence and powers of motives in its determinations, are both inconsistent with Arminian liberty of will, consisting in indifference.

The Arminian theologian is like the learned traveller to Tierra del Fuego, who reports having seen "an animal which he calls by a certain name, that begat and brought forth itself, and yet had a sire and a dam distinct from itself; that it had an appetite, and was hungry, before it had being; that his master, who led him, and governed him at his pleasure, was always governed by him and driven by him as he pleased; that when he moved, he always took a step before the first step; that he went with his head first, and yet always went tail foremost; and this, though he had neither head nor tail."

This harsh criticism is directed only toward the simpler forms of Arminianism but illustrates Edwards' concern that the logic of the Arminian position could easily lead to moral anarchy. In Edwards a logical conclusion has the dramatic force of truth. If the Arminian notions of liberty and moral agency are true, then there is no virtue in such habits as humility, patience, or mercy, no virtue in loving God or Christ, no viciousness in hating God or being the most treacherous of men. Every act committed out of natural inclination can be justified as having been committed without the liberty of indifference, and so not be subject to blame or punishment. Either God is sovereign or he is not. If the Arminian doctrine is true, "millions of millions of events are continually coming into existence contingently, without any cause or reason why they do so, all over the world, every day and hour, through all ages. So it is in constant succession in every moral agent."

That the doctrine of predestination is not without its own difficulties is well known. The knowledge that one is morally blameworthy for what his natural inclinations are ought to impel one to pursue the good, but the knowledge that one is incapable of altering one's moral nature without the assistance of unmerited grace, leaves the soul in a most precarious and isolated position, quite unbearable, psychologically. The Great Awakening had revealed to Edwards that the doctrine of sudden, irresistible, unmerited grace could lead to very strange religious and social behavior, but what logic had determined as true, he could not despise. The Great Awakening had been disruptive of social and religious order, and such critics as Charles Chauncy had argued from obvious confusion back to a very efficient cause. Preaching directed at the emotions, they said, produced only religious idiots. Chauncy argued that true religion lay in a "sanctified understanding." Edwards' doctrine is quite radical: "True religion," he says at the opening of the *Religious Affections*, "in great part, consists in holy affections."

It may be said of Edwards that he was attempting to understand just how the doctrine of justification by faith alone worked. If grace was irresistible, what effects would follow upon reception? Against Chauncy, Edwards

affirms that an experience which is believed by all radically to alter the state of the soul must have observable effects in each of its functions, that is, both intellectually and emotionally. Using Lockean psychology, Edwards argues that there is a responsive relationship between the understanding and the emotions, that truths grasped by the understanding may quite legitimately result in bodily effects, themselves not necessarily signs of true religion. "As on the one hand," he observes,

there must be light in the understanding, as well as an affected fervent heart; . . . so on the other hand, where there is a kind of light without heat, a head stored with notions and speculations, with a cold and unaffected heart, there can be nothing divine in that light, that knowledge is no true spiritual knowledge of divine things.

Having stated this principle, Edwards proceeds to the twelve signs he believes indicative of the workings of grace. In the *Freedom of the Will*, Edwards was to affirm that alteration in natural inclination could arise only from supernatural means, and in the *Religious Affections* he argues that grace itself is a new divine and supernatural indwelling power in man, a "vital principle" in the soul, which communicates its holy nature to it. It is not a new faculty of understanding, "but a foundation laid in the nature of the soul, for a new kind of exercise of the same faculty of will." The reception of grace is not a mystic experience, "men are not godded with God and christed with Christ," nor does it effect sanctification. Instead, the will has received a new inclination, a new principle of volition, that alters the nature of the soul without impairing the will. The converted are still moral agents. In those who have received grace, however, sin will cease to have dominion, holiness will be loved for itself, Christian brotherhood will be a spontaneous supernatural-social principle of behavior, and humility will be its constant state, with "a sense of the heart, of the supreme beauty and sweetness of the holiness or moral perfection of divine things, together with all the discerning and knowledge of things of religion, that depends upon and flows from such a sense."

The direction of Edwards' thought is vertical, not lateral. In the conversion experience, the soul moves from isolation which borders upon despair to communion with God and the assurance of eventual salvation. The state of the church as a corporate institution is simply not germane to the conversion experience. Like such medieval mystics as Meister Eckhart, Edwards argues that Christian virtue springs from the direct confrontation with the divine, but whereas the mystics recognized theirs as a special way, Edwards insists that each soul remain isolated in its search for grace. The great business of the church is instruction and encouragement. Edwards demands that the spider retain the will to live and to act according to the moral law at the same time as its heightened sense of its own depravity may lead it to believe

that it is hopeless to hope, while all the time the flames of imagination finger closer and meditation reveals that its support is gossamer.

It is not surprising that Joseph Hawley killed himself, nor is it a wonder that The Great Awakening descended into aberration, but it would be entirely unjust to Edwards to dismiss him on these accounts, however much we may wish to hold him responsible. Edwards shared the early Puritan hope that the new world and New England would be the seat of God's great kingdom and consequently could offer more hope to the unregenerate than is demanded by the system itself. But there is great love in Edwards' system, too, great logic and great love; thus, great love with little comfort. It is the love of a religious legalism, the love of God offered freely and undeservedly to the unregenerate. No more majestic love has been offered to men than that of the Calvinistic God, yet for the isolated soul, the hope this offers is largely metaphysical. For Edwards to assure salvation to all, when all are worthy of being damned, would have been an offense against moral order; and the individual soul, however sweet the doctrine of absolute sovereignty might be to the regenerate, however much like a little white flower the soul of a true Christian is, "low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory," the souls of most are left wholly to despise themselves for being what they, by nature, are. In Edwards' system there is no Christian nurture, no gradual growth in the spirit. Grace comes of a sudden; the distance from depravity to election is taken at a leap, and the path to salvation lies only by despair.

Yet it would be most unjust to equate metaphor with a statement of belief. In the dramatic context of double-decree predestination, the soul is as a spider, yet no spider at all. Edwardean Calvinism assumes that the soul is God's great creation. Otherwise God would not have made it in his image. It assumes that it has enormous strength, and the resiliency to hope against hope. It assumes that the mind can perceive the truths of doctrine, that it knows that what is proven to be true must be true. Edwards' system depends utterly upon great trust. The soul is a magnificent existence. It has to be. Were it not, it would not be worthy of being damned.

For the soul who discovers the activity of grace, however, there can only be the wonder at the paradox of it all, and Edwards' description of majestic meekness should be sufficient to allay any suspicion that Edwards' spider metaphor is meant as an equality. The popular conjunction of Edwards and the spider is not wholly inaccurate, but is quite incomplete. It may be hoped that these two works already published will serve to illuminate for us the complexity of Edwards as theologian, metaphysician, pastor, and poet, and that future works will confirm Edwards' genius to the present generation.

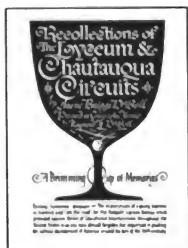
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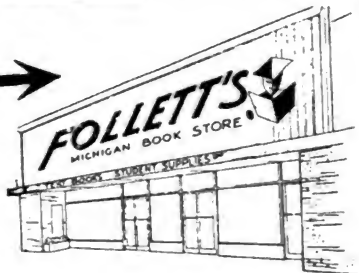
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EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*
MONTSEERAT CABALLE, *Soprano*

PROGRAM

Toccata for Orchestra PISTON
"Com' e bello" from *L'incisa Borgia* DONIZETTI
"E s'acch in quell' occhio m'incanta"
VIVA INTRATO" from *Federico Deveraux* DONIZETTI
MONTSEERAT CABALLE
Grand Scene (6 male) from *Il Pirata* BELLINI
MIKE CARALLE
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 43 SCHUBERT

FRIDAY, MAY 6, 8:30 P.M.

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*
THOR JOHNSON, *Guest Conductor*
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
GEORGY SANDOR, *Pianist*
JENNIFER VYTYAN, *Soprano*
LILI CHOOKASIAN, *Contralto*
WALDIE ANDERSON, *Tenor*
SHERILL MILNES, *Baritone*

PROGRAM

Concerto for Orchestra KODALY
THOR JOHNSON, *Conductor*
"Te Drum" KODALY
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION, JENNIFER VYTYAN,
LILI CHOOKASIAN, WALDIE ANDERSON and
SHERILL MILNES
THOR JOHNSON, *Conductor*
Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra BARTOK
GEORGY SANDOR
EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 2:30 P.M.

WILLIAM SMITH, *Conductor*
JOSEPH DE PASQUALE, *Violist*

PROGRAM

"Lieutenant Kije" Suite, Op. 60 PROKOFIEFF
Concerto in B minor for Viola and
Orchestra HANDEL
JOSEPH DE PASQUALE
Symphony No. 5 in E minor, TCHAIKOVSKY
Op. 64

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 8:30 P.M.

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Toccata and Fugue in D minor BACH-ORMANDY
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67 BEETHOVEN
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73 BRAHMS

SUNDAY, MAY 8, 2:30 P.M.

THOR JOHNSON, *Guest Conductor*
CLAUDIO ARRAU, *Pianist*
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
JENNIFER VYTYAN, *Soprano*
SHERILL MILNES, *Baritone*
JOHN BOGART, *Boy Alto*

PROGRAM

"Chichester Psalms" BERNSTEIN
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION and JOHN BOGART
"Requiem" DELIUS
UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION, JENNIFER VYTYAN
and SHERILL MILNES
Piano Concerto No. 2 LUBET
Toccata LUBET
CLAUDIO ARRAU

SUNDAY, MAY 8, 8:30 P.M.

EUGENE ORMANDY, *Conductor*
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
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